

Richards Topical Encyclopedia

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KEY TO PRONUNCIATION

ä, as in mäte	oi, as in toil
â, as in senâte	oo, as in soon
â, as in hâir	oo, as in book
ă, as in hăt	ou, as in shout
ä, as in fäther	s, as in so
ă, a sound between ä and ă, as in	sh, as in ship
căstle	th, as in thumb
ch, as in chest	th, as in thus
ē, as in ēve	ū, as in cūre
ê, as in rêlate	û, as in accūrate
ě, as in běnd	û, as in fûr
ē, as in readēr	ÿ, as in ŷs
g, as in go	ü, a sound formed by pronouncing ē
ī, as in bīte	with the lips in the position for
ī, as in ĩnn	oo, as in the German <i>über</i> and the
k, as in key	French <i>une</i>
K, the guttural sound of ch, as in	zh, as in azure
the German <i>ach</i> , or the Scotch <i>loch</i>	' , an indication that a vowel sound
n, as in not	occurs, but that it is elided and
N, the French nasal sound, as in <i>bon</i>	cannot be identified, as in apple
ng, the English nasal sound, as in	(ăp'ŋl)
strong	A heavy accent (ˈ) follows a syllable
ō, as in bōne	receiving the principal stress,
ô, as in Christôpher	and a lighter accent (˘) follows a
ô, as in lôrd	syllable receiving a secondary
ö, as in hôt	stress.

PROJECTS *and* RECREATION

Reading Unit No. 1

LEISURE-TIME PROJECTS FOR ALL AGES

Note: For basic information not found on this page, consult the general Index, Vol. 15.

For statistical and current facts, consult the Richards Year Book Index.

Interesting Facts Explained

Why you should put water plants in your aquarium, 14-2
How a snail can serve as a fish's housekeeper, 14-3
How to give your fish fresh air, 14-4
What to feed your fish, 14-5
How to make wonderful costumes for yourself, 14-6
How to make a whole circus out of rubber balloons, 14-7

How to make shadow pictures, •14-8
How to make a stencil, 14-9
A house made of cardboard, 14-10
Making Dutch paper dolls, 14-11
How to make silhouettes, 14-12
Making animals out of vegetables, 14-13, 14

Things to Think About

Why is it bad to put a great many fish in one tank?

How do fish manage to breathe?

Picture Hunt

The rich costume of an Indian chief, Frontispiece, Vol. 7
Dutch costume, 6-344

How primitive man represented the animals he knew, 11-3

Related Material

The strange fish in the sea, 3-195-215
The different kinds of costume men and women have worn, 9-3-24

Light and shadow in art, 11-346-47
How Americans built their first houses, 11-501-8

Leisure-time Activities

PROJECT NO. 1: If you do not already have one, start an aquarium of your own. Be sure to follow all the directions given in the text, 14-2-5.
PROJECT NO. 2: Visit a zoo or a circus, and observe the animals there.

Make models of some of them with the simple materials used in the figures on pages 14-13-14.
PROJECT NO. 3: Build some cardboard houses in various styles of architecture, 14-10.

Summary Statement

You need never spend a dull moment if you learn how to use your hands and your imagination. There are many interesting things you can make for yourself from

the simplest of materials. Even balloons and carrots can be turned into the most wonderful shapes and forms.

HOW TO KEEP AN AQUARIUM

This little lass will never know all her fishes' secrets. But by watching and tending them every day she and her older brothers and sisters can learn a great deal, for all that, about the way these gay-colored swimmers live their queer and fascinating lives.



Strange creatures! What do they think behind their staring, glassy eyes? How must it feel to spend one's days swimming lazily back and forth and around and around in a little glass pool? Does it mean anything to a fish that its coat is shining gold?

HOW to KEEP an AQUARIUM

If You Want Your Goldfish to Be Happy and Frisky, You Must Try to Make Them Think They Are Living in Some Green, Sunny Pool Outdoors

EVEN though you live far away from any large body of water, you may still pry into the secrets of the water plants and animals. In fact, you may make friends with them in your very own home. For any intelligent boy or girl can easily learn to make and care for a home aquarium.

If you have already kept goldfish in a round glass bowl, you may have had a good deal of bad luck with your pets. But do not be discouraged. Although such an aquarium, for which the water had to be changed often, was once thought satisfactory, we now know that many things can go wrong with it, and that fish need to be treated in an intelligent manner if they are going to frisk about and make themselves at home.

The first thing needed to make a well-balanced aquarium is a proper tank. Best of all is the all-glass rectangular tank, but other kinds, too, may be used. One of the most popular is the rectangular, metal-frame tank, open at the top and having four glass sides and a metal bottom. Better still is a bottom of slate. But if you cannot get such a tank, a large glass jar will do quite well. Since making a satisfactory tank is

expensive and difficult, it is best to buy one ready-made.

Of course the number of fish you can keep will depend on the size of your tank. There must be no overcrowding—slums are as bad for fish as they are for people. By allowing a gallon of water to every inch of fish, you may keep your finny family well and happy, especially if you plant a number of water plants in the sand at the bottom. These give out oxygen for the fish to breathe and furnish fresh greens to give them vitamins. They are the fish's lettuce and spinach—and no well-brought-up fish should be without them!

Before you start to arrange your aquarium you should wash the tank thoroughly. Then prepare the covering for the bottom. This usually consists of a mixture of sand and fine gravel that has been washed and re-washed until it is entirely free from floating matter. Then the water that stands on it will be perfectly clear. A layer of gravel one or two inches deep should then be placed in the tank—the depth depending upon the size of the tank. Next fill the tank with water, and then add the plants.

HOW TO KEEP AN AQUARIUM

Plants should be chosen with great care. If you live near a pond or stream, you may have great fun collecting your own. Almost any small water plant, one that grows under the water, will live in an aquarium. Perhaps the most satisfactory is the swimming arrowwort, a plant with broad, strong leaves and yet somewhat grasslike in appearance. Tape-grass is also good because it is a busy maker of oxygen. As you may guess from its name, it has long, narrow, ribbonlike leaves; in other ways it resembles the swimming arrowwort. Still other small plants may be chosen for their beauty as well as for the fact that they are necessary for the fish to feed on. Of these, the moss ferns and duckweeds are easy to get and easy to grow. When you have chosen the three or four plants you intend to use, take care to keep them under water, in your tank, so that they may give their oxygen into the water for the fish. To do this, tie a small stone to each bunch of plants; this will serve as an anchor till the plant has taken root in the gravel below.

Housekeepers for the Fish

After the plants have been established in their new home for a few hours you must place among them a few animals to serve as housekeepers. Best for the purpose are the common snails and small water mussels. Both eat a great deal of refuse and so are useful in keeping the water clean. If you decide to have mussels you must put at least two inches of sand in one corner of the tank for them to burrow in. One, but never more than one, tadpole is a pleasant boarder because his antics and his strange development are interesting to watch. An aquatic insect or so may also be adopted if you are careful to choose only those that are small and not given to attacking fish.

And now add your fish! Of course, gold-

fish are by far the most common. They may be bought for as little as five cents apiece. There are many beautiful kinds to choose from—the common goldfish, the Japanese fantail, the many-colored shubunkin, and others. Then there are all sorts of beautiful little tropical fish, brilliant as jewels and just as varied in color. Some are less than an inch long. But they require different treatment than outlined here.

But if you cannot get these various fancy fish, you can make a charming aquarium by using small fish from a neighboring pond or brook. There you can find lovely little fellows, no less interesting in their ways than their more gorgeous cousins. In fact, people who have come to make aquariums a hobby always end by finding those near neighbors most

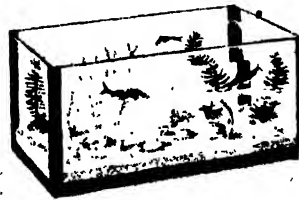
interesting of all.

If you have a good growth of plants you will not need to change the water in your aquarium oftener than once a week; and you will need to reset your plants

and rockwork only twice a year. But when you do change the water, see that the temperature of the water you put in is the same as the temperature of the room. Fish do not like an icy bath any better than you and I do. A plain glass siphon, known as a boiler tube, may be bought at a hardware store; if you add a rubber tube at one end you will have a good siphon for drawing the refuse and sediment out of an aquarium and for removing the water without disturbing the plants or fish. If you will insert the free end of your glass tube in the water and see to it that the free end of your hose is below the level of the aquarium, you can start the water flowing out of the tank by merely sucking for a moment on the end of the rubber tube.

How to Fill a Fish Bowl

When you fill the tank again, it is a good plan to do so with a small watering can,



A rectangular tank like the one above makes a much more healthful home for fishes than the old-fashioned bowl at the right. If you can get clear pond water to fill your aquarium, so much the better—the fishes will feel that much more at home. Otherwise, draw the water from the tap and let it stand in an open vessel for a time.



HOW TO KEEP AN AQUARIUM



Photo by American Museum of Natural History

Here are some of the millions of tiny animals that will soon be living in your aquarium along with your fishes. But unless you can get at a microscope you will never catch a glimpse of them, for they had to be magnified

a hundred times before they would sit for this portrait. The particular group in our picture is made up of rotifers (rô-tif'êr-â); they have tiny hairs, or cilia, which in motion make them look like wheels.

though a tumbler held below the surface of the water and filled from a pitcher held in your other hand works very well. The reason for using a can or tumbler is that a stream of water poured directly in tends to uproot the plants.

Anything that you put into your tank should be thoroughly disinfected, else your fish may fall ill. Water plants should be disinfected by being washed for ten minutes in a weak solution of permanganate of potassium, made by dissolving five small crystals in a quart of water. Then the plants must be carefully rinsed before they go into the aquarium. Whenever the water is changed, you should clean the inside of the glass with a cloth fastened to the end of a stick, and you should not allow air bubbles to gather on the sides of the glass or on the plants, for it is not good for the fish to pick up a coating of bubbles.

Fish Must Have Fresh Air

If fish rise to the top of the water and make a clucking noise they are calling aloud for air. In that case, open a window and let a draft blow across the water, or with a tumbler dip up the water and let it fall back again a number of times in succession,

so that the water may take up air. And when you get a chance, give the poor things fresh water. The aquarium should never stand in too warm a room, for then the water picks up a good many poisonous gases. Tobacco smoke in a closed room is harmful to fish, and tobacco ashes falling into the water are fatal. Fish are very uncomfortable in water that is too warm, so in hot weather it is well to cool them off a bit by adding just a little cold water to their home.

Goldfish and Sunlight

In winter goldfish should get the sun for an hour or two a day, but in summer they should have very little sun. A strong light is enough. Tropical fishes do best if they get a little sun every day. Don't take your fish out of the water if you can help it, but if you *must* put them in another dish of water, always have the waters of the same temperature and use a net or a large cup to transfer them. Don't pick up a fish in your fingers.

Every aquarium should have fine sand for the fish to clean their gills on; and once a month a pinch of pure table salt or sea salt—or a pinch of Epsom salts—should be dropped into the water. At the same time

HOW TO KEEP AN AQUARIUM

grate some cuttlebone over the surface of the water, and drop in a piece of plaster of Paris that has first been hardened in water. All these things give the fish mineral elements that they need to be healthy. It is a good plan, too, to throw in a little clean soil occasionally.

How to Feed a Fish

Always feed your fishes in the same spot—and never feed them too much. A quarter of a thimbleful of the prepared fish food twice a week is enough if you have plants growing in the aquarium. Most tame fish die of overfeeding.

If you do not intend to give your fish prepared food, see that they get a good variety. They will reward you by their cunning antics. Scraped raw beef, raw fish, hard crumbs of toast, crushed soft baked beans, boiled or baked potato, curds, cream cheese, cereal, yolk of hard-boiled egg, boiled asparagus, and cauliflower—and of course, worms, worms, worms. Angle worms are safe, but you will need to chop them in pieces. This is only a partial list of the things that your fish will snap up gratefully. And it will be fun to watch your little pets carefully chewing their food, if they are goldfish, with the teeth that are in their throats. When the fish have finished their meal, remove from the tank all the food they have left.

Sometimes one of your fish may feel a little under the weather. It may have little white tufts, or fungus, growing on its sides, or it may develop sore spots and lose its appetite, or it may take cold in its gills. As soon as a fish shows signs of being ill, take it out of the aquarium at once, for the disease is probably contagious and you do not want your other fish to catch it. Sterilize your tank with a strong salt solution—six tablespoonfuls to a pint of water. For fungus, treat your goldfish daily to a fifteen-minute bath in the same kind of solution of permanganate of potassium that you used for disinfecting water plants. For

fish with tougher scales than goldfish, use an all-day bath of a solution made by dissolving a quarter of a teaspoonful of Epsom salts and three-fourths of a teaspoonful of sea or pure table salt in a gallon of water. Make a fresh solution every twenty-four hours. This is good, too, for fish that have sore spots.

For sore gills give the fish a half-hour bath in this weak salt solution every day—or oftener. In fact, whenever a fish seems ailing such baths are a wise treatment.

Many keepers of goldfish treat them to a monthly fifteen-minute bath in the solution of permanganate of potassium. This is an excellent way to keep them well. Any sore or bruised spot may be treated separately with a much stronger solution—but you must on no account get it on the fish's gills.

How to Nurse Sick Fish

When a fish has indigestion it gets dizzy, stands on its head for a long, long time, or lies on the bottom of the tank. Sometimes its abdomen swells. Give it an all-day salt bath in the salt solution, using a teaspoonful of Epsom salts to every gallon of water—of a slightly higher temperature than the fish has been used to. And give it a larger swimming space—a bathtub if possible. All food should be omitted for several days, or even a week in bad cases. This trouble is thought to be caused by too much feeding with prepared foods.

You may get many more hints as to the care of your pets from Miss Ida M. Mellen's little book, "Fishes in the Home." It is the source of most of the above information.

From all these directions you may see that it is worth while to keep fish in quarters that are absolutely clean, to give them plenty of water plants in their home, to keep the water at an even temperature, to handle them as little as possible, and to see that they get a variety of food. If you are careful in all these ways, you will have in your aquarium a never-ending source of delight.

THINGS TO MAKE



THE PIRATES' DEN

If you will give a little time and thought to it, you can turn your back yard into the kind of haunt that would make Captain Kidd quite homesick. No nook or cranny on the place need go to waste. And once you have finished the work of bringing Treasure Island to town, you can proceed to have more fun on it than any set of genuine pirates ever had there all their lives long. For the wounds of modern pirates are painless, and their meals always appetizing and served on time! Elsewhere we have told you how to build the tree house and shack. Any number of materials, from burlap to old sheets, can be used for tents. But if you are to be a first-class pirate you must use ingenuity. A red bandana can be your headdress; the stuffing from a cushion or old mattress will make ferocious whiskers; curtain rings will adorn your ears; and your oilcloth belt will be clasped with a buckle made of cardboard covered with tin foil. Those romantic trousers are an old pair of bloomers—red ones would be grand!—and the daring boots below them are an ordinary pair of shoes with tops like a pair of leggings made of stiff cardboard covered with glossy black oilcloth. The sword and pistol are sawed from a piece of soft board and given a heavy coat of aluminum paint to make them glitter. You may have to enlist mother's help when it comes to the policeman's uniform. The star and hat badge are cut from cardboard and covered with tin foil. And cast-off clothing, fur pieces, crêpe paper, and all sorts of other odds and ends that every attic or storehouse yields will set you out with enough Indians, cowboys, and cannibals to overcome the entire neighborhood.



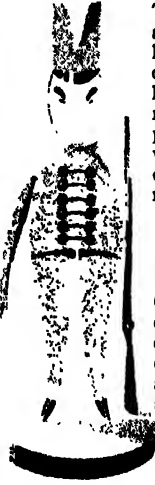
THINGS TO MAKE

THE CLOTHESPIN CLOWN



You may have to make this clown in order to prove to yourself that he is only a clothespin. Most of his clothes are painted right on him, and consist of big red dots. But the ruffles at his ankles and around his neck are made of red crêpe paper pasted to him, and his hat is a piece of colored paper rolled into a cone. Any kind of round buttons will serve for the balls on his hat even balls of paper will do. He stands on a thin slice of cork or linoleum—a slice of potato is easier to get but not so substantial. Paint and ink give him his features.

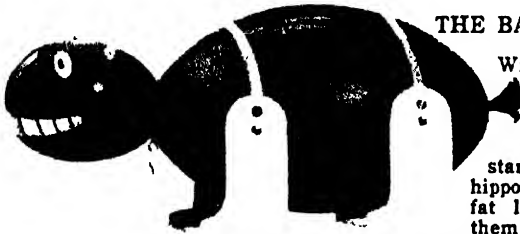
THE KING'S GUARD



The smart soldier is just another clothespin. Cut his arm and his gun out of cardboard, and make his hat of paper. All the rest is done with pen or paintbrush. Of course he will look smarter if you dress him in gay colors—red and blue perhaps, with yellow buttons.

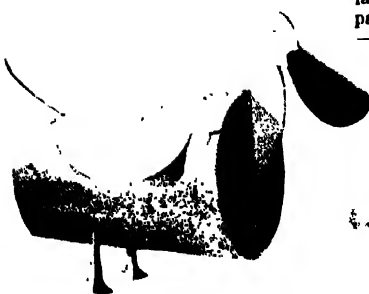
THE MAN ABOUT TOWN

Give this fashionable chap a "topper" made of a black cork with a cardboard brim, and paint his black coat and neat striped trousers right on him with black ink. Above all things, don't forget the cardboard monocle and toothpick cane.



THE BALLOON CIRCUS

With a little patience and ingenuity you can make a whole circus out of rubber balloons. We shall start you off with a hippopotamus and a fat lady. Each of them is merely a balloon with a soft string tied around one end to make the head. The pattern shows how to cut hippo's feet from cardboard; and the fat lady's skirt is nothing but pleated paper with the ends pasted together—like a pleated lamp shade.



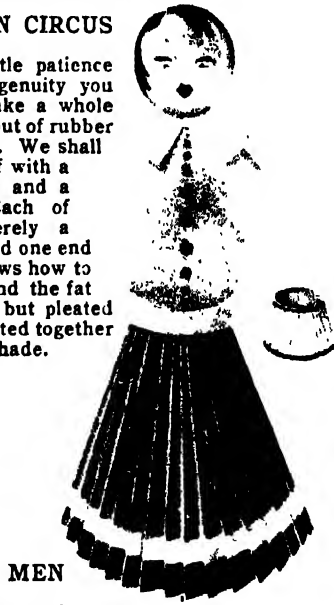
A SWIMMING DUCK

This duck is really an excellent swimmer, for his body is a cork. His head and tail are cut from cardboard and inserted in slits in the cork. And his feet are just large tacks.



THE SHELL TURTLE

Lay a walnut shell on a piece of paper and trace its outline. Now trace a turtle's head, tail, and feet projecting beyond the line of the shell. Cut the figure out and glue it to the shell.



THREE WISE MEN

The heads of the Three Wise Men of Gotham are three large white beans slightly split so that they can be mounted on the cardboard bodies. The boat is a walnut shell, and the sail is cardboard mounted on a toothpick.



THINGS TO MAKE



Pussy will be even more lifelike if she twitches an ear or tail.

With a little practice you can make the wall come alive with all these fascinating shapes. But be sure that the light comes from just the right angle.



Our swan should open and shut its mouth and flap its wing.



Polly can toss her head, but she must not open her bill. Undoubtedly she will want a cracker.



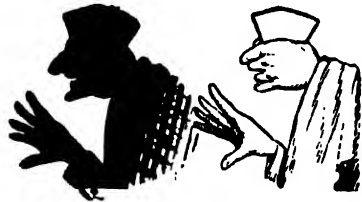
If you have some little gift of mimicry you can use it to excellent advantage when your donkey leaps forth on the wall.



Our bunny is a nervous fellow. He will be listening in every direction with those long, sensitive ears.



The goose too will have a good deal to say if you are anything of a mimic.

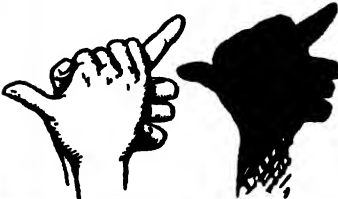


A few pieces of cardboard will be necessary to fit out our chef. The bottle and saucepan can be bent to stand up on their own bases. You can perform any number of flourishes with the spoon.



Our old witch needs a handkerchief to serve her as shawl and a piece of cardboard for a cap.

Our goat too will want a voice, with which you must try to supply him.



This jockey will surely want to gallop on his racy steed, and it will take a good deal of practice on your part to perfect his horsemanship.

The effectiveness of your country bumpkin will depend on your ability to give him an inane expression.



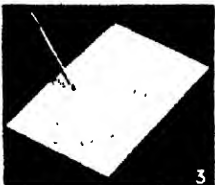
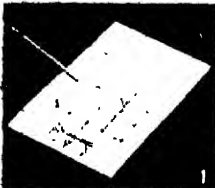
THINGS TO MAKE

You will never need to live in gloomy or unattractive surroundings if you will learn to use a paintbrush and stencil. And the sooner you begin to practice the better.

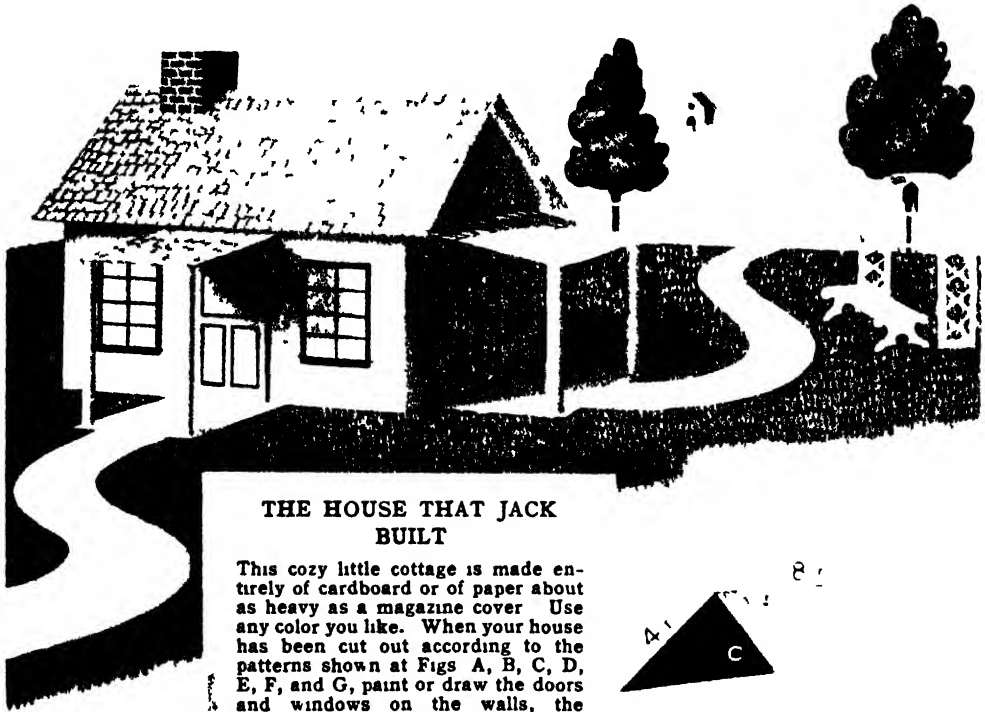


HOW TO MAKE A STENCIL

A rainy day can be made to go like the wind if you will spend it stenciling. By following these directions you can decorate curtains, box lids, luncheon sets, furniture, and even your bedroom wall and you need not be an artist to do it. First pick out a simple and attractive design and draw it or trace it on a piece of thin tracing paper. If you feel that it is too large or too small, you can reduce or enlarge it by following the directions for drawing to scale which we have given elsewhere in these books. If you reduce or enlarge your design, you will have to rule your paper into squares, as shown in Fig. 1. Now cut your design out of the paper you have drawn or traced it on (Fig. 2), and trace it on a stencil board (Fig. 3). This may be bought in any paint store, but a piece of strong cardboard can be made to serve quite well. Your next step will be to cut the design out of the stencil board with a sharp, pointed knife (Fig. 4), but before doing so decide carefully just where you are going to leave little strips of cardboard to serve as braces. For if you will look carefully at Fig. 8, you will see that there the whole design would fall apart and have to be traced all over again if it were not for the fact that at various points it is still attached to the rim of the pattern. The braces should never spoil the design, but should help to make it clearer whenever possible. When you have cut your design in the stencil board, smooth all its edges so that there will be no jagged points or loose fibers to make smudges when you put on the paint that you are now going to apply. Fig. 5 shows the simplest kind of stencil ready for use, and Fig. 6 shows how the paint is applied to it in order to leave the picture underneath it. In Fig. 7 the design has been painted and the stencil is being removed. All sorts of things around the house (Fig. 9) can be used to make designs, and the articles in Fig. 10 will come in handy, too. Practice, patience, and advice from your paint dealer will teach you how to apply the paint.

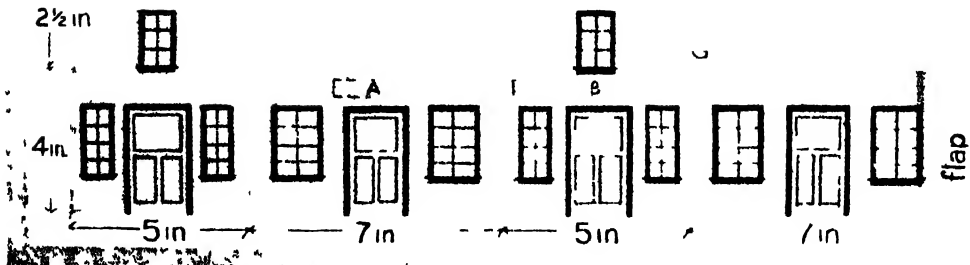
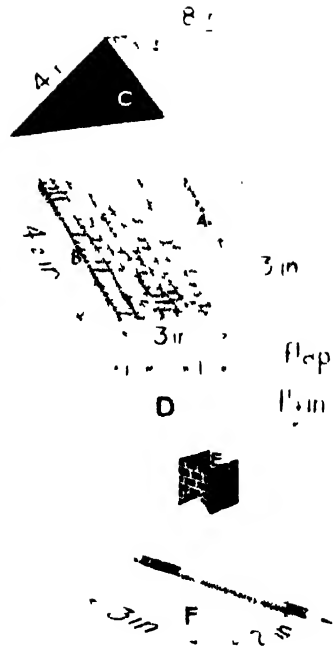


THINGS TO MAKE

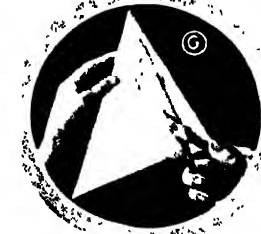
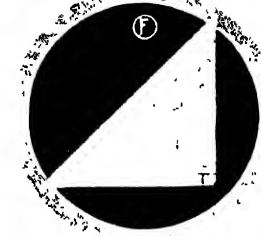
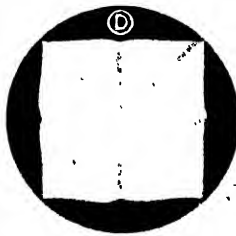
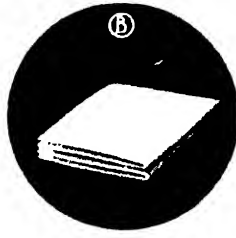


THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT

This cozy little cottage is made entirely of cardboard or of paper about as heavy as a magazine cover. Use any color you like. When your house has been cut out according to the patterns shown at Figs. A, B, C, D, E, F, and G, paint or draw the doors and windows on the walls, the shingles on the roof, and the bricks on the chimney. With some blunt edge, such as a table knife, mark along the various dotted lines so that the paper and cardboard will fold easily and evenly. The porch posts are made by rolling paper around a pencil and fastening the edges with glue. When the parts are all ready to assemble, paste the little flaps at the ends of D and G to the other end of the piece they are on and you will have the upright of the house and the chimney. Green crepe paper makes a handsome lawn, and the walks are paper with stones painted on it. The bird house, garden furniture, trees, and picket fence are all of paper. And of course you will think of other things to add.



THINGS TO MAKE



DUTCH DOLLS

These quaint Dutch children are all eight of them cut from a single sheet of paper a foot square and about as thick as a magazine cover. Fold it through the center (A), and then fold it again the other way (B). Next, fold the four thicknesses to make a triangle (C), and then open it to see that all the creases point toward the center (D). Fold the paper as it was before and press the creases with the handle of the scissors (E). Now draw one-half of the girl and one-half of the boy on the triangle (F). Be sure that they are holding hands and that their feet point to the edge of the triangle where the single thicknesses of paper show. Now cut through the triangle along the lines that you have drawn (G) and you will have the eight children at J. With crayons or paint copy the designs at H and I. All sorts of designs may be traced from magazines and cut in the same way.



HOW TO MAKE SILHOUETTES

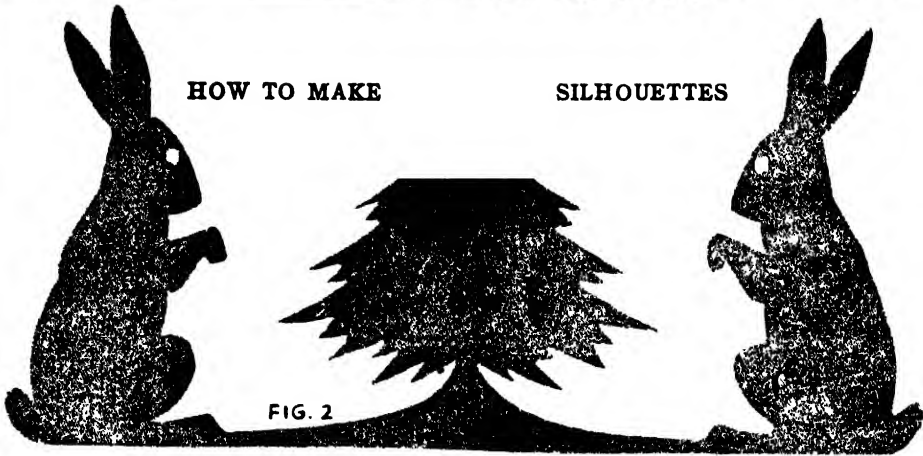


FIG. 1

Clever Br'er Rabbit has found the trick of looking at his Christmas tree from both sides at once—for truly there is only one of him. At least, you trace him only once. This you do on folded paper (Fig. 1), along with half of his tree, taking care to put the half-tree on the fold. Now cut out, open,—and behold, Br'er Rabbit has turned the trick! The silhouette will look best pasted daintily on a contrasting background—gray against green perhaps (Fig. 2). The unsociable cocks below are made in the same way from black paper mounted on white. You can trace or draw no end of other designs.

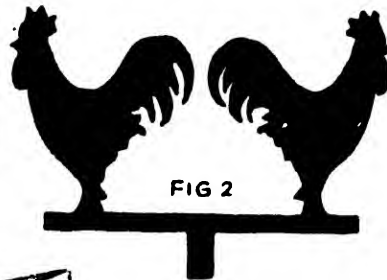


FIG. 2



FIG. 1



FIG. 1

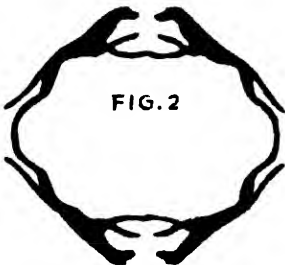


FIG. 2

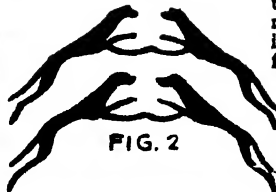


FIG. 2

By folding your paper in to four leaves instead of two, you can make four connected figures. Better mark the folds first. Now trace a running hound, as in the picture, fold exactly

as shown, and it will come out as in the lower left-hand corner, with the dogs making a circle, foot to foot. But if you do not get both hind and forepaws on folds, the hounds will come out in pairs, as in the other illustration.

FIG. 1

THINGS TO MAKE

A GREEN ALLIGATOR

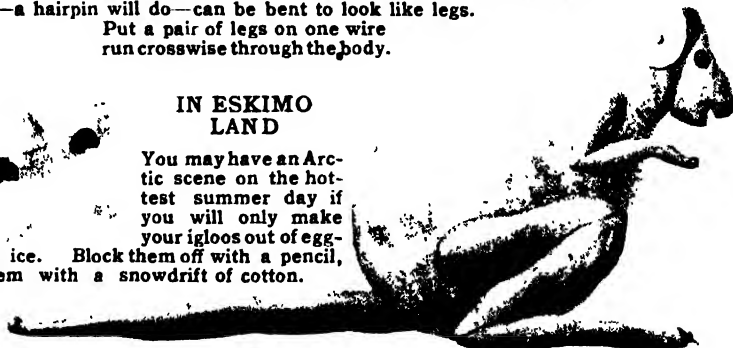


This fearsome beast is really no more terrible than the string bean he is made of. Notch his back with a knife and run a wire through him lengthwise so that he may be bent into shape. A slit at one end forms an expressive mouth, and two cloves make baleful eyes. Smaller beans cut in half and strung on wire—a hairpin will do—can be bent to look like legs.

Put a pair of legs on one wire run crosswise through the body.

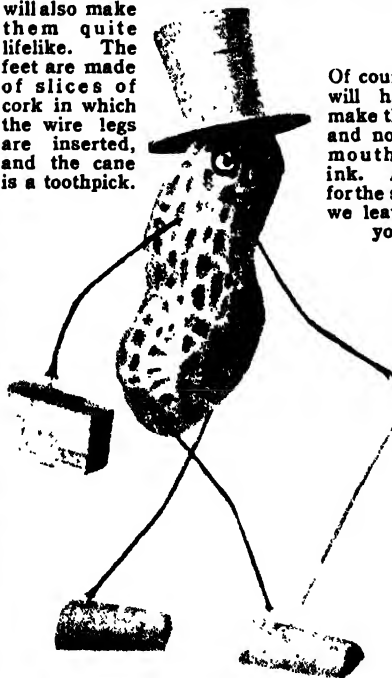
IN ESKIMO LAND

You may have an Arctic scene on the hottest summer day if you will only make your igloos out of eggshells instead of ice. Block them off with a pencil, and surround them with a snowdrift of cotton.



ALGERNON PEANUT, M.D.

Here is old Doctor Peanut. His tall hat is a cork, with cardboard brim. His arms and legs are of wire run through the peanut and bent into the right position. They will look more elegant if you cover them with cloth, but slender string beans will also make them quite lifelike. The feet are made of slices of cork in which the wire legs are inserted, and the cane is a toothpick.



Of course you will have to make the eyes and nose and mouth with ink. And as for the satchel, we leave it to you!

AN EDIBLE KANGAROO

To the small end of a pear fasten the tip of another pear, using a toothpick to attach it. Good ears can be cut out of cardboard, and a tail and legs are made from string beans strung on a wire, as described above. Grains of rice make bright eyes. Your jumping kangaroo—and your whole zoo, for that matter—will look a good deal more savage if you paint their lips and mouths with a little paprika.



THE FAMOUS DODO BIRD

Few of your friends will have seen a Dodo bird, so they'll take your word for this one. The body is a large carrot, and the head a small one attached by a toothpick. Run a wire through the large carrot to hold it in shape. Dodo's tail is the carrot's top, and her legs two four-inch lead pencils stuck into the halves of a potato. Her eyes are shoe buttons, and her wings are single feathers.



THINGS TO MAKE

Choose some very rainy day to make this kitchen zoo-- the animals perform better then!

The porcupine is just a turnip stuck full of toothpicks.

Your work is half done when you have found a potato of the right shape for your camel. Give him a neck and legs made of string beans with hairpins run through them. A good prune makes a charming head, with grains of rice for eyes and white beans for ears. Little disks of potato will do for his feet; and his expressive tail is a feather.

How could we ever trap our zoo if we had no potatoes! The pelican's body is made of a large one, and his head of a small one, while his bill is a quartered slice of potato. A string bean strung on a hairpin gives him a neck, and a short lead pencil answers for his legs - it is stuck into the slice

of potato which he stands on. That knowing eye is a clove, and six toothpicks finish him off with a tail.

This goliwog is a prune, with additions consisting of hairpins, raisins, and rice and a potato disk for a base.

A giraffe has a very superior air, but that does not prevent this one from being made out of a small gourd - though a sweet potato, a cucumber, or a carrot might do. His head is the tip of one of those vegetables. The ears are cardboard, the horns spaghetti, and the legs matches stuck into little round lumps of potato or turnip. He eats through a slit in his head and sees with a clove. But what can he have for a tail?

Our elephant is a sturdy white potato standing on four carrots. A string bean wired with a hairpin gives him a trunk, and spaghetti makes his tusks. His mouth is a slit, his eyes are cloves, and his ears are lettuce leaves.

PROJECTS *and* RECREATION

Reading Unit No. 2

MANUAL TRAINING FOR BOYS

Note: For basic information not found on this page, consult the general Index, Vol. 15.

For statistical and current facts, consult the Richards Year Book Index.

Interesting Facts Explained

How a child learns to use tools, 14-16-17
The tools that a boy needs for his workshop, 14 19-21
The most useful of man's tools, 14-21
How to use a hammer, 14-22
How to use a saw, 14-23
How to use a gauge, a plane, and a screw driver, 14-24
How to use a chisel, 14-25
Some other useful tools, 14-26

How pieces of wood are joined together, 14-27
How to build a workshop, 14-28
How to make a workbench, 14-29
How to keep your tools in order, 14-30
Turning cigar boxes into furniture, 14 31
Preparing for winter sports, 14-32-33
Things to make, 14-31-50

Things to Think About

What can a child learn from the use of his toys?
Why should everyone know some thing about tools?

Why is the use of joints important in cabinetmaking?
Why does a glider stay up in the air, instead of falling at once?

Related Material

How prehistoric man learned to use tools, 5-35-40
The first people to use iron, 5-215
When tools were made of bronze,

12-12-14
The wonders of our modern machine age, 10 529-37
The golden age of cabinetmaking, 12-10 194-96

Practical Applications

The boy in the picture on page 14 30 is holding a fine boat in his hands. It is by making

objects of this kind that he will become skillful in making all sorts of useful articles.

Leisure-time Activities

PROJECT NO. 1: Visit a machine shop and examine the different kinds of machines. With how many are you familiar?
PROJECT NO. 2: If possible,

visit a museum which exhibits examples of different styles of furniture. Try to reproduce some of these in small models.

Summary Statement

The period in which we are living is often called the Machine Age. Never before has man used so many tools for so many purposes. Everyone should know something about the use of tools,

so that he may feel at home in his own age. By the proper use of tools one can make many useful things for himself and for others.

A CHILD AND HIS WORKSHOP

A fine set of tools and a quiet corner to work in—what more could any craftsman ask? With a better understanding of the common tools which it took mankind so many patient years to invent, this lad will increase his knowledge of the world he lives in. And the useful art that he is mastering now, will give him a lifetime of enjoyment as a hobby.

Photo by Stanley Rule & Level Plant



A CHILD *and* HIS WORKSHOP

A Little Child's Work Is Never Done! For That Reason His Equipment for Carrying It Forward Is of the Greatest Importance

IT IS hard for us to realize that the baby who kicks and crows, the tiny child who plays with his blocks, the older lad who helps build a shack for "the gang," and the youth who goes on a canoe trip or helps organize a tennis tournament are all working. We are used to thinking of work as something that grown people do to earn a living, and seldom remember that for a young person play and school are just as much a part of the serious business of life as going to an office or factory. It is by being earnest and capable in them that he will learn how to amount to something in the world of men.

Now the workshop of the tiny baby is wherever he happens to be. He needs no tools. He uses his eyes to look at the changing lights and shadows about him and his

ears to hear the sounds that are always coming to him. With his own speech organs he can have a wonderful time. He makes all sorts of noises with them, and in this way teaches himself the very valuable accomplishment of talking. He is delighted with the process, but nevertheless it is useful work—just as useful as if he hated it! And then there are his hands. What long hours he spends learning to manipulate them, exploring his surroundings with them, looking at them and—alas!—putting them in his mouth. His feet too are extremely interesting to him long before he learns to walk, and his lips and mouth are a constant source of diversion. Watch any baby "blowing bubbles" and you will see that he is enjoying himself.

As soon as he begins to creep or toddle

A CHILD AND HIS WORKSHOP

about, the baby's workshop is greatly enlarged. It includes all the space he is able to cover on all fours or on two unsteady legs. Usually he is pretty successfully confined to a room or two indoors or a pen on the grass. But this narrowing of the universe is not his fault! Left to himself he would take the world for his province, to investigate all the fascinating things that it contains. Since grown people thwart him in these researches, he uses his toys for tools, and with them he teaches himself all kinds of delicate motions that may be blundering at times but grow in skill every day.

A Child's Need of Approval

Sometimes when he reaches the age of two or thereabout, he is given a separate playroom, where he can keep his toys and carry on his efforts to build castles of blocks and continents of sand—away from interfering grown-ups. But he does not as yet take much to the idea of being left alone in his workroom. He prefers to be right in the bosom of the family, where he can have his questions answered and can demand general admiration for his creations and achievements. This approval is a necessary reward for his labors. It is not till a child gets to be eight or nine that he cares much to have a room of his own—or a “den” in the basement, attic, or garage—to which he can take his friends and where “the gang” can meet in secret. Girls of this age will have clubs that meet in the rooms of the various members.

Learning to Help Mother

For a child under four or five the kitchen will be the most attractive of all places to play—though unhappily it is also one of the most perilous. It is not only that the kitchen is filled with a pleasant bustle and the fascinating smell of food. It also contains the most alluring toys in the world—pans and lids and other noisy kitchen tools—it is safe for a tiny tot to handle, empty tins and containers that he can put small articles in, packages of food that he can lift and carry and push and pull about or pile up into a skyscraper. It is a lucky little child who has been, in his earliest years, so well trained in habits of safety that he now may play

about while his sister stirs up a cake or his mother prepares a roast. And he is luckier still if this gentle, sympathetic elder will let him pour out water or bake his own little cake of dough. He loves to imitate her in whatever she is doing.

If the kitchen is not too small it may be a good place for the toddler to keep his playthings. Some low shelves and a big box in one corner out of the way will serve admirably to hold his toys and various creations. Certainly if he is to begin at this time to use carpenter's tools there could hardly be a better place for his efforts than the kitchen. A hammer, nails, a short fine-toothed saw, a coping saw, a small table, and a vise will give him an excellent start. Give him a small box of soft wood, and after you have turned it bottom side up, start a few nails with big heads in it and let him drive them with a wide-headed hammer. Before long he will be starting the nails for himself.

Learning to Use a Saw

A little later he will begin to saw up pieces of soft wood held in a vise. With a little guidance he will grow so skillful that he will keep at work for as much as twenty minutes at a stretch—a long time for so young a child. Of course he will have to learn that these marvelous tools are for use only on the proper materials and that they never should be tested on the furniture. If his workroom is left in the corner of the kitchen he can go back to it whenever he wants to.

When it comes to drawing, coloring, pasting, and putting together cardboard materials our young artist will usually prefer to work where “the folks” are, in the living room or the kitchen. If the scene of his operations is likely to be the living room he can keep his toys and other cherished belongings in a box in one corner, though it is hardly the best place for using a saw and hammer. The main thing is that he have a definite place all his own where his playthings may be kept undisturbed.

For his comfort while carrying on certain sorts of handwork our child should, if possible, have a low chair which fits him. He will need a large square of composition

A CHILD AND HIS WORKSHOP



Photo by J. C. Allen & Son

There are few sensations quite so pleasant as the feeling that one has created something useful, no matter how small and simple the creation may be. These

young people have just finished a bird house, and are so elated with their success that they have already started on a harder project.

board, which he can use on the floor or supported on chairs. He may even put it on the dining table. More often than not he will do his work on the floor. In such a case it may be convenient to spread a large sheet of denim over the floor. If the room must be tidied in a hurry the cloth can be rolled up with all his work on it and put away in a jiffy. It may also be a good plan to set up a screen near the dining table for him to play behind when he gets down from the table before the family has finished. This is especially useful when there are guests.

Home as a Workshop

Of course our young creator must be taught how to tidy up his workshop and to keep his toys in their place, but it is a great mistake to have someone always standing over him to make him clean up every little mess as soon as it is made. He will find this interference so distasteful that his interest in creative and constructive play will fall off

greatly or perhaps die out entirely. This will be a tremendous loss to his development. The home is not a real workshop to many a child because his elders do not understand what he should be expected and allowed to do in it. It is not just the cleaning up that will discourage him; the eternal fussing and complaining about "the mess" will be even more harmful.

Dolls, toy brooms, toy cooking utensils and dishes will all help the young child not only to learn the household skills but also to feel himself an important laborer in the larger workshop of the home. This kind of imitative play stimulates his imagination, a thing that is more and more valuable as he grows older. In the same way the toys that he pushes and pulls about become valuable tools in his creative play. He fits or ties them together, crudely perhaps, and with his toy animals and other objects can enact mighty dramas. Of course these humble playthings can serve in a variety of rôles. A tin can may be a mountain, a fort, a palace,

A CHILD AND HIS WORKSHOP

or a power house—and all these interesting localities may be created out of nothing more than a design on the rug.

With scissors he will cut out real pictures or perhaps just strips of paper to represent the objects or animated creatures which he sees in his mind. He may cut up paper to make straw for his farm animals to lie on. And he will cut dolls and the like from patterns. Later he will grow skillful enough to cut them out without the use of patterns.

Teaching the Child to Create

So lively is his imagination that his crudest scribbles on paper or the blackboard will have meaning for him. His lines and choice of colors all have a purpose. He is *working*—as he thinks. We who are older do not suspect what lies behind these clumsy efforts at creation, but for the child they are an interpretation of his universe—echoes of all the fairy tales he has heard, illustrations of his own imaginative stories, incidents in the great dramas his lively mind has woven. Our modest guidance in teaching him the care and use of things and our appreciative attention to his efforts are the best encouragement he can have. We can teach him not to destroy things and can refrain from building things for him to knock down, and always we shall try to bring him to construct and create. Devices for constructive effort will help to train him at this point—very simple jigsaw puzzles, at first with only two or three pieces, and large pegs to be fitted into holes. The games should all be things that he can manage without help, and should grow harder only as he gains in ability.

Where Shall We Put the Workbench?

At the age of eight our child will be very lucky if he can have a workbench, with good tools that will increase in number as he grows older. His workshop may be in the basement, the attic, a corner of the garage, or in some suitable room in the house. In it there should be shelves and a strong table that can be treated roughly. Everything he does involving use of the larger tools will be done in this workshop. But his drawing, pasting, cutting, and construction with card-

board will still go on in the living room or the kitchen, where other people are about. If his elders should be unsympathetic toward his efforts he may have to take this handwork to his own room, but he will miss the encouragement that he needs.

Of course other children will join him in his workshop, wherever it happens to be. Especially will this be so after he begins to go to kindergarten and to school. Then he will begin to learn what coöperative effort is, for they all will work together on a creative enterprise that may take several days to finish. His workshop will now have turned into something resembling a factory!

A great deal of our child's interest and success in woodworking will depend on the kind of tools he has. The collection, as we have said, may be begun when he is eight or nine. First of all he will need a good solid workbench with a quick-acting, long-handled vise. This workbench may be bought or made at home, and should last until the owner is grown. Let all the tools be of very high quality. It is better to have a few good ones than many cheap ones. Get those that will be useful for a lifetime. And have a tool chest, a cabinet, or fixtures on the wall for keeping everything in its place.

Tools for the Workshop

We give here a list of the tools that may be bought, little by little, to equip the shop:

vise	miter box
screw driver	putty knife
jackknife	gluepot
coping saw	cold chisel
handsaw	ratchet brace
hack saw	set of bits
tenon saw	screw-driver bit
compass saw	expansive bit
tack lifter	nail set
awl	nails
gimlet	wood screws
chisels	zigzag folding rule
combination pliers	jack plane
pincers	smoothing plane
foot rule	block plane
nail hammer	drawknife
riveting hammer	spokeshave
half hatchet	sandpaper

A CHILD AND HIS WORKSHOP



Photo by J. C. Allen & Son

It will not take this charming pair long to find out that a hammer can be made to do many fascinating things besides making a noise! It is easy to tell from their expressions that Sister has already mapped out her

line of work and is going ahead conscientiously with her plans, while Brother is toying with some artistic scheme in the back of his little brain and will soon put it into action.

oil-stone	carriage maker's
oil can	clamps
bench vise	try-square
small bench anvil	steel proving square
monkey wrench	hand-driven tool grinder
hand screws	marking gauge
leveler and plumb	glass cutter

pair of dividers	wooden forming
small riveter or tack	mallet
hammer	wooden roofing
half round file, smooth	folder
• milled cut	vise
wooden mallet	try-square

The Useful Tin Can

Very interesting toys can be made with nothing but tin cans for raw material. All that is necessary to get the metal ready for use is to remove all grease or paint by soaking the cans in a hot bath made of two heaping teaspoonfuls of lye or washing soda added to a gallon of boiling water. Be careful to keep hands and clothing out of the solution. The tools needed for making tin-can toys are as follows:

1 lb. of soldering copper	box of soldering
wooden handle for copper	paste
pair of tin shears	bar of soft solder
pair of flat-nosed pliers	soft soldering
pair of round-nosed pliers	wire

Tools for Work in Metals

For carrying on more ambitious work in the metal crafts our young workman will need the following:

Sheet metals—18-gauge copper, brass, nickel
pencil, carbon paper
hand drill with points for metals
five-inch jeweler's saw frames
jeweler's saw blades for copper
wooden mallet
ball-headed mechanic's hammer
steel files, small and large
pointed pliers
asphaltum varnish or colorite hat dye
solution of one part nitric acid and one part water
medium and fine sandpaper, steel wool



A CHILD AND HIS WORKSHOP

For "hard" soldering on fine work:

- a. blow torch or alcohol torch
- b. rubber tubing to reach from gas jet to table
- c. easy-flowing silver solder
- d. powdered borax

For "soft" soldering:

- a. soldering paste
- b. soft solder
- c. soldering iron

For work in leather the tools should be:

tooling leather	rotary punch
skiver	gauge punch
sheepskin	ruler, metal or metal-edged
scrap. leather	snap fasteners
scissors	snap fasteners tool
sharp knife	paste
knife sharpener	tracing paper
#1 leather tool	

The Story of the Hammer

If our child - and this is true of girls as well as boys - begins to handle tools while he is young he will come to have a "feeling" for them. Let him learn about their long and honorable history. Tell him, for instance, about the hammer. It is one of the simplest of tools; yet so important is it that it may have been the first tool man invented. Of course that first hammer was an awkward affair, perhaps just a club with a knot on the end of it. It must have taken a long time for man to learn that a better hammer could be made by fastening a piece of stone to the end of his club. But once this discovery was made he soon began to improve upon it. Before long he learned to chip the stone so that one edge would be thin and sharp enough to cut wood, while the other edge was left blunt to be used for cracking nuts and for hammering. Such a tool - a primitive axe or hatchet - must have served many useful purposes. It could be used to attack an enemy in close combat, to cut up game, to dig out roots in the winter, or to cut wood for the campfire. It was probably the only tool employed in building the world's first houses.

Now all the great tools and machines in the world to-day are descendants of that first simple hammer. It was the first ma-

chine. And even to-day no machine is more important. Without the hammer we should have a hard time supplying ourselves with the commonest everyday needs. By learning to use the hammer, the saw, the plane, and a few other simple tools, we learn to build. And when we have learned to build we can more easily understand the principle of the great machines upon which we are so dependent for clothing, food, shelter, and many other things.

Tools in the Machine Age

Our age is the Machine Age. It takes a thousand machines scattered over the world to get our breakfast, and another thousand to furnish the clothes we put on each morning. So no matter what trade or other occupation our child may engage in, he should know how these wonderful "tools" are made to work for us. Without this knowledge he will be a stranger in his own country.

As our child gets older he will begin to bring more and more work home from school. Then his study workshop will be important. Probably his own room will be the best place for it, though he will get along very well at a desk or table in the living room if he can have a solid, straight-backed chair of the proper height and a good light that does not shine in his eyes. If the chair is too high for his feet to rest comfortably on the floor he should have a box or footstool to rest them on.

Equipping a Workshop for Study

For tools he will need a fountain pen with a good washable ink, several pencils and a pencil sharpener, an ample supply of standard notebook paper, a good students' dictionary, and if possible a typewriter. For older students a good unabridged dictionary is a great advantage. And at all stages an understandable and readable encyclopedia will be of the greatest service if our student is to have that valuable intellectual equipment which the world knows as "background." Of course when he goes to school he will be entering a gigantic workshop equipped for teaching all sorts of subjects and skills which are going to be useful in later life. But the most important product of any of his workshops will be character. '

HOW TO USE A HAMMER

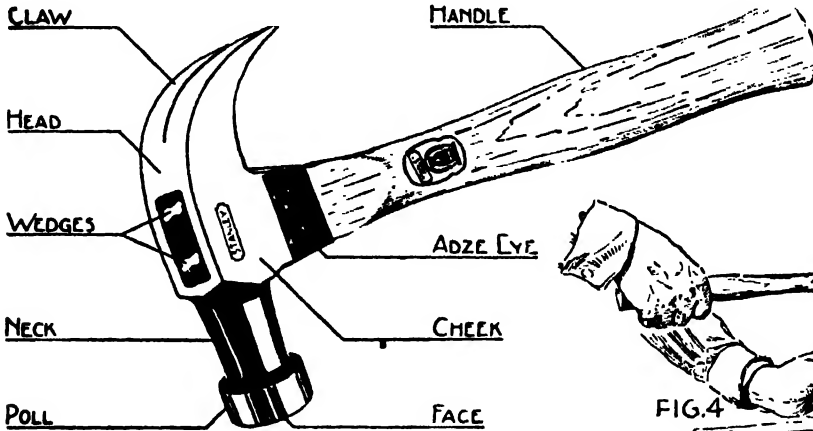


Fig. 1. Grasp the hammer firmly near the end. It is made the exact length to be most effective.

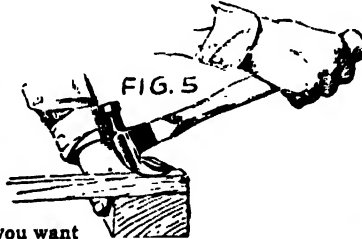


Fig. 5. When you want to draw a nail, slip the claw of the hammer under the nail head. Then pull until the handle of the hammer is nearly straight up and down and the nail is loosened and part way out of the wood.

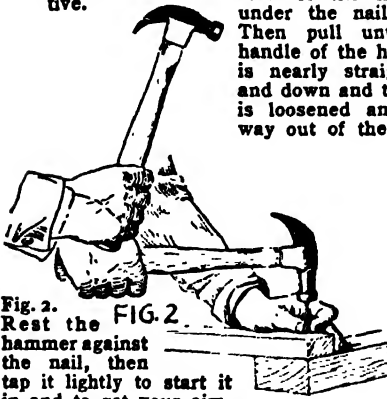


Fig. 2. Rest the hammer against the nail, then tap it lightly to start it in and to get your aim. Then strike, using wrist, elbow, and shoulder, one or all, according to the strength of the blow needed.

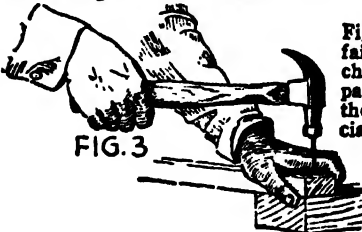


Fig. 3. Treat your hammer fairly. Never strike with the cheek, for that is the weakest part of the metal. Strike with the face, which has been especially hardened for the purpose. But even the face will be damaged if you strike it against steel harder than the steel in the hammer.

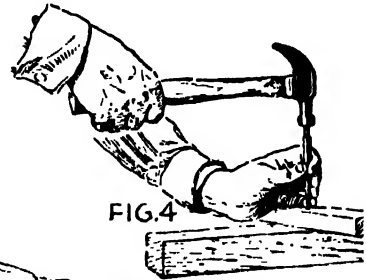


Fig. 4. On all fine work the nails should be driven about $\frac{1}{16}$ " below the surface. It is done with this instrument, called a nail set. Rest your little finger on the wood next the nail and press the nail set firmly against it to steady it as you strike.

Fig. 6. Do not try to draw the nail all the way out with one pull on the claw, or you will not only bend the nail unnecessarily, but perhaps also mar the wood or break the handle of your hammer.

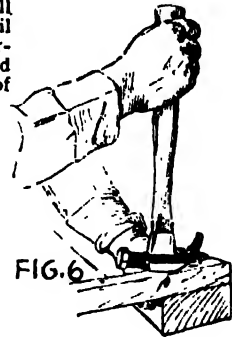


FIG. 6

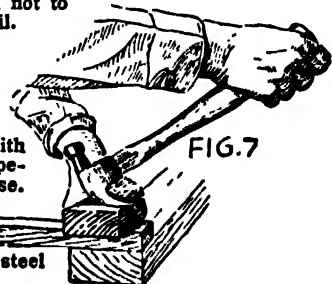


FIG. 7

HOW TO USE A SAW

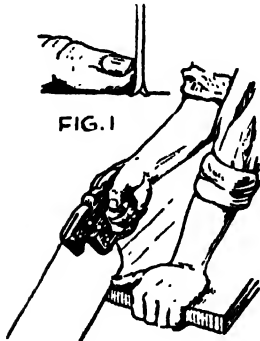


FIG. 1

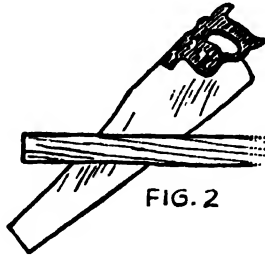


FIG. 2

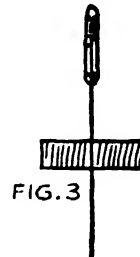


FIG. 3



FIG. 4

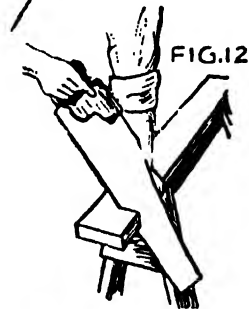


FIG. 12



FIG. 11

Grasp the handle of the saw firmly with the right hand, your thumb and index finger touching the side of the handle. Now draw the saw slowly and carefully *upward* at least once—probably several times—with the thumb of the left hand guiding the blade where the cut is to be made (Fig. 1). Never start a cut by pushing down; you must have a little groove first, although later the actual cutting is done on the downward stroke. Remember that a saw has thickness of its own. Therefore do not begin sawing in the middle of your guide line, but on the outside of it, to make the cut even with the mark. When you have made your groove, hold the saw firmly at the angle shown in Fig. 2. Keep the length of the saw square with the face of the wood (Fig. 3). If the saw leaves the line, twist the handle to bring it back (Fig. 4). If it is not straight, bend the handle slightly and gradually straighten it (Fig. 5). When the cut is nearly completed, hold the end of the board with the left hand (Fig. 6) to keep the saw from pinching and to prevent splitting the board. You will need a mitre box to help you saw boards at an accurate angle. The board in the mitre box in Fig. 7 is being sawed at an angle of 45°, half a right angle. Make a box with neither ends nor top. Measure along the edges to a distance equal to the width of the box, then beyond that the same distance again. Connect the marked points with criss-cross lines as in the smaller half of Fig. 7. Then saw through the sides along these lines (Fig. 8). Fig. 9 shows how to make a pair of saw brackets to hold your saw. Fig. 10 is a sawhorse. You should make it of a height to fit its master. Fig. 11 shows the right position of hands and knees when sawing on a sawhorse along the grain of wood. Fig. 12 shows the best position for sawing across the grain.

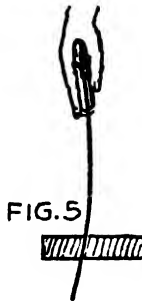


FIG. 5

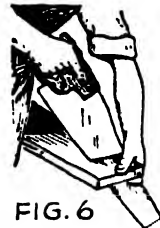


FIG. 6

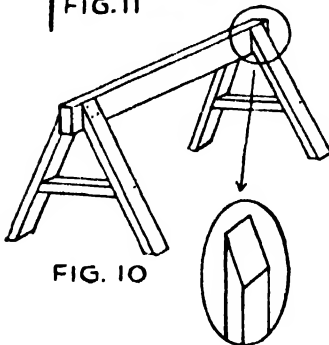


FIG. 10

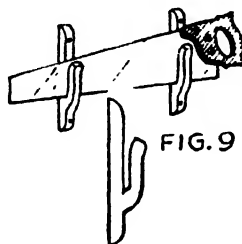
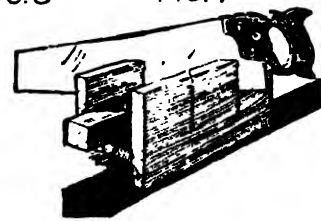


FIG. 9

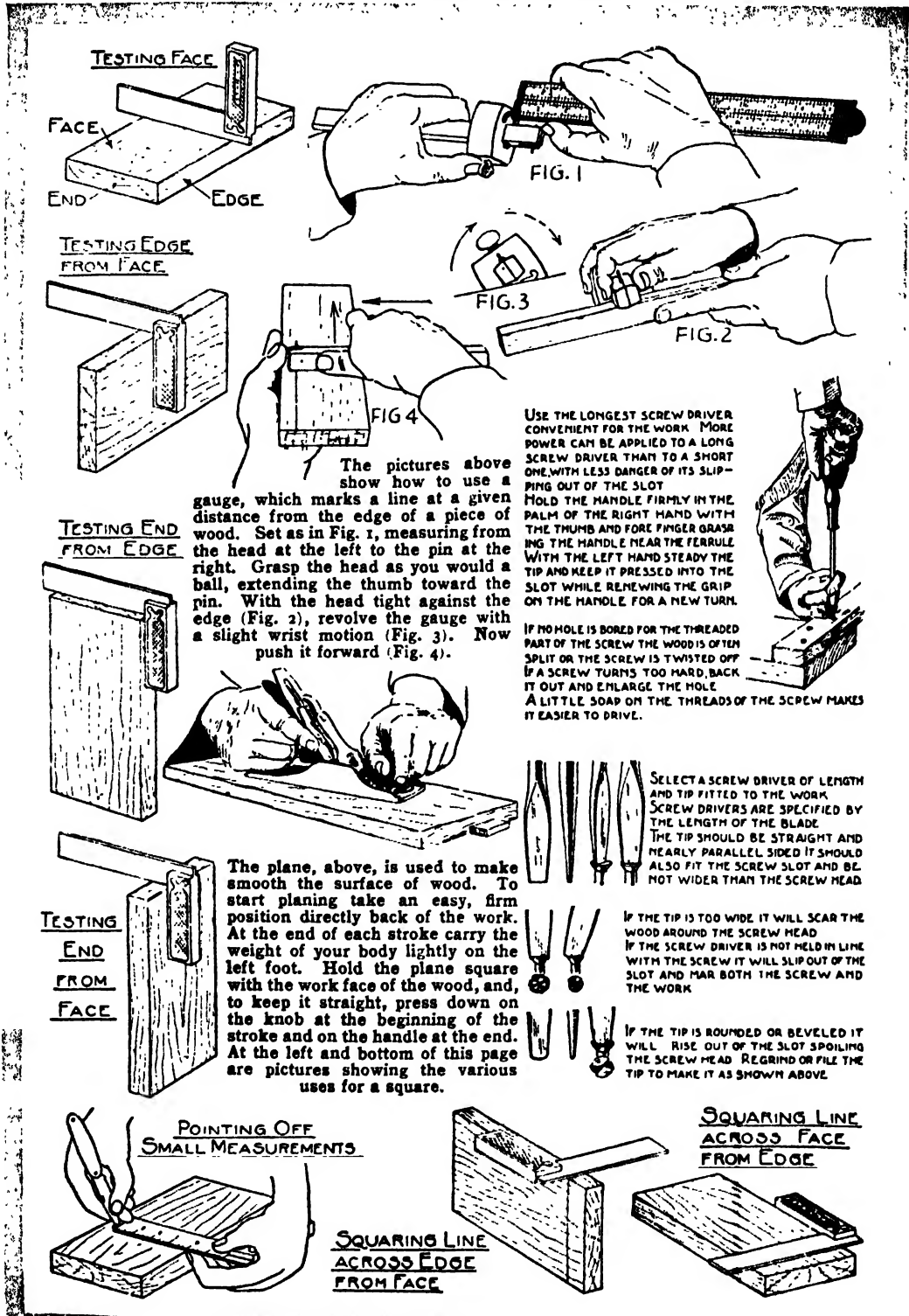


FIG. 8

FIG. 7

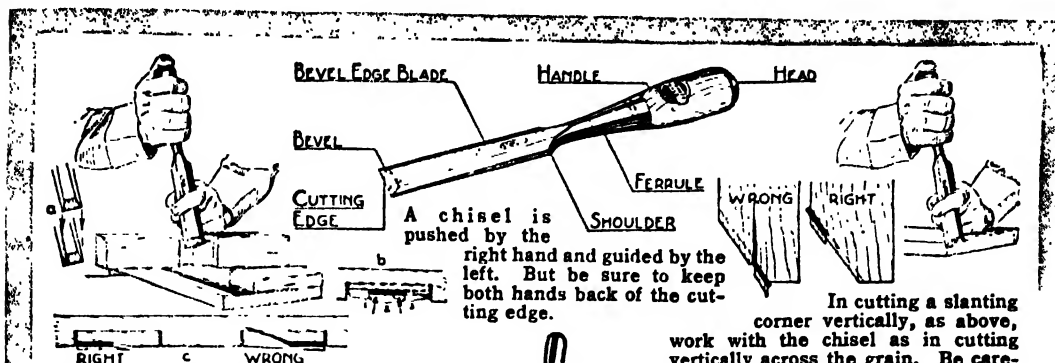


HOW TO USE TOOLS



Photos by Stanley Rule & Level Plant

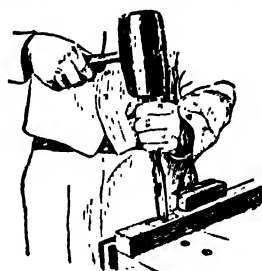
HOW TO USE A CHISEL



In cutting vertically across the grain, as above, tilt the chisel slightly (a), or move it to right and left as you thrust it forward. If the surface to be cut is wider than the chisel, press part of the chisel edge against the cut portion to steady and guide it (b). Cut with the grain so that the waste wood will split away from the guide line (c).



To clean the corners of a notch or projection, as above, use one corner of your chisel edge as a knife. Grasp the chisel far down on its blade, tilt the handle away, and draw the chisel toward you. Hold the work firmly with your left hand and guide the chisel with your right hand.



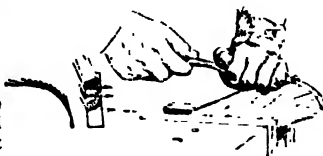
For horizontal chiseling of small piece, as above, clamp the work firmly in the vise, with the guide line horizontal. The picture shows the method of chiseling a slanting corner. The chisel is handled as in any other kind of horizontal chiseling.



The picture above shows how to cut a chamfer, that is, a groove or bevel. Hold the chisel tilted to one side parallel to the chamfer and cut as in chiseling horizontally with the grain.



To cut a concave curved corner, as above, hold the bevel side of the chisel against the work with the left hand; with the right hand press down and draw back at the same time, giving a sweeping curved direction to the cut. Work with the grain from the edge toward the end.



To cut a round corner, as above, move the chisel sideways across the work, making a series of cuts close together, each one tangent to the curve.

When the cutting edge is across the grain, it is safe to use a mallet on the chisel, as above. When the cutting edge is with the grain, it is not safe, for you will be likely to split the wood. The mallet may lighten your labor when the wood is very hard or there is much of it to be removed.

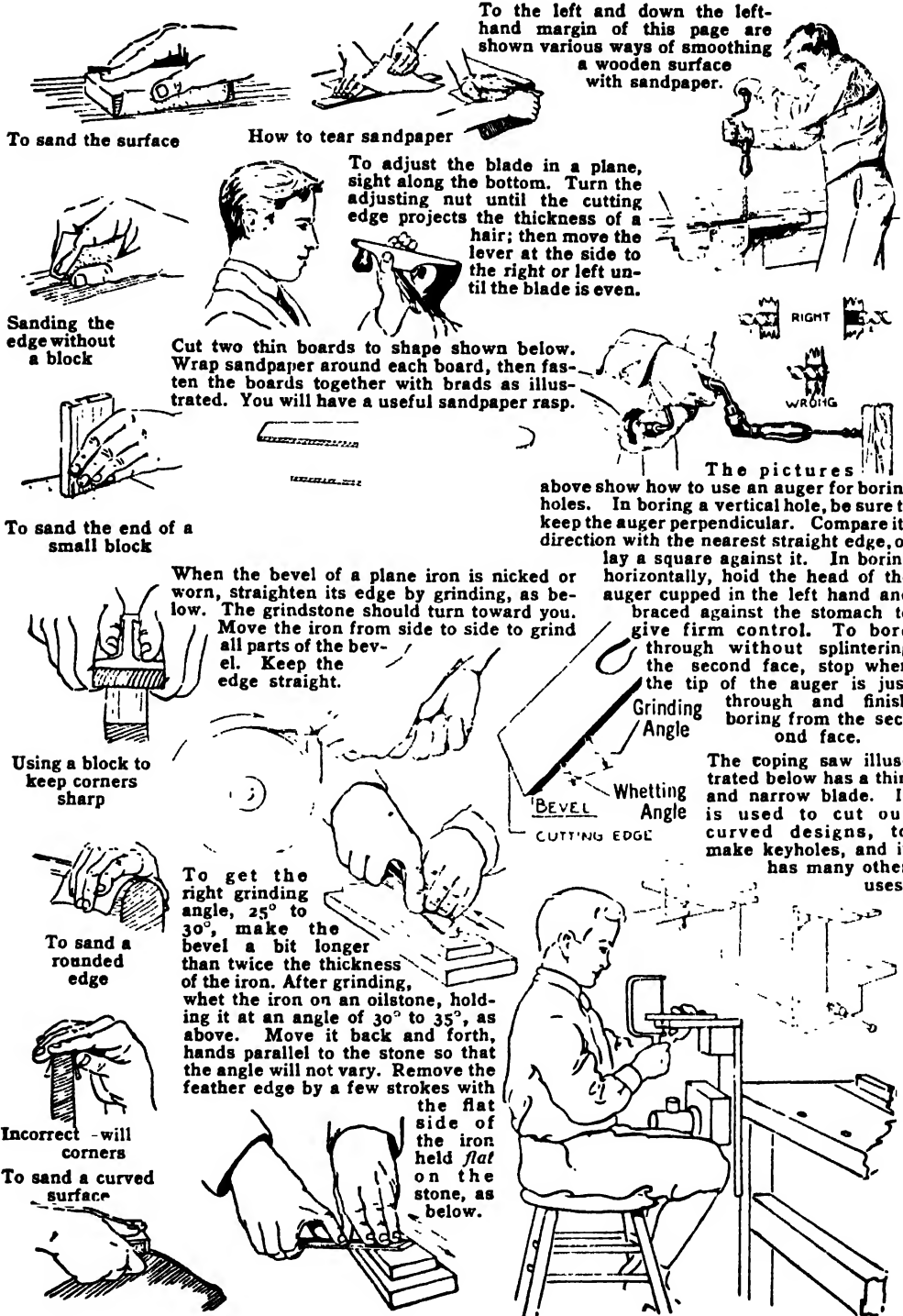


To cut horizontally across the grain with the work held in a vise, as above, press the forefinger and thumb together on the chisel to act as a brake. To avoid splintering the corners, cut halfway from each edge toward the center. Remove the center stock last.

In chiseling on a wide piece of work, such as that below, hold the chisel bevel down, so that the handle will clear the work and the blade will not dig in too deep as you push it forward.



HOW TO USE TOOLS



To the left and down the left-hand margin of this page are shown various ways of smoothing a wooden surface with sandpaper.

To sand the surface

How to tear sandpaper

Sanding the edge without a block

Cut two thin boards to shape shown below. Wrap sandpaper around each board, then fasten the boards together with brads as illustrated. You will have a useful sandpaper rasp.

To sand the end of a small block

When the bevel of a plane iron is nicked or worn, straighten its edge by grinding, as below. The grindstone should turn toward you. Move the iron from side to side to grind all parts of the bevel. Keep the edge straight.

Using a block to keep corners sharp

To sand a rounded edge

Incorrect - will corners

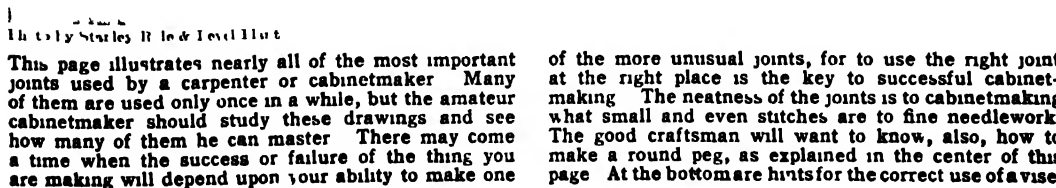
To sand a curved surface

To get the right grinding angle, 25° to 30° , make the bevel a bit longer than twice the thickness of the iron. After grinding, whet the iron on an oilstone, holding it at an angle of 30° to 35° , as above. Move it back and forth, hands parallel to the stone so that the angle will not vary. Remove the feather edge by a few strokes with the flat side of the iron held flat on the stone, as below.

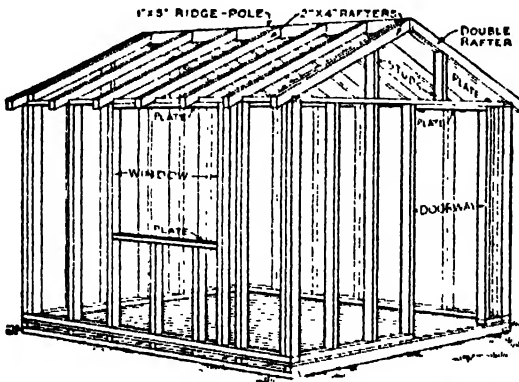
The pictures above show how to use an auger for boring holes. In boring a vertical hole, be sure to keep the auger perpendicular. Compare its direction with the nearest straight edge, or lay a square against it. In boring horizontally, hold the head of the auger cupped in the left hand and braced against the stomach to give firm control. To bore through without splintering the second face, stop when the tip of the auger is just through and finish boring from the second face.

The coping saw illustrated below has a thin and narrow blade. It is used to cut out curved designs, to make keyholes, and it has many other uses.

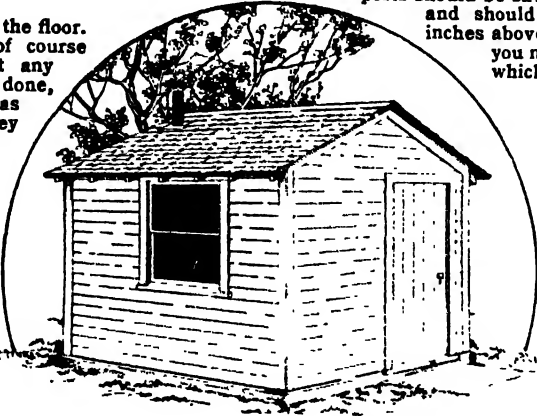
HOW TO MAKE JOINTS



HOW TO BUILD A WORKSHOP

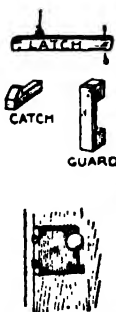
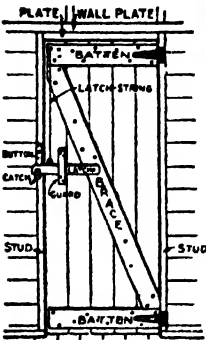
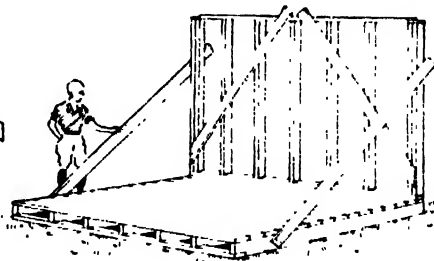
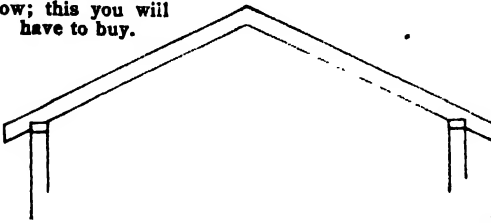


The next step is to lay the floor. Matched lumber is of course the best, but almost any scraps will serve. That done, put up the side studs, as shown in Fig. 1. They too are made of 2 x 4's; the corner posts are made double. Each of the other three sides is erected in the same way as the first, except that you should leave out one stud where you want your door. Then, as shown in Fig. 3, you saw off certain of the studs in order to insert a plate for the window; this you will have to buy.



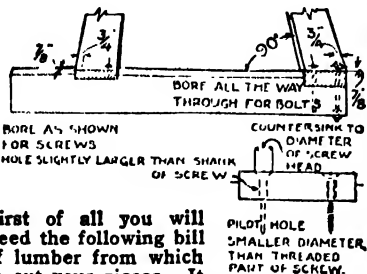
WE ARE NOT GOING TO give you any definite dimensions for this workshop, for you will want to make it just the right size to fit your own needs—or perhaps to fit the scrap lumber you intend to use in constructing it. And because it may very well happen that you are going to use whatever lumber is at hand, we shall not give complete specifications for the materials either. If you do buy the lumber, your dealer will be able to advise you as to kind and amount.

When you have your plans all made and the materials all ready, begin actual construction by sinking four holes where the four corners of your building are to be. Sink the holes down about three feet—below the frost line. Next insert a post, size 6" x 6", in each hole, and tamp the earth around it firmly. The tops of these posts should be sawed off perfectly square and should extend at least four inches above the ground. To them you next fasten the two sills, which are 4" x 4"—two 2 x 4's nailed together—and long enough to reach from post to post. The floor joists are notched at each end to fit on the sills (Fig. 1). They are made of 2 x 6's spiked securely to the sills.



Liberal use of the rule, level, and square is necessary in constructing the roof, for all the notches at the eave end and all the angles at the ridge end must be sawed exactly the same. Figs. 2 and 3 show this construction. Your lumber dealer will suggest the best roofing and siding, if you are lucky enough to be able to buy them. If you make your shop from scrap boxes and such things—which is just as much fun—you will have to use whatever is at hand. Fig. 4 suggests how to make the door, and shows two kinds of locks you can use. Closely examine any window frame and you will have no trouble fitting in the window. As to the best color to paint your completed shop, and the best way to heat it—these things you will have to decide for yourself.

HOW TO MAKE A WORKBENCH



First of all you will need the following bill of lumber from which to cut your pieces. It should all be dressed on all sides and should be free of knots.

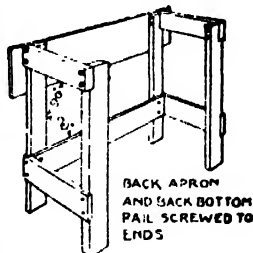
- 1 piece 2" t. x 4" w. x 12' l. dressed on 4 sides to 1 1/2" t. x 3 1/2" w.
- 1 piece 2" t. x 8" w. full x 12' l. dressed on 4 sides to 1 1/2" t. x 8" w.
- 1 piece 1" t. x 10" w. x 10' l. dressed on 2 sides to 1 1/2" t. x 10" w.
- 1 piece 1" t. x 10" w. x 8' l. dressed on 2 sides to 1 1/2" t. x 8" w.
- 1 piece maple 2" t. x 8" w. full x 12' l. dressed on 4 sides to 1 1/2" t. x 8" w.

If you do not altogether understand this table, any lumber dealer can explain it to you. You will notice that only one plank is marked "maple." The others may be of any good wood. Besides your lumber you will need the following articles:

- 3 doz. 2" bright flat-headed screws
- 8 square-headed bolts with washer, size 4 1/2" x 1"
- 12 square-headed bolts size 5 1/2" x 1"
- 1 iron vise-screw 1 1/2" x 18" long

With these supplies, your tools, and a good, clear head, you are ready to set to work.

There is no use having a carpenter's shop unless you have a good workbench. And a good way to start your carpentering would be to make one yourself. But it must be made of just the right materials, cut and put together in just the right way, or it will be a poor, wobbly affair. On this page you will find lists of what you will need to buy and of the different parts of your bench, each with its dimensions and materials. When you have got everything ready, it ought not to be hard to make the bench by carefully following the steps shown in the pictures.



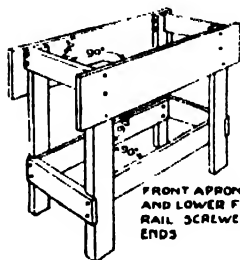
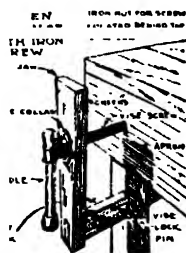
At the bottom of this page you will find a table giving the dimensions of the pieces into which you should cut your lumber. Note particularly which pieces are to come from your maple plank. They are the parts which must be strongest, since they bear the most strain.

Attach the lower end rails, the side rails, and the aprons to the legs with your screws. Then fasten the top end rails to the legs with the smaller bolts and the top pieces to the top end rails with the larger bolts. Both screws and bolts should be countersunk—driven below the surface—and any unsightly holes filled up with wooden plugs. The

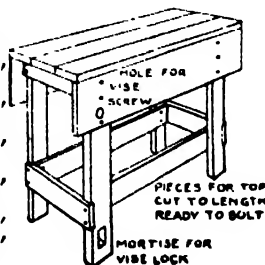
Picture in the upper left-hand corner shows how to manage the bolts and screws.

The picture just below the center and the one in the lower right-hand corner show how to make and attach the vise. The jaw of the vise should taper from a width of 7" at the top to 4" at the bottom.

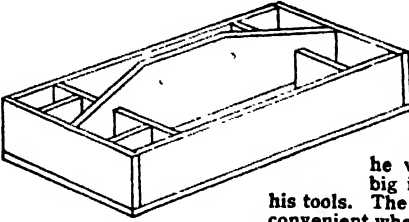
The completed workbench should not be painted, but the top should be sanded perfectly smooth.



3 (1 Maple) Top	1 1/2"	8"	5'
2 Apron	1 1/2"	8 1/2"	5'
4 (1 Maple) Legs	1 1/2"	3 1/2"	30 1/2"
2 Top End Rails or Stretchers	1 1/2"	3 1/2"	22 1/2"
2 Bottom End Rail or Stretchers	1 1/2"	3 1/2"	22 1/2"
1 Bottom Front Rail or Stretcher	1 1/2"	3 1/2"	4' 3"
1 Bottom Back Rail or Stretcher	1 1/2"	3 1/2"	4' 3"
1 (Maple) Vise Jaw	1 1/2"	7" tapering to 4"	29 1/2"
1 (Maple) Vise Lock	1 1/2"	2 1/2"	16"



HOW TO MAKE A TOOL CHEST



An ingenious boy does not like to be bothered with too many measurements and details. He knows about what kind of tool container he wants and just how big it should be to hold his tools. The tool kit to the left is convenient when you are doing jobs outside the shop. There is a place for the saw to rest in, compartments for hammer, chisels, nails, and the other articles a young carpenter should always have on an outside job. The picture shows its simple construction. A clever boy can easily make it of a size to fit his needs.

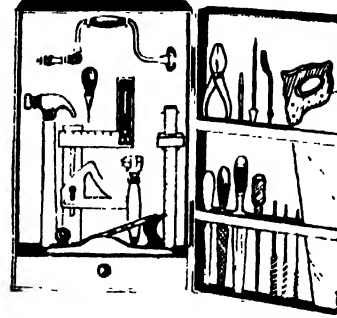
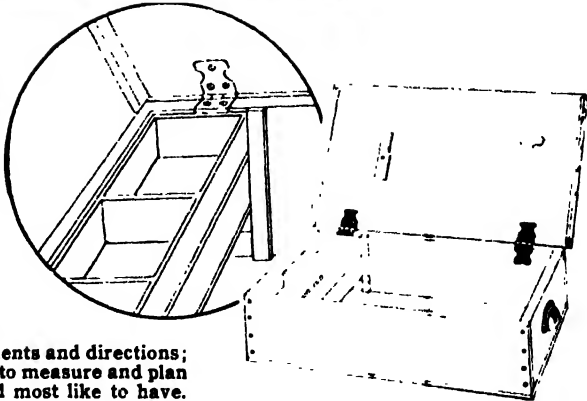


Photo by Rada

The cabinet above is as cleverly contrived as a wardrobe trunk. It closes up like a suitcase so that it may be easily carried from place to place. Then at home in the shop, presto! It opens into a handy cabinet to be set up on the workbench. It will help you keep your tools always in order and within your reach. The young carpenters at the left are using tools from a large cabinet in a settlement house shop.

In the lower right-hand corner of this page is a design for a simple tool chest which you will find easy to make and very convenient in the shop. Most of the tools are simply laid in the bottom, but the saw is fastened to the lid by the brackets illustrated.

In this chest is a movable compartment for nails; the picture in the circle gives a close view of it. But the whole arrangement, as well as the size of a tool chest, will depend entirely on the number and size of the tools the chest is to contain. That is one reason why we are not giving you any definite measurements and directions; but the main reason is that you will want to measure and plan for yourself the kind of chest you would most like to have.



THINGS TO MAKE



All your pieces should have the same style of decoration. Here are various designs to choose from.



HOW TO MAKE DOLL FURNITURE

1. A coping saw and hammer, a few brads, some cigar boxes, and a little practice in manual training are all one needs for turning out this smart

set of doll furniture. Make the armchair first, and then use it to gauge the proportions of the other pieces. A careful measurement of real furniture will show you how high, for example, the top of the bureau should be in comparison with the chair seat. Every piece should be measured in the same way. Then, if you like to do a really artistic job, you will paint the furniture white, blue, green, or ivory, and work in a neat design of another color. The size of the furniture will depend somewhat on the age of the lucky little girl who is to receive it. She will probably know how to make dainty little scarfs, doilies, bedspreads, and cushions of scraps of silk in colors to harmonize with the furniture.



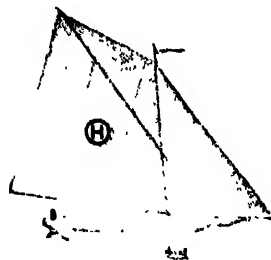
THINGS TO MAKE

If you live where there is good strong ice in the winter time, you are going to have many hours of thrilling sport when you have finished making the ice boat described on this page. But since no one can expect ice all the time, and since some of it we do not see any of it at all, we have put in two all-the-year-round stand-bys—a whistle and a popgun—besides.

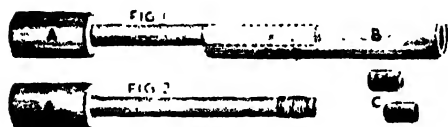


HOW TO MAKE AN ICE BOAT

The framework (A and B) is made from lumber $1\frac{1}{2}$ " thick. The seat board (A) should be 8' long, 15" wide, and cut to the shape shown. The cross board (B) should be 6' long and 6" wide. Nail or screw B to the under side of A near the front, as illustrated. To the under side of B, at each end, nail or screw a piece of board 1' long, 2" wide, and 2" thick (D). Clamp a skate to each of these boards just as you would to your shoe. The rudder or steering gear, shown in cross section at C, is a board 15" long, 3" wide, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ " thick. Nail or screw a block at each end of this axle at point D and clamp skates to it, as on the crosspiece. Now make the steering handle (E) fast to the rudder axle by means of a bolt passing through all three boards and secured with lock nuts. The mast is a straight pole 6' long, tapering from 3" to $1\frac{1}{2}$ ". The bow point (I) is a pole 4' long and $1\frac{1}{2}$ " in diameter. The sails are strong cotton duck, cut to the shape and proportionate size shown in H, and securely sewed. You will need strong rope and several pulleys to operate them.



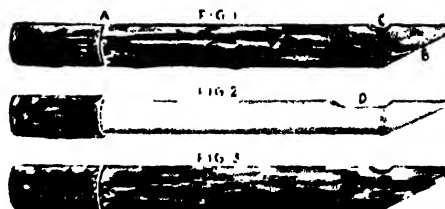
HOW TO MAKE A POP GUN



Select a straight length from an elder brush, and with a ramrod (A) made from a small dowel inserted in a spool, which serves as handle, push out the pith (B). Smooth the rod with fine sandpaper or a piece of glass. To smooth the inside of the barrel wrap sandpaper around the ramrod and push it to and fro. Now find two corks (C) that fit the barrel snugly but can be pushed through it with the ramrod. Rubbing the outside of the corks with wet soap will make them slip through more easily. Now push one of them in flush with one end of the barrel, put the other in the opposite end, and push the second one through with the ramrod—quickly. Pop! goes the first cork; and who knows what bear or lion it may bring down? If you want to turn your popgun into a syringe gun that will throw a stream of water several feet, burn a small hole with a hot wire through one of the corks and put the cork in the tube. Wrap a cotton string around the end of the ramrod (Fig. 2). The water will shoot out through the hole in the cork.

HOW TO MAKE A WHISTLE

Select a straight branch of willow, about 5" long and free from sprouts or knots. Cut a ring around the bark through to the wood (Fig. 1, A), cut the other end at an angle (B), and make a small notch in the bark opposite the beginning of this angle cut, as illustrated (C). Now tap the bark carefully all around, between A and B, until you have loosened it and can draw it off whole (Fig. 2). Now cut a long narrow notch in the wood as shown at D. Remove a few shavings between notch D and the end of stick to permit air to pass from the mouth into the notched chamber at D. Finally slip the bark back on, put the slanting end in your mouth, and blow. You will have a fine whistle—maybe. If it does not work well, it is because either the notch in the bark or the one in the wood is too large or too small and so too much or too little air can enter. Only tinkering with these things until you get them right will make you a good whistle maker.



THINGS TO MAKE



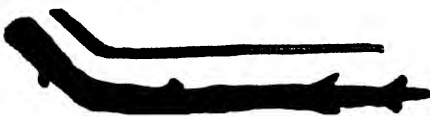
HOW TO MAKE A GOOD SLED

You can get twice as much fun out of winter by making your sporting equipment yourself. Here, for instance, is a sled which nearly every boy will want to try his hand at. For the runners (A) you will need two boards 27 inches long, 5 inches wide, and three-fourths of an inch thick. The two cross supports (C) will take two strips 10 inches long, one and one-half inches wide, and three-fourths of an inch thick. Saw the four braces (B) from a board one and one-half inches wide and one and one-half inches thick; they should each be 3 inches long. Boards three-eighths of an inch thick will make a good top. The notches, hand holds, braces, and runners should be shaped just as they are in the picture. Thin strips of sheet iron nailed on the soles will give speed to the sled. And of course a coat or two of red paint set off with a neat black stripe, as shown at D, will add a touch of style.



A HOCKEY STICK

Select an elm branch shaped as illustrated. With a spokeshave, plane, rasp, and sandpaper, finish it to the following dimensions: shaft, 50 inches long, tapering from a diameter of three-fourths of an inch at the handle to five-eighths of an inch at the other end; blade, 12 inches long, two and one-fourth inches wide, three-eighths of an inch thick at the bottom, three-sixteenths of an inch thick at the top.



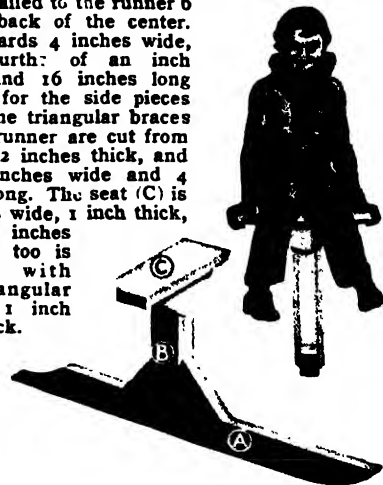
BARREL STAVE SKIS

You can make a capital pair of skis by shaving down two ordinary barrel

staves till they are 4 inches wide at the point in the center where the foot rests. Rivet an old slipper on each stave, point the staves slightly at the front end, and sandpaper the bottoms smooth.

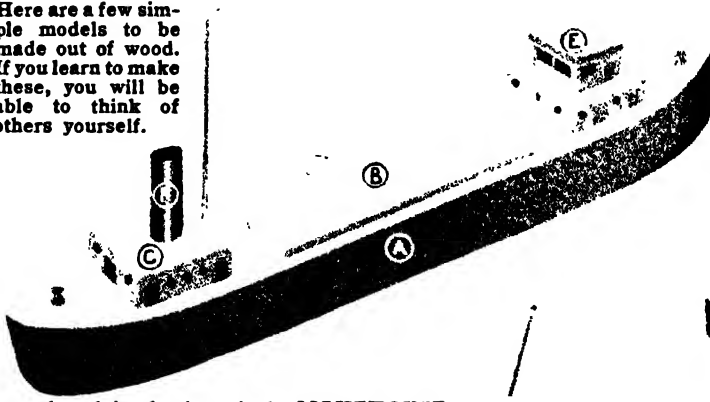
THE DUTCH JUMPER

The runner (A) of the jolly affair shown below is 3 feet long, 4 inches wide, and 2 inches thick. The upright support for the seat is 13 inches long, 4 inches wide, and 2 inches thick, and is nailed to the runner 6 inches back of the center. Two boards 4 inches wide, three-fourths of an inch thick, and 16 inches long will do for the side pieces (B). The triangular braces on the runner are cut from lumber 2 inches thick, and are 4 inches wide and 4 inches long. The seat (C) is 6 inches wide, 1 inch thick, and 15 inches long; it too is braced with two triangular boards 1 inch thick.



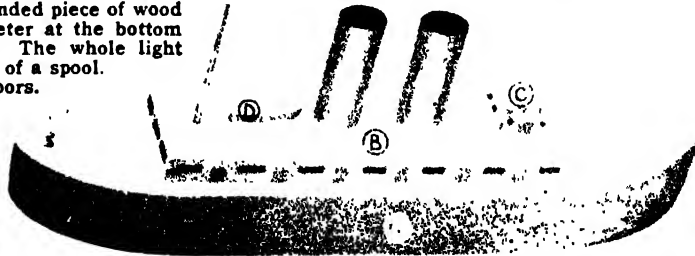
THINGS TO MAKE

Here are a few simple models to be made out of wood. If you learn to make these, you will be able to think of others yourself.

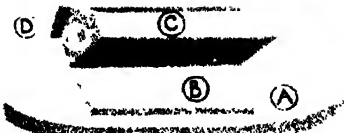
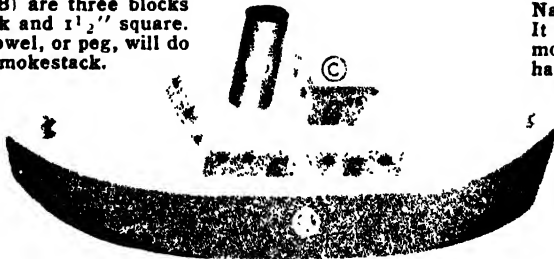


A good model to begin on is the **LIGHTHOUSE** in the upper right-hand corner. The base (A) is a block of wood $1\frac{1}{4}$ " thick and $2\frac{1}{2}$ " square. The main tower (B) is a rounded piece of wood $5\frac{1}{2}$ " high; make the diameter at the bottom $1\frac{3}{4}$ " and at the top $\frac{3}{4}$ ". The whole light tower (C) can be carved out of a spool. Paint on it windows and doors.

The sturdy-looking **ORE BOAT** above can be hollowed out to carry whatever "ore" you have about. Cut the hull (A) to shape from a board $13\frac{3}{4}$ " long, $2\frac{1}{4}$ " wide, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ " thick. The cabins (C and D) are blocks $1\frac{1}{2}$ " square and $\frac{3}{4}$ " thick. The pilot house (E) is a block $\frac{3}{4}$ " square. The hold covers (B) are three blocks $\frac{1}{4}$ " thick and $1\frac{1}{2}$ " square. A $\frac{1}{2}$ " dowel, or peg, will do for the smokestack.

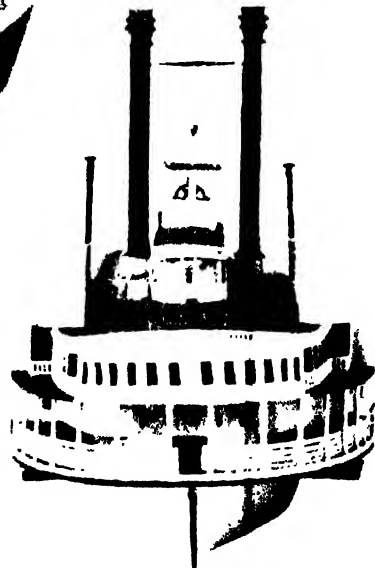


The beautiful little model below is one of many fine models in the National Museum at Washington. It is a sample of what a clever model maker can do if he sets his hand and brain to it with enough enthusiasm and patience.



To make the **STEAM BOAT** in the middle of the page, cut the hull (A) to shape from a block 12 " long, 1 " thick, and 2 " wide. The deck (B) is a block $7\frac{1}{2}$ " long, $\frac{3}{8}$ " thick,

and $1\frac{1}{2}$ " wide. The pilot house (C) is $1\frac{3}{4}$ " square. The smokestacks are $\frac{1}{2}$ " dowels, and the lifeboat (D) is cut from a small block of soft wood. To make the **TUGBOAT** above cut the hull (A) to shape from a block $7\frac{1}{4}$ " long, 2 " wide, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ " thick. The deck (B) is a block of wood 3 " long, $\frac{1}{2}$ " thick, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ " wide. The pilot house (C) is a block 1 " square. The smokestack is a $\frac{1}{2}$ " dowel. The separate pieces below the tugboat are for a **NOAH'S ARK**. We shall leave it to you to make it large enough to hold two of each kind of animal and food enough for forty days!



THINGS TO MAKE

A BEAN GUN

Here is a five-shooter bean gun that almost any boy can make. First we get an ordinary bean-shooting tube (B), 14 inches long. Any metal tube of the right size to pop beans through will do. Now we must find a straight, flawless elder rod 10½ inches long. When we have taken out the pith with a ramrod, the hole left must be just the right size for our bean tube to fit into, fitting snugly. But before inserting the tube, saw off a 3½-inch length of the elder for the magazine (C). The remaining 6½ inches will be the barrel (L) of our gun. Next cut with a knife five holes in the magazine, as in G. Each hole must be just big enough for a bean to drop through. Now file a hole the same size in the bean tube (M) in the middle of the part of the tube over which the magazine is going to slide. You should make the stock of the gun (A) from a soft board 10 inches long, 1 inch thick, and 3½ inches wide. Fig. J shows the shape to which it should be cut.



When you have cut the stock to shape, make a groove in the barrel end for the barrel to rest in (H), and saw a slot for the trigger track (I). Bore a hole in the projection of the stock

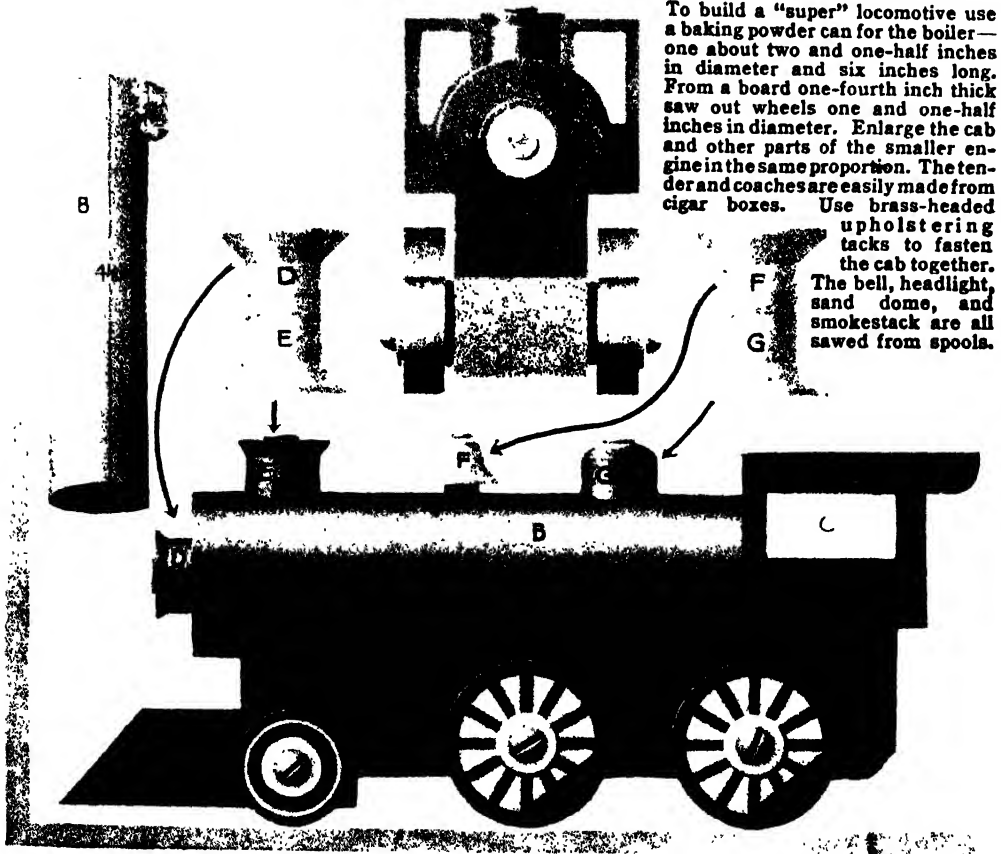
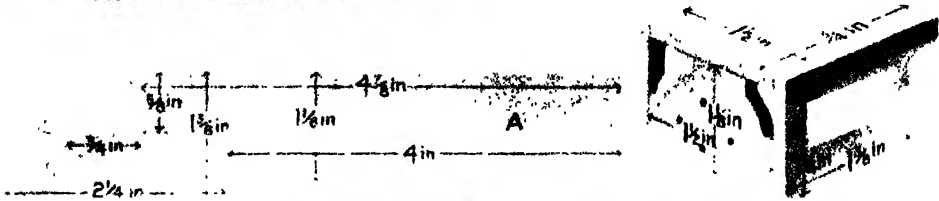
(F), and pass one end of the bean tube through it. To this end attach a one-foot length of rubber hose (K). Make a trigger out of a piece of soft wood and attach it to the magazine with a tin band (E). Lastly make the barrel fast to the stock at point D with either a tin band or a piece of adhesive tape. The chap who is clever enough to make this gun has already discovered how it works. You push the magazine to the position shown in the picture and drop a bean into each of the five holes. Whenever a hole in the magazine is directly over the hole in the tube, a bean drops through into the tube. Pull the magazine back half an inch and the hole in the tube is sealed. Now blow through the rubber hose—and pop goes the bean! Since this is a five-shooter you can blow five times without reloading. If you have made your gun well the magazine fits snugly on the tube so that no air can escape and your mighty blowing is not wasted. A little soap will make it slide easily.

THINGS TO MAKE



THE GREAT MOGUL

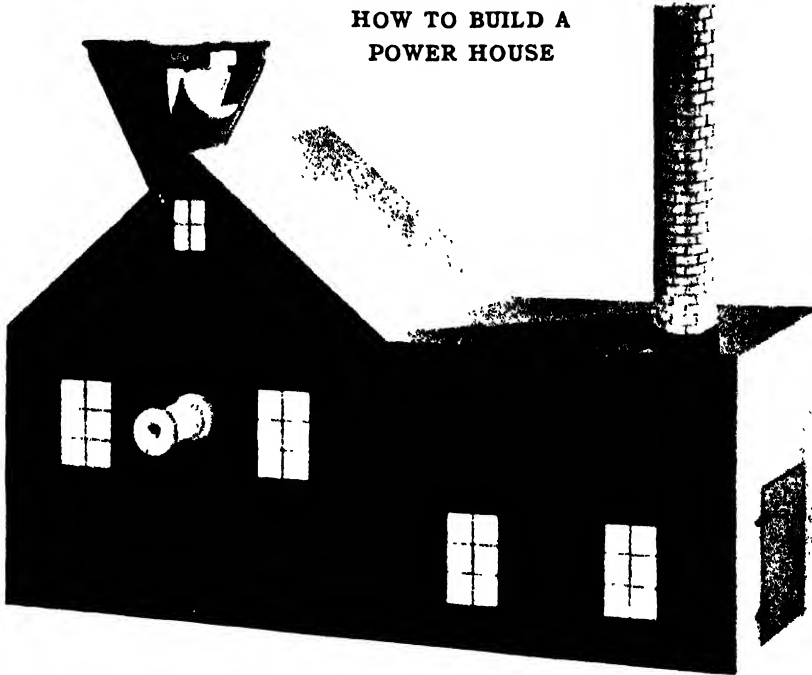
Just an old broomstick—or a wooden curtain pole—a cigar box, two spools, and a small piece of board an inch thick! But if you apply a little skill and patience to them, and follow the specifications on this page, you can turn them into an "iron horse" that will make any small boy's eyes snap with delight. A coping saw and hammer are the only tools you will need. A few brads hold your steed together, and a coat of black paint gives it style and a very lifelike air. You can even paint spokes on the wheels, which are sawed off the broomstick.



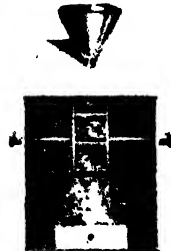
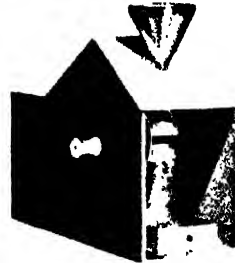
To build a "super" locomotive use a baking powder can for the boiler—one about two and one-half inches in diameter and six inches long. From a board one-fourth inch thick saw out wheels one and one-half inches in diameter. Enlarge the cab and other parts of the smaller engine in the same proportion. The tender and coaches are easily made from cigar boxes. Use brass-headed upholstery tacks to fasten the cab together. The bell, headlight, sand dome, and smokestack are all sawed from spools.

THINGS TO MAKE

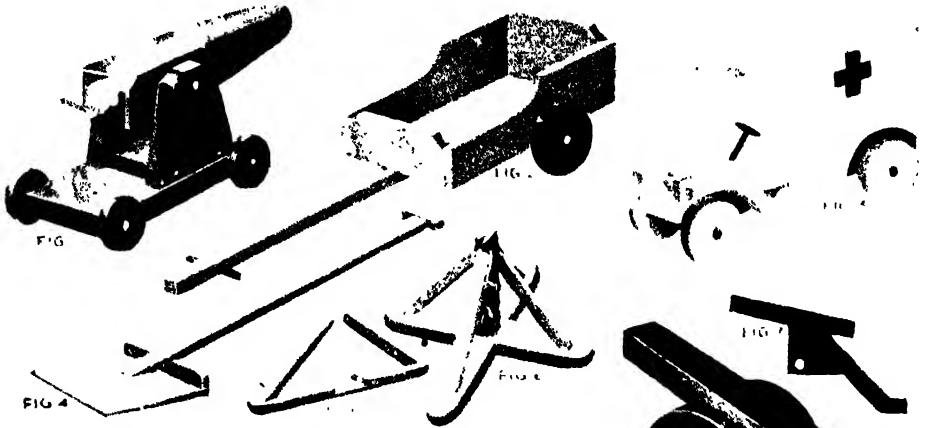
HOW TO BUILD A POWER HOUSE



This power house with a practical sand motor is made of cigar boxes and spools. If you use something waterproof—say a varnish can—instead of the cigar box, you can run this motor with water from the faucet. To make the house pictured here, lay a cigar box on its side, build the gabled roof with the corner of another box, and make the chimney of a peg or roll of paper. Paint in the bricks, windows, &c. To assemble the motor, study A, B, C. Cut the round disks and the blades from a cigar box. Use a spool with the flanges cut off for the hub, and an uncut spool for each pulley on the outside of the house (F). Attach these pulleys to the hub of the motor by a dowel, which will serve as axle to both motor and pulleys (F). Make both hub and pulleys fast to the axle with brads. Next cut a round hole through the gable roof and the top of the whole cigar box and pass the barrel of a funnel through (D), making it point a little to one side of the motor axle. Then make a box to catch the sand the motor drops. Now all there is left to do is to build cranes, engines, etc., of spools, attach one to your motor by belts around the pulleys—and watch the power house work.

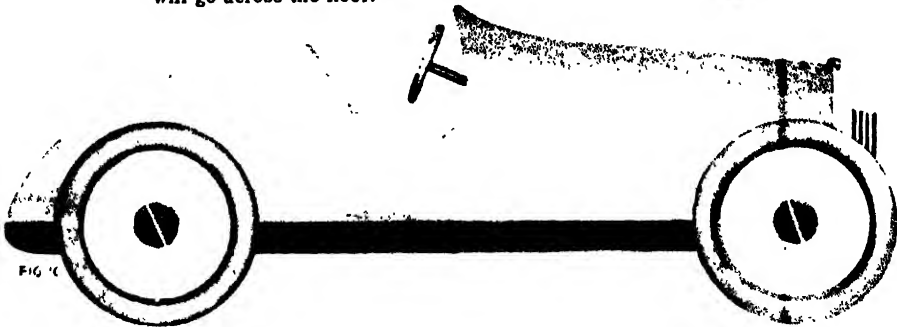


THINGS TO MAKE

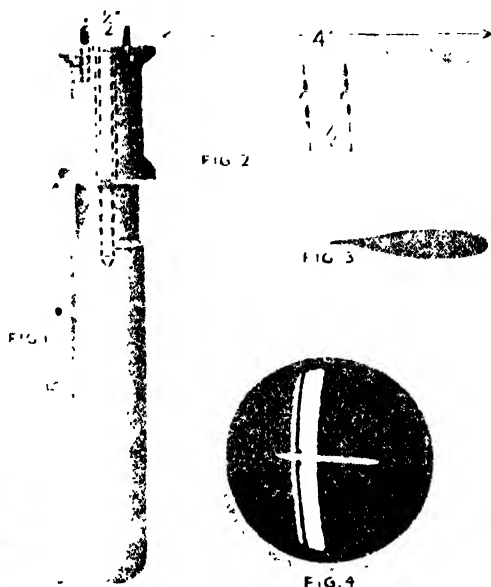


A SANTA CLAUS FACTORY

All the toys on this page can be made from scraps of lumber, and a coping saw and penknife are about all the tools you need to make them. Yet painted in bright colors they can be just as attractive as toys made in a real factory and scattered about by good Saint Nick at Christmas time. A clever and industrious chap might easily keep himself and his friends supplied, or even earn a bit of pin money selling his wares. The CANNON (Fig. 1) and the AMBULANCE (Fig. 3) are made of 1" lumber. You can cut the wheels out of a cigar box. The barrel of the TRENCH GUN (Figs. 7 and 8) is whittled from 1" lumber, and the carriage from a cigar box. As for the CART (Fig. 2)—well, what kind of cart do you want? The picture shows how to put it together, whether you make it an inch long or several feet; but the kind of material you use will depend on the size. We cannot give you any measurements for the SNOW SHOVEL (Fig. 4) either, for you will want to fit it to your height. The CHRISTMAS TREE SUPPORT (Figs. 5 and 6), on the other hand, needs a little more explanation. The heavy bottom pieces are 15" long, 2" wide, and 1½" thick. The braces are 1½" wide, 1" thick, and as long as needed. Assemble the base pieces with mortises. Drive a large nail through the center where the mortises cross and into the end of the tree trunk. Nail the braces to the base and to the tree. Now the tree should hold steady no matter how heavily laden! But perhaps most interesting of all is the SPEED ROADSTER (Figs. 9 and 10). It is made from a board 1½" thick, 3" wide, and 6" long. The wheels are 1½" high and 1½" thick. Round the edges with a rasp or knife to give the effect of tires. And if you are clever enough in fashioning the axles, away it will go across the floor.



THINGS TO MAKE

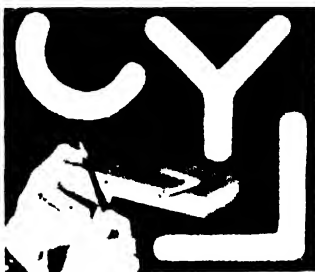


A BOW AND ARROW

With a rubber band and a thin board with a hole in it you can make the "bow" shown in Fig. 4. Your "arrow" will be a meat skewer, which the bow will send several feet.

THE FLYING PROPELLER

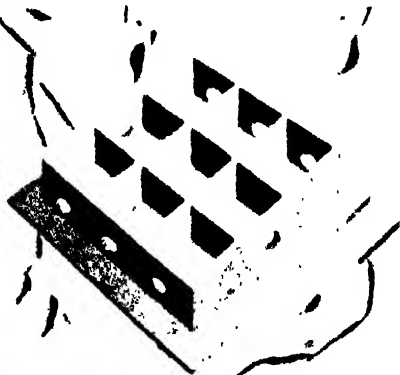
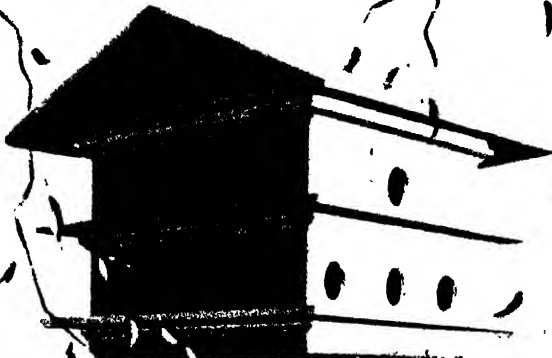
Unless you use great care in laying out this flying propeller you will find that you have nothing but a useless piece of tin on your hands. First make a pattern about 4 inches long out of cardboard, keeping to the proportions shown in Fig. 2. Trace the cardboard pattern on a piece of stiff tin, and cut it out with tin-shears. Then punch or drill two holes in it as indicated. Slightly twist the blades of the propeller till they follow the curves shown in Fig. 3, and file off all the rough edges. The machine that throws the propeller is made by fastening a spool to a handle made from a broomstick. This is done by running a nail with a wide head through the spool and then driving it part way into the handle, as shown in Fig. 1. Two headless nails are driven into the top of the spool, for the holes in the propeller to fit over. Now whirl the spool by means of a string, as the boy is doing, and watch the propeller fly off into space. If it doesn't sail, just bend the blades more or less, keeping both blades bent at the same angle. You may have to do a good bit of adjusting before it is altogether satisfactory, but don't stop until you are sure it is just right.



THE BOOMERANG

Upon a piece of cardboard about the thickness of a postcard draw any one of the three designs shown in the square at the left. Then with a sharp penknife cut out the design, taking care to leave no uneven or jagged edges. The ends must be smoothly rounded and the design perfect in proportions and cleanly cut. Otherwise your boomerang will not come back to you when you throw it, as it is meant to do. Now lay the boomerang on some flat, smooth surface and send it off with a quick but even stroke of a lead pencil. If the boomerang does not make a graceful curve through the air and come back to you, it will be because your design is imperfect or your cardboard of the wrong thickness. Try making another till you get one that will work. Even learned scientists do not quite understand why the boomerang comes back, but the fact that it will do so has been discovered by different savage tribes. It is said that the ancient Egyptians had found it out. The people most famous for their boomerangs are the natives of Australia, who use the invention as a weapon. An Australian boomerang is a sickle-shaped strip of wood two or three feet long.

THINGS TO MAKE



Species	Floor of cavity	Depth of cavity	Entrance above floor	Diameter of entrance	Height above ground
	Inches	Inches	Inches	Inches	Feet
Bluebirds	5 x 5	8	0	1 1/2	6-10
Robin	6 x 8	8	(1)	(1)	6-15
Chickadees	4 x 4	8-10	0-8	1 1/2	6-15
Titmice	4 x 4	8-10	0-8	1 1/2	6-15
Nuthatches	4 x 4	8-10	0-8	1 1/2	12-20
House wren	4 x 4	6-8	1-6	2 1/2	6-10
Bewick wren	4 x 4	6-8	1-6	1	6-10
Carolina wren	4 x 4	6-8	1-6	1 1/2	6-10
Violet-green swallow	5 x 5	6	1-5	1 1/2	10-15
Tree swallow	5 x 5	6	1-5	1 1/2	10-15
Barn swallow	6 x 6	6	(1)	(1)	8-12
Purple martin	6 x 6	6	1	2 1/2	15-20
Song sparrow	6 x 6	6	(1)	(1)	1-3
House finch	6 x 6	6	4	2	8-12
Starling	6 x 6	10-18	14-16	2	10-25
Phoebe	6 x 6	6	(1)	(1)	8-12
Screech owl	8 x 8	12-15	0-12	3	10-30
Saw-whet owl	6 x 6	10-12	8-10	2 1/2	12-20
Barn owl	10 x 18	15-18	4	6	12-18
Sparrow hawk	8 x 8	12-15	0-12	3	10-30
Wood duck	10 x 18	10-15	3	6	4-20
Crested flycatcher	6 x 6	8-10	6-8	2	8-10
Flicker	7 x 7	16-18	14-16	2 1/2	6-20
Woodpecker	6 x 6	12-15	9-12	2	12-20

(1) One or more sides open. (2) All sides open.

This table gives an idea of the size and shape of the house each species of bird likes best. For of course some birds are bigger than others, and they all have different habits. We should not build mansions for wrens or bungalows for owls.





HOUSES TO LET

If you have any notion of being an architect, you can start right now by putting up houses for the birds. To anyone who has a farm or garden, birds are particularly welcome tenants, for a battalion of them will wipe out whole armies of insects. The best material to use in building a bird house is well-seasoned wood or slabs with the bark left on. Cyprus, pine, or poplar are the best. If you paint the house, make the birds feel at home by using soft woodland tints—brown, gray, or dull green. The most important things are to make the house water-proof and well-ventilated. To protect nestlings from the heat, put in a ceiling and cut holes on two sides, like windows, besides, of course, the entrance or door. Bore all these holes on an upward slant to keep out the rain, and turn the entrance away from prevailing winds. It is better not to put up your bird house in a dense wood, or on a tree. Instead, mount it on a pole, safely away from prowling cats. Most birds like their home to be where it will be shaded during the heat of the day but will get a little sunlight in the morning and evening. The pictures on this page suggest various designs for bird houses. On another page there is a table giving the proper measurements of houses for each of the forty-five species of birds known to have nested in bird houses in the United States.



THINGS TO MAKE



Fig. 1

Practically every boy wants a pair of STILTS, and there are plenty of girls who like them, too. There is no reason why anybody should be without them, for all that is needed for making stilts is two blocks of wood 1" thick and 4" square, and two taller pieces for handles. The smaller pieces, which will be the foot rests, you should saw to fit the foot, as in Fig. 1, and then nail securely to the handles. The length and thickness of these handles depends entirely on the height and weight of whoever is going to use them and on how high above the ground the young acrobat wants to walk. It is much the best plan to set the foot rests near the ground to begin with—say 6" above it and move them up gradually as you become more expert in this new and exciting method of walking.

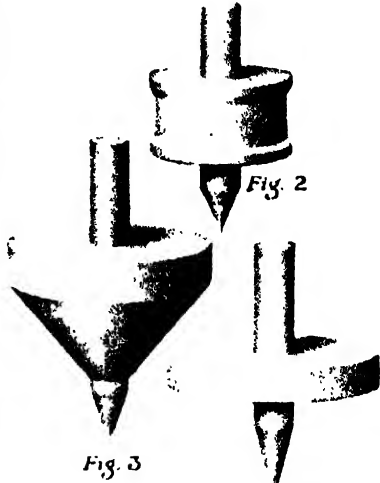


Fig. 2

Fig. 3

Fig. 4

These TOPS can be made from odds and ends. The stem of each is a dowel pointed at the end. Fig. 2 is a silk-thread spool. Fig. 3 is a cotton-thread spool sawed in half and pointed with a knife. Fig. 4 is the lid of a wooden pill box with a hole bored through its center.

The size of your DOG KENNEL depends on the size of your dog, and so we shall have to leave its dimensions entirely to you. You had best measure the lucky dog for his new house, remembering that he will not want to be cramped for space in his bed any more than you would. But though we leave this to you, we can give you some hints about making the kennel. The floor should be about 2" above the ground. There should be air holes bored in the base board (Fig. 6) and in the gable (Fig. 5). Tar paper makes an excellent roofing, and two coats of paint will do wonders for the looks of your little friend's house.

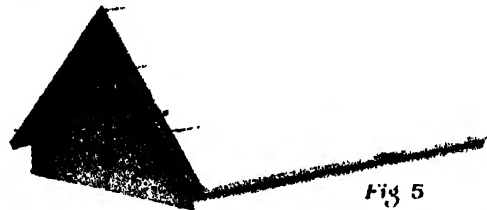


Fig. 5

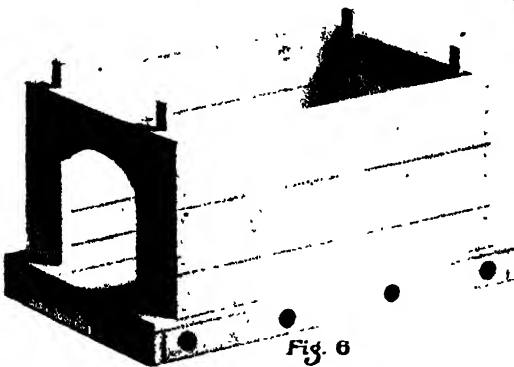


Fig. 6

A SEESAW is nothing but a long, strong board balanced on something. How long and strong the board should be, and how far from the ground it should be balanced, will depend on the size and weight of the people who are going to use it. The best sort of balance is a sawhorse such as that shown in Fig. 7. But you can have a very satisfying ride on a seesaw made by simply running a board through a fence, as in Fig. 8, or balancing it over a stump, as in Fig. 9. You will soon learn how to manage the board: how to sit nearer the center if you do not want to go so high, how to balance a heavier rider against a lighter by placing the lighter one nearer the end.



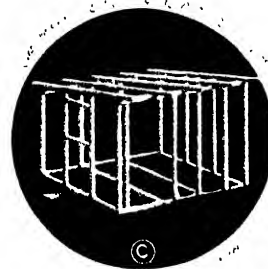
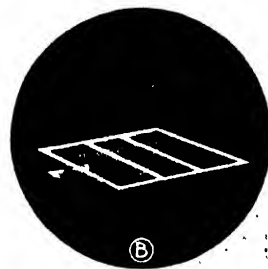
Fig. 8



Fig. 7



Fig. 9

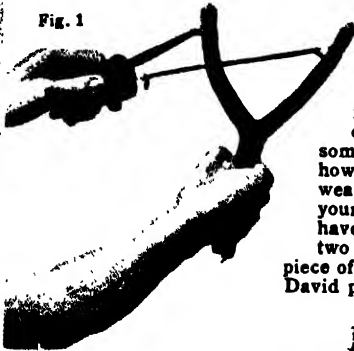


BACK-YARD FUN

A back yard without a shack has missed its calling. A shack is indispensable for playing pirates and Injuns, and if it has a secret entrance you may have the satisfaction of knowing that it is up to date in every way. If you are careful to keep those secret passages from the knowledge of all but club members, you can mystify the whole neighborhood. The size of your shack must depend on the size of the club. And as for the size of the lumber-

that will be as Fate sees fit to provide you. Piano boxes, dry-goods boxes, almost anything can be made to serve. But for the framework you should have stout two-by-four's if possible. Build the ceiling 30 inches higher than the tallest member of your club, and let the door be high enough for everyone to enter without bumping his head. When you have decided on the size of your room, dig your basement two feet shorter and two feet narrower than the room, but provide for a secret outside entrance at one side, as shown in Fig. A. Since the basement is to be used only for secret meetings and escapes, it need not be high enough to stand in--see Fig. E. Figs. B and C show how to build the framework, and Fig. D shows how the outside door to the secret passage is to be covered with sod. An ordinary trapdoor in the floor will serve for the secret entrance from the basement to the shack. Do the best you can with the door and windows. You can get ideas by examining any barn. Tar paper makes a good substitute for shingles, and is a useful wall covering if the shack is to be used in cold weather. You can make a table and chairs out of packing boxes, but it will take more planning to provide your clubhouse with a stove. You will find, however, that if you keep your eyes open Fate will probably be kind to you even in this matter. If she is, be sure to surround your stovepipe with asbestos where it passes through the roof. You don't want the fire department discovering your secret entrance!

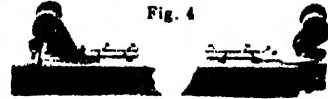
Fig. 1



HOW TO MAKE A SLING
No boy can go through life without a sling. All you need for one is the fork of a branch, two rubber bands $\frac{3}{4}$ inch wide and 5 inches long, a piece of leather $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches by 3 inches—an old shoe top will do—and some heavy cord. Fig. 1 shows how to assemble and use the weapon. If you care to match your skill with David's, you will have to make your sling out of two pieces of stout cord and a piece of leather, as shown in Fig. 2. David put a stone in the sling and holding both ends in one hand, whirled the sling round his head. When he suddenly let one end go, the stone was hurled with great force straight at Goliath's head.



Fig. 4



TREE SHACK

Elsewhere in these books you will find directions for making a shack. But if you want to live like the Swiss family Robinson and anchor your edifice to the branches of a tree, you will have the architect's problem of fitting your structure to the spot it must occupy. In other words, talk it all over with your tree. Then wrap the limbs with burlap and tie—do not nail—the frame of your house to the limbs. A rope ladder with wooden crosspieces tied into it as pictured in Fig. 5 is most advantageous in that it may be drawn up at the approach of bandits.

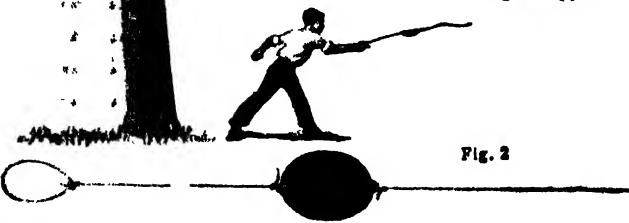
Fig. 5



HOW TO MAKE A SAIL

In summer and winter, with ice or roller skates, you may use the sail shown in Fig. 6. To an upright support 5 feet long nail two crossbars 3 feet long—all strips to be of wood 1 inch wide and $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch thick. An old sheet will serve as a sail, and two straps sewn to its sides will make the handles. Your sail will need to be braced by extending a cord from the ends of the crossbars over the ends of the upright support.

Fig. 2



THE SKATEMOBILE

The best platform for the skatemobile in Fig. 3 is a board 4 inches wide, 2 inches thick, and 3 feet long. Separate front and back wheels of a roller skate by loosening nut on the adjusting screw and pulling the frames apart. Clamp toe of skate to front end of running board, and strap heel to rear end of running board. Fasten frame of skate to board with nails (Fig. 4). Nail handle to box and attach box to front end of board. A smaller box at rear makes a seat. A coat or two of bright paint will not be amiss.



Fig. 6

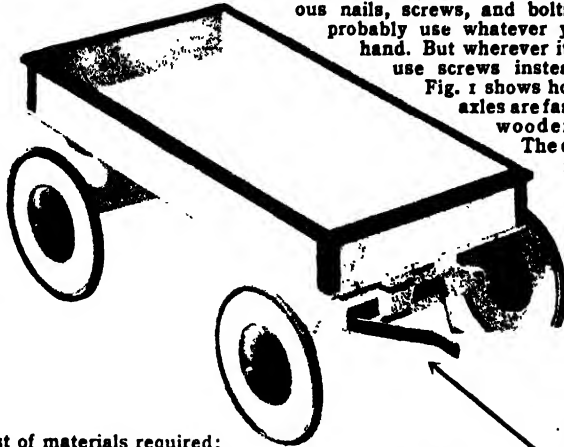
THINGS TO MAKE

THE LIGHTNING EXPRESS

Any boy who has mastered our course in wood-working can make this wagon if he will follow the measurements shown in the drawings and in the list of materials given below. The wheels shown are of the disk type, but the wheels of any coaster that has gone out of service will do. You can even use a set from an old baby carriage.

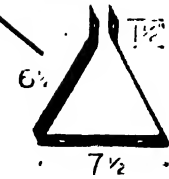
We have not specified the sizes of the various nails, screws, and bolts. You will probably use whatever you have on hand. But wherever it is possible, use screws instead of nails.

Fig. 1 shows how the metal axles are fastened to the wooden bolsters. The color scheme is left to the wagon-wright's own taste.

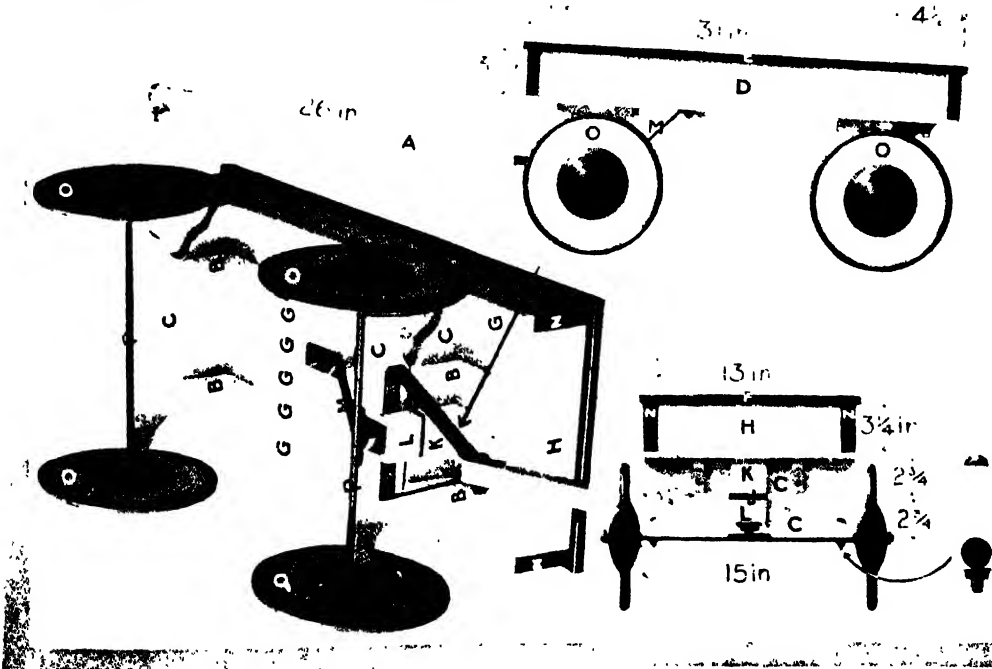


Here is a list of materials required:

Part	Name	Pieces	Thickness	Width	Length	Material
A	Tongue	1	5/8	3 4	26	Maple
B	Braces	8	3/4	2 3/4	2 3/4	"
C	Bolster	2	1	6 1/4	15	"
D	Sides	2	1/2	3 1/4	31	"
E	Moulding	2	1/2	3/4	31 1/2	"
F	Moulding	2	1/2	3/4	15 1/2	"
G	Bottom	5	1/2	3	31	"
H	Ends	2	1/2	3 1/4	15	"
I	Handle	1	3/4	3/4	2 1/2	"
J	Washers	2	1 1/6	2		Iron
K	Braces	2	7/8	2 5/8	2 3/4	Maple
L	Braces	2	7/8	1 3/4	2 5/8	"
M	Brace	1	1 1/8	3/4		Iron
N	Corner angles	4	1 1/6	1	3 1/4	Iron
O	Wheels	4	10 1/4 inches diameter			"
P	Axles	2	To fit wheels			"



When it comes to some of the metal parts you may have to pay a visit to the machine shop—though even here your own ingenuity will accomplish wonders.

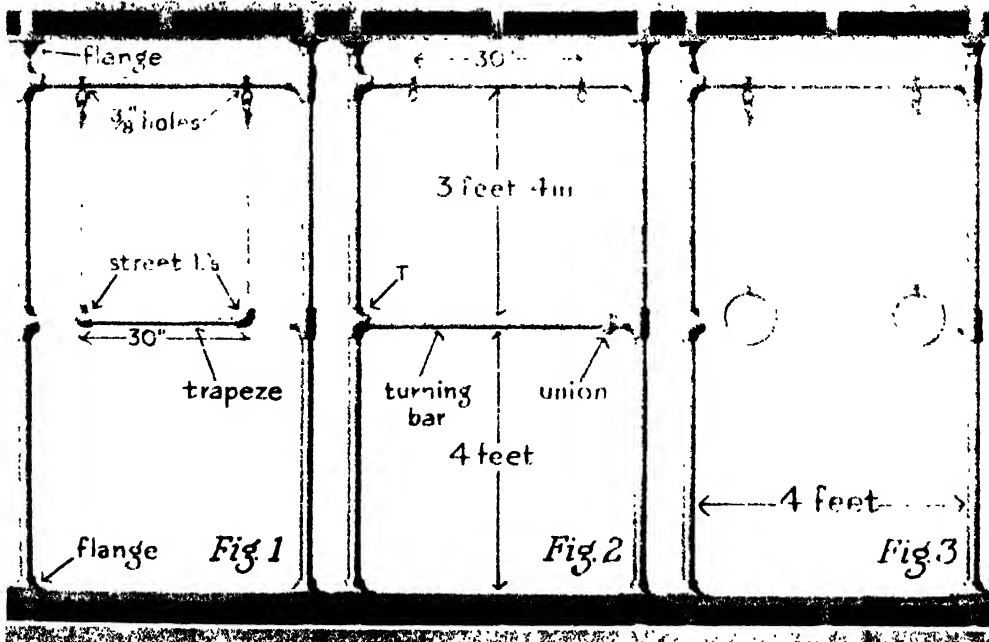


THINGS TO MAKE

HOW TO HAVE YOUR OWN GYMNASIUM

Have you a vacant space in your barn or cellar or attic? If so, it need not go to waste any longer. Measure the exact height from the floor to the ceiling, and then, with this book in your hand, pay a visit to the plumber or steam fitter. Tell him you want a gymnasium just like this one—all made from 1-inch pipe. When he knows the height of your ceiling he will cut threads and fit the "three in one" apparatus shown below. Have him drill two three-eighths inch holes 30 inches apart in the top crosspiece. Then you can wire two 1-inch rings there to snap your trapeze (Fig. 1) and suspension ropes (Fig. 3) into. The ends of these ropes are fastened to a halter snap b, means of an eye splice, which is explained in our article on how to tie knots. And the rings are fastened to the suspension ropes in the same way. The trapeze bar is a piece of 1-inch pipe 30 inches long, with a street elbow on each end to reduce the opening to fit the suspension ropes.

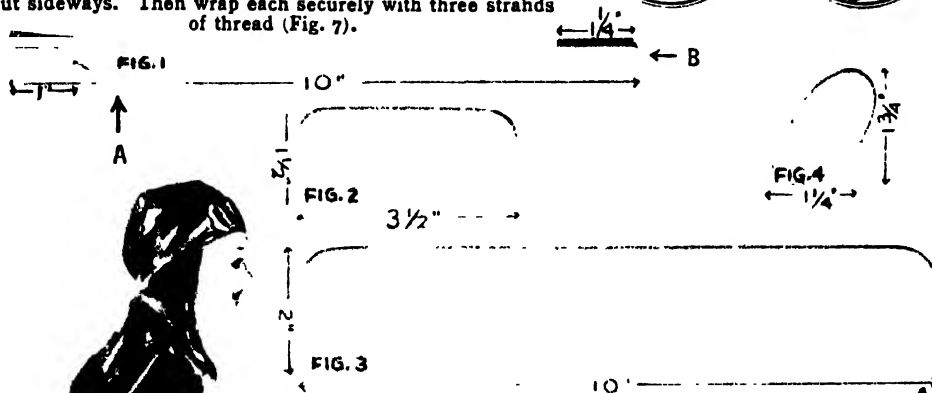
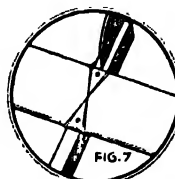
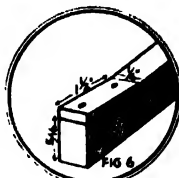
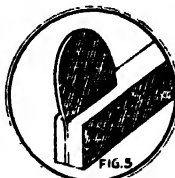
The turning bar is attached by means of two T's on the uprights and a union, which your plumber will know all about. The turning bar must be removed when you are using the trapeze or the suspension ropes and rings. The uprights are screwed to the ceiling and floor by means of iron flanges screwed on the ends of the pipes. Mother will give you an old mattress for a mat. And if you are not quite enterprising enough to earn the money yourself to pay the plumber's bill, father will probably be glad to help you out, for he knows it will cost less than doctors' bills do - and who knows that he may not enjoy the gymnasium too! Your height must decide the height of the bar, trapeze, and suspension ropes and rings. Allow for from 12 to 18 inches to come between your feet and the floor when you are suspended from the bar. When everything is all set up, you can add dumbbells and Indian clubs—and what a gymnasium you will have! You and your club can get up shows to which you will invite the whole neighborhood, and you will soon find that you are working up a splendid set of muscles.



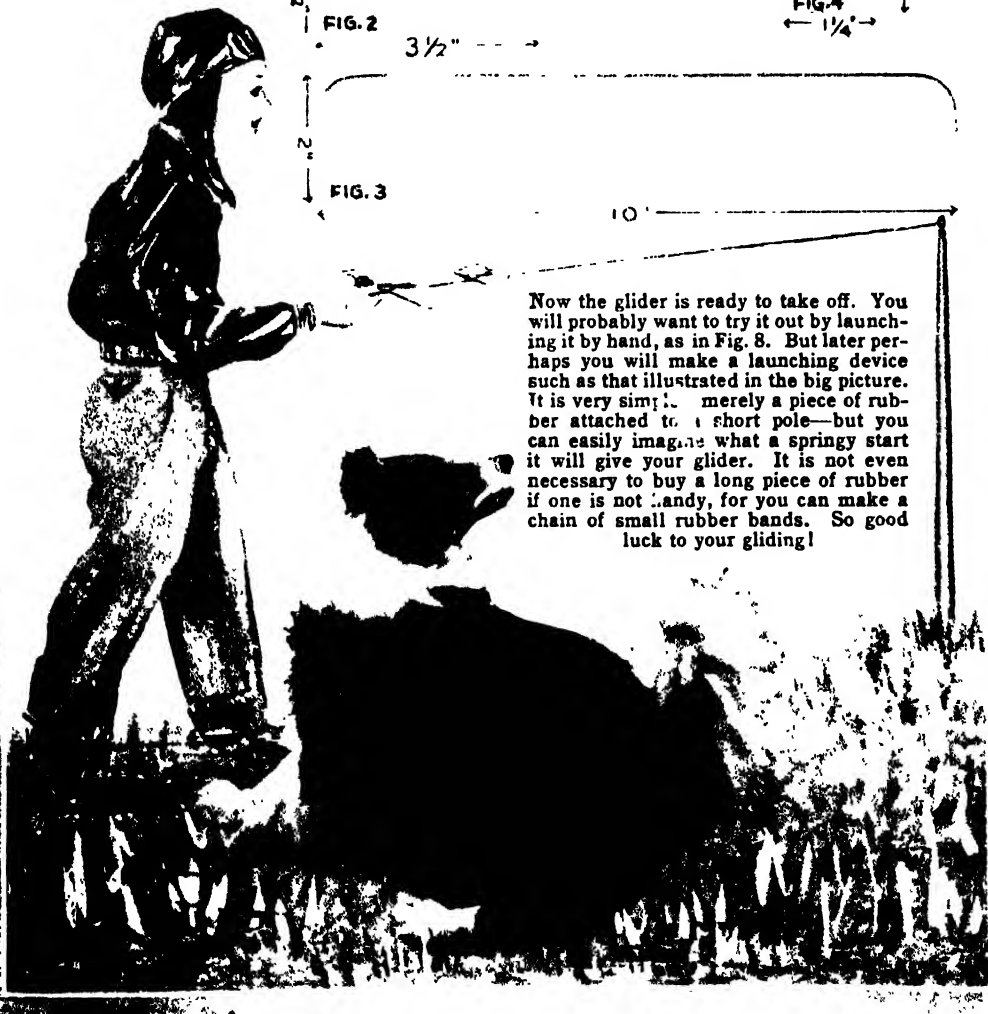
THINGS TO MAKE

There are many kinds of gliders a boy can make, but the one described here is the best model for the beginner. Later you will want to make a self-propelled glider. For once you try this sport you are almost certain to want to become an expert and compete in glider contests. Flying gliders is the first step in learning aviation.

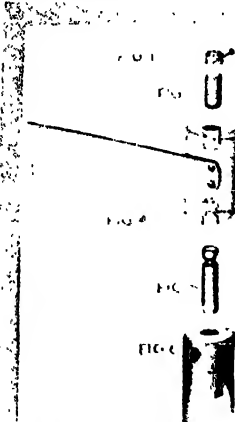
The fuselage of our model (Fig. 1) is a straight piece of light wood with a notch (A) cut in the forward end and a slot (B) in the rear. Both the front (Fig. 2) and the rear (Fig. 3) planes or wings, and also the fin or tail (Fig. 4), are cut from straight, hard cardboard. The front corners of the planes should be rounded and the fin cut as pictured. Now push the fin into slot B of the fuselage, and make it fast with two small brads (Fig. 5). Brad a small wooden wedge on to the front of the fuselage (Fig. 6), so that the front plane will have the proper elevation. The next step is the most important of all—to get the planes perfectly centered and fastened to the fuselage straight as a die. Use two small brads on each plane to keep it from slipping out sideways. Then wrap each securely with three strands of thread (Fig. 7).



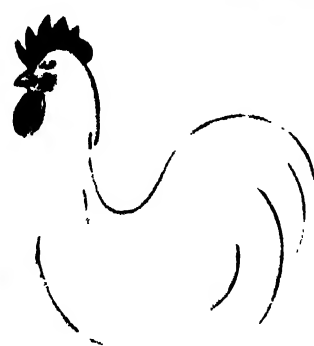
Now the glider is ready to take off. You will probably want to try it out by launching it by hand, as in Fig. 8. But later perhaps you will make a launching device such as that illustrated in the big picture. It is very simple—merely a piece of rubber attached to a short pole—but you can easily imagine what a springy start it will give your glider. It is not even necessary to buy a long piece of rubber if one is not handy, for you can make a chain of small rubber bands. So good luck to your gliding!



THINGS TO MAKE



To make the perky **WEATHER VANE** at the right, start by sawing the cock out of a $\frac{1}{4}$ " board and painting him in the proper cheerful colors. At the point where the cock's legs should be, bore a $\frac{1}{4}$ " hole (Fig. 1). He only gets one leg—a 4" length of broomstick with a $\frac{1}{4}$ " hole bored in each end (Fig. 3). The wind blade is a piece of tin nailed to the leg (Fig. 4). The rest of the broomstick serves as a supporting post. The direction markers, which are fastened to the main support—not to the leg—are $\frac{1}{4}$ " dowels, or wooden pins, with tin or wood letters tacked to the ends.

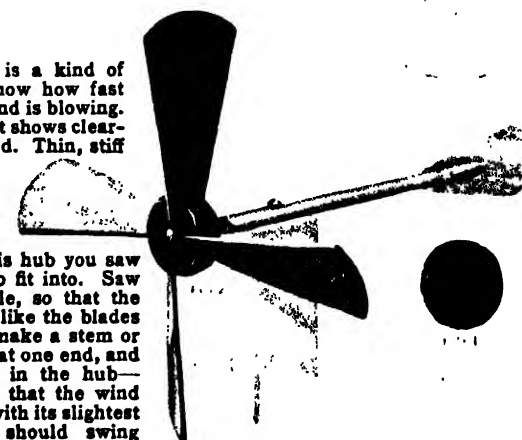


Now to put the vane together! Fasten the cock to his leg by a tight-fitting dowel (Fig. 2). The ticklish business is fastening the leg to the main support. This is done by another dowel, which you make fast in the support (Fig. 6), but must make loose enough in the cock's leg so that the slightest wind will turn him—otherwise, of course, the weather vane will be of no use. Cut a ring around the upper end of the dowel (Fig. 5), and drive a nail through the leg under the shoulder of the ring (Fig. 3)—just far enough to prevent your cock from falling off his roost in a heavy wind.

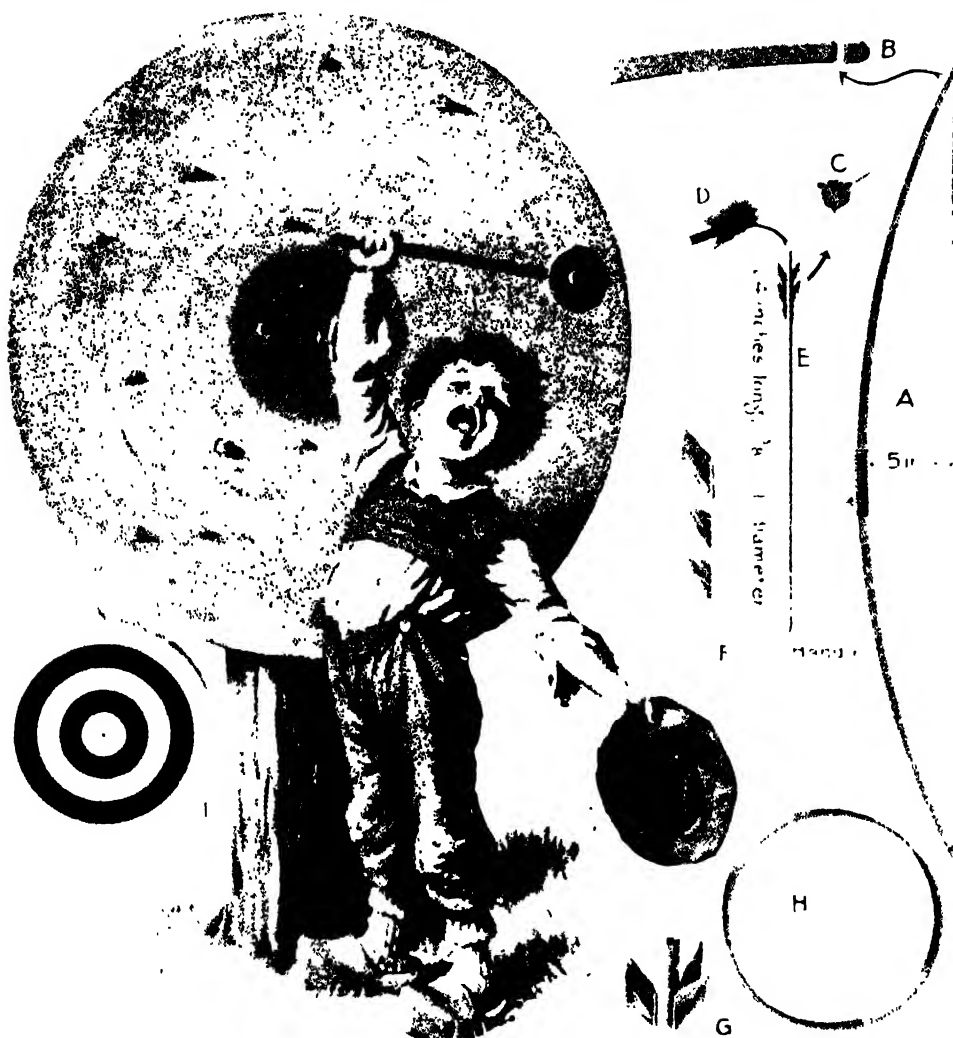
All that you need to make a **RAIN GAUGE** is a flat-bottomed quart bottle and a funnel with a cone exactly the diameter of the inside of the bottle, as shown below. Paint a gauge in inches on the side of the bottle. Then set the apparatus where the rain can fall into it without any obstruction—and your gauge is ready for action. All that remains is to remember to measure the water in the bottle every day, and then empty it out ready for to-morrow.



The **WIND GAUGE** is a kind of windmill meant to show how fast and how strong the wind is blowing. The picture at the right shows clearly how it is constructed. Thin, stiff pieces of tin make excellent blades, but cigar-box lids will serve. The hub (Fig. 2) is 2" in diameter and $\frac{3}{4}$ " thick. In this hub you saw slots for the blades to fit into. Saw them at a slight angle, so that the blades will be placed like the blades of a propeller. Now make a stem or shaft with a fin or tail at one end, and insert the other end in the hub—loosely, of course, so that the wind can swing the blades with its slightest breath. The shaft should swing loosely on the top of a pole.



You can make a good **BAROMETER** with nothing but a corked bottle and a straw. Use a bottle with a cork 1" in diameter. With a hot wire, burn through it a hole just large enough to admit a small glass tube or a soda straw. Fill the bottle a quarter full of water. Run the tube or straw through the hole in the cork, and push the cork into the mouth of the bottle. Allow the straw to extend $\frac{3}{4}$ " under water. Next pour melted wax around the tube in its hole so that no air can get in. Then blow a long breath into the tube. Now our weather forecaster is ready for use. When fine weather is to be expected, the water will rise a little in the tube; but just before a storm it will fall.



HOW TO MAKE A BOW AND ARROW

The bow (A) should be made from a straight, flawless piece of ash or hickory, and should be as long as you are tall. In the center, at the handle, it should be three-fourths of an inch square, and taper till it is three-eighths of an inch square at the ends. The handle should be 4 inches long and 1 inch off center. Notches (B) cut at each end of the bow keep the bowstring in place. Sandpaper the wood till it is perfectly smooth, and rub it well with linseed oil. Then wrap the handle with three or four layers of adhesive tape. The bowstring is made of ten or more strands of shoemaker's thread, well waxed and twisted together. Make your arrow from a straight three-eighths-inch dowel 24 inches long. Round one end and notch the other (D) to prevent its slipping off the bowstring. Now choose three turkey, goose, or chicken feathers of exactly the same size, split

them, and then cut them to the shape shown at F. Glue them firmly to the arrow about one and one-half inches from the notched end (E) and at angles with the notch (C and G). Now we come to the target. Cover one side of a barrel hoop (H) with cheesecloth or muslin and baste it down with needle and thread. With another piece of the same material cover the other side, but leave a wide enough space open so that you can stuff the hoop with damp excelsior, just as you would stuff a cushion. When you have stuffed it to the proper thickness, sew up the opening. Now cover your target with paper cut to fit the hoop and painted with rings (I). When you have added a screw eye to hang the target by, you will have a complete archer's outfit. The simplest kind of bow is made from an umbrella rib tied with a stout cord. A round stick serves as an arrow.

THINGS TO MAKE

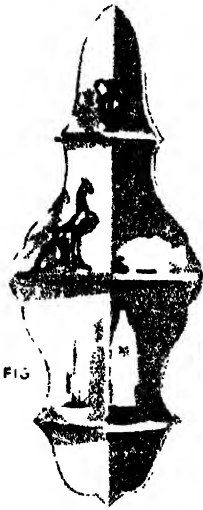


FIG. 1

Before starting on any of the things pictured here, practice making the joints explained on another page. Plan carefully, measure accurately, work neatly, and finish thoroughly with sandpaper. The GARDEN BENCH (Fig. 3) is 40" wide, and 18" from top surface to ground. The seat board is $1\frac{1}{2}$ " or 2" thick. The mouldings are made with drawing knife and plane from odds and ends.

A useful CORNER SHELF (Fig. 1) may be cut out

with a coping saw from boards 18" long, 6" wide, and $\frac{3}{4}$ " thick. Fig. 2 shows the shape to which to cut them. Make the shelves the same thickness as the side pieces; for the other shelf dimensions, measure after you have fitted the side pieces to the corner.



FIG. 7

To make the FLOWER-POT HOLDER (Fig. 7) you will

need 4 pieces of board 8" x $5\frac{1}{2}$ " x $\frac{1}{2}$ " for the sides, and another piece $\frac{1}{2}$ " thick and 5" square for the bottom. Fit the sides together with a mitre joint. Then tack strips of sheet brass over the joints with brass-headed upholstery tacks. Stencil or paint a flower design on each panel.

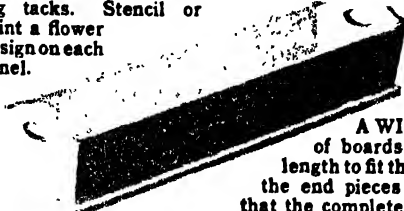
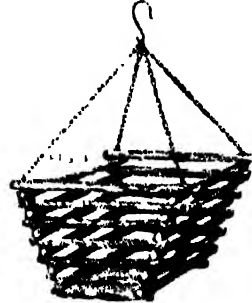


FIG. 8

A WINDOW BOX (Fig. 8) should be made of boards about $\frac{3}{4}$ " thick. Make it the right length to fit the window. The best depth is 6". Saw the end pieces to taper from 4" to 6" in width, so that the completed box will be 4" at the bottom and 6" at the top. Bore holes in the bottom for drainage.



The HANGING BASKET (Fig. 4) is made of $\frac{1}{2}$ " branches, ranging in length from 8" at the top to 6" at the bottom. They are held together by wires passed through holes $\frac{3}{4}$ " from their ends; these wires are fastened to the wood bottom.

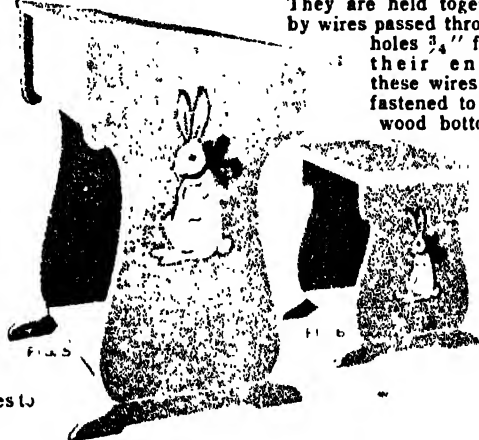


FIG. 5

FIG. 6

Here is a fine DESK AND BENCH SET (Figs. 5, 6) made of 1" lumber. The other dimensions will depend entirely upon the height of the person who is going to use the set; so make actual tests to see what height is most comfortable. On another page you will find directions for decorating your set with stencils. This bunny would delight a little sister; but there are plenty of designs to suit every taste.

The MAGAZINE RACK (Fig. 9) is 24" high and 18" long; it is made from boards $\frac{1}{2}$ " thick. The side boards are 12" x 18". They should be assembled in a V shape—joining at the bottom and 10" apart at the top. The picture will give you a general idea of the shape of the end boards. The design may be varied to match the rest of the furniture.



FIG. 9

PROJECTS *and* RECREATION

Reading Unit

No. 3

MANUAL TRAINING FOR GIRLS

Note: For basic information not found on this page, consult the general Index, Vol. 15.

For statistical and current facts, consult the Richards Year Book Index.

Interesting Facts Explained

How to make a cheap but beautiful frame, 14-52
How to make useful things out of cardboard, 14-53
A rose that will never wilt, 14-

54
Turning a colorless vase into a thing of beauty, 14-55
How to make your own pottery, 14-57

Things to Think About

How can the making of imitation flowers help to increase your appreciation of nature?
Why do you need a good sense of design to make attractive batiked glass?
What do we mean when we say

that the designs on page 14-56 are symmetrical? If you do not know, look up the word "symmetry" in the dictionary.
Which do you consider more important in a piece of pottery its shape, or its decoration?

Picture Hunt

Flowers in ancient jewelry, 12-117
The beautiful petals of the rose, 2-163

Abstract design in modern art, 11-388
The great pottery of ancient Greece, 11-35

Related Material

The structure of a flower, 2-101-4
The art of making pottery, 12-41-61

Geometric designs in art, 11-391
The striking designs in the woven baskets of the American Indian, 12-128

Leisure-time Activities

PROJECT NO. 1: Walk through a garden and observe the different kinds of flowers as carefully as you can. Make copies of some of them, and then compare your copies with the originals.

PROJECT NO. 2: Visit a museum which has a good collection

of pottery. Pick out the decorative designs which you like best, and try to copy them on your own pottery.

PROJECT NO. 3: Model some of your favorite fruits in clay. See if you can give them such a natural appearance that your friends will be fooled by them.

Summary Statement

Girls may not be able to handle heavy tools so well as their brothers do, but they also can make many fine things with their own hands. It takes a good deal of

skill and patience to make beautiful batiked glass or pottery, but the results are well worth the time. Besides, it is great fun!

HOW TO FRAME A PICTURE

1. A PASSE-PARTOUT frame is just what you need to set off your favorite snapshot, sketch, or print. First get a piece of glass the right size, and trace around it on mounting paper and on a piece of cardboard.



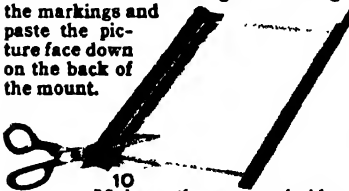
4. Now cut this bit of paper where you have marked it and fold it double. This will give you the width of one of two equal borders

5. Lay the paper which gives the width of the side borders on the mounting paper and make a slight mark near the points where each corner of the picture will be.

Adjust the height of the picture to suit your eye and mark.



7. With its corners on your marks, press the picture down. Another way is to cut out the mounting board along the markings and paste the picture face down on the back of the mount.



10. Moisten the gummed side of one longer strip and glue it the length of the glass, with the crease exactly at edge. Repeat with other side.



13. A piece of heavy paper slightly smaller than the glass makes a neat protective finish for the back of our picture.

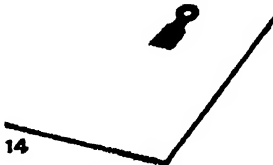
2. Then cut mounting paper and cardboard backing to just the size of the glass.



8. Whichever way you have mounted your picture, here it is, ready for the frame.



11. Lay the mounted picture and backing on the glass, turn the passe part-out over the edge, and gum down carefully.



14. Then you will need one or more ring hangers, which you must be very careful to center exactly.

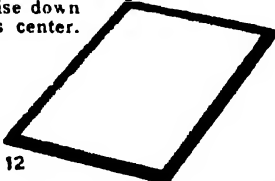
3. The right and left borders of the picture must be exactly equal; that below should be a trifle wider than that above. Put the picture in one corner of the mounting paper and measure to the edges with a bit of paper.



6. Now we are ready to mount the picture -- a most important procedure, as the slightest lopsidedness or the smallest smear of paste on the mounting paper may spoil the effect. Just a touch of paste at each corner of the picture should be enough.



9. Now take your passe-partout binding and cut four strips, two of them an inch longer than the width of your glass, two of them an inch longer than its length. Crease each lengthwise down its center.



12. You have already trimmed off the ends of the first two strips. Now apply the shorter strips in the same way and trim the ends neatly.



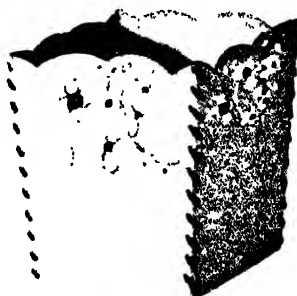
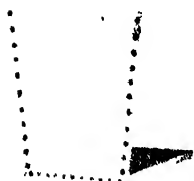
15. And if you have worked neatly and tastefully, you will have something that you will always like to look at.

THINGS TO MAKE

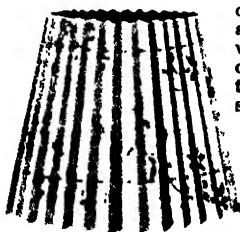


Here is a new way to share your friends' burdens—let them hang their clothes on your shoulders. You will find that serving as this kind of CLOTHES HANGER is not in the least inconvenient! All you have to do is paste your portrait on a piece of cardboard. When it dries, cut it out in silhouette. Then tack the cut-out picture on an ordinary coat hanger, and cover the rest of the hanger with velvet, allowing the velvet to drape around your pictured neck. Bend the hook back so that it will catch on a clothes hook. If you do not like to use your own picture, you can cut attractive pictures from magazines.

The pretty TELEPHONE SCREEN below is not at all hard to make. Make a pattern of the shape



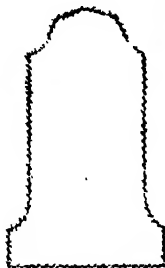
you want, perhaps like the flat piece shown below the finished screen, and cut it out of stiff cardboard. Bend a piece of $\frac{1}{8}$ " wire along the edge of your design and whipstitch it on, just as a lamp shade is fastened to its wire frame. Then score the cardboard with a knife through the center from top to bottom and bend it into a V shape.



The attractive WASTE BASKET above is made of four pieces of heavy cardboard, a square board $\frac{1}{4}$ " thick, and some tinted paper. First cover the cardboard sides with the paper, using for the inside of the basket a different shade of the same color used for the outside. Join the outside and inside papering just over the edge on the inside, and cover the seam with a strip of darker hue. Flowers or designs cut from wall paper may well be pasted on the outside, as in our picture. When the sides are all ready, tack them to the bottom and then lace them to each other with silk tape or ribbon in the proper shade to complete your color scheme.



All you need to make this LAMP SHADE is two pieces of ribbon, a ten cent frame, and some rather stiff paper that will fold without cracking. You can either use figured paper or paste pictures or silhouettes on a plain background. Cut the paper to the width required by your frame, and then fold it like a fan. Thread the ribbon into a large darning needle and pass it through the folds as shown. Paste the ends of the paper together. Then draw the ribbons until the shade fits the frame and tie them each in a bow. Finally set the shade to the frame.

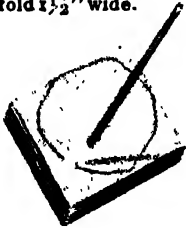


You can beautify your telephone screen by covering it with wall paper, cretonne, silk, or any other material you choose. Or you can paste cut-out designs or pictures on it, just as you may have done on the waste basket or lamp shade.

THINGS TO MAKE



1. Cut a strip of crêpe paper—white, red, pink, or yellow— $2\frac{1}{2}$ " wide and 24" long. Fold it fanwise, making each fold $1\frac{1}{2}$ " wide.



2. On the top fold trace with a pencil the shape of a typical rose petal; then cut with your scissors through all the folds along the traced lines.



3. Hold the tip of each petal between the thumb and forefinger of the left hand. Slowly draw the petal between the thumb of the right hand and the edge of a dull knife, allowing the thumb to press the petal against the edge of the knife. Repeat this operation until the petal has the desired amount of curl. You may need to practice this first on scraps of paper.



4. When your petals are all prettily curled— or for that matter, when you have curled only four of them, if you prefer to do them a few at a time— you can begin to put your rose together. Spread paste on the uncurled lower end of the first four, and assemble them as in the picture above.



HOW TO MAKE A ROSE

Make a rose? Yes, of course you can. That is, you can make an imitation that will look much like a rose—at least at a distance. In fact, if you have the gift of neatness and patience, you can have a whole garden of delightful paper blossoms. And you will have gained by the way much knowledge of the different flowers. For the expert maker of paper flowers goes to nature for patterns. When that is impossible, however, you can find patterns in pictures, as in our story of flowers. As for material, you need wire, paste, scissors, and crêpe or plain glazed paper in many colors—half the trick is to match your colors nicely to the living flower. Sometimes you can use odds and ends too. A button covered with yellow plush forms a lifelike eye for the daisy—whose name means "day's eye"; colored silk threads, waxed, make fine stamens; and some flowers, like the pansy, look better tinted with water color. But now to our rose.



5. Continue building up your rose as described, four petals in each layer. Study the placing of the petals in a real rose, and place your paper petals so as to make them lifelike. Then at last—

6. The rose you have made is finished, waiting for leaves and stem.



11. Lastly assemble leaves, stem, and rose. Sew the rose to the eye at the end of the stem with a long needle and coarse thread. Make a calyx, or little leaf cup for its base, just as you made the leaves. You must try to imagine the perfume!



10. Next, the leaves. They are green glazed paper pasted on lighter green crêpe paper. Before pasting the layers together, insert a short piece of fine wire between them, allowing it to extend out far enough to be fastened to the stem.

9. Bend the second wire out and continue wrapping to within $1\frac{1}{2}$ " of the end. Paste down the end of the paper so that it will not unwrap, and bend the end of the wire into an eye. The wires you left out will carry the leaves.

8. When you have securely wrapped about 4" of the wire, bend one of the wires out and go on wrapping the remaining two or three for another 2".

7. Now for the stem. Cut a long strip of green glazed paper about $3\frac{1}{4}$ " wide. Wrap it securely around three or four small pieces of wire from 5" to 8" long, as in the picture above.

THINGS TO MAKE



1. Of course you can make up all sorts of designs. This one is going to be very modernistic, with geometric shapes of cellophane in different colors put on just as the fancy strikes you. First, then, cut out triangles, rectangles, and circles.

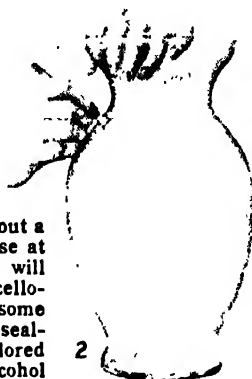


4. Next, with melted wax in your wax applicator, follow the outline of each piece of cellophane. Build up the outlines to a good thickness. Black wax usually sets the many-colored patches off best, but wax of other colors, especially bronze, may be attractive too. 5. When all the outlines have been built up, give the vase time to dry thoroughly. Then paint it with transparent amber sealing-wax paint, applied rather thickly. This transparent finish keeps the cellophane from peeling off. 6. And now the vase is completed. If you have done your work well, it should be pretty enough to fill you with pride. Perhaps you will want to start at once on a bowl or tray, if only to try some other color scheme or design.



There is also a way to make batiked glass without cellophane. Sketch or trace your design on the glass. You can find attractive designs in chintz or other cloth, in wall paper, in decorated crepe paper, or in magazine illustrations. Follow the traced outline with the melted wax, building it up rather thickly. Since sealing wax comes in more than 40 shades, you can get very attractive effects by outlining with different colors. When the wax is thoroughly dry and you come to put on the paint, you will have several shades of that to choose from, too.

BATIKED GLASS sounds like something very fine, and so it is. But it is also inexpensive and easy to make. You can take a cheap vase, bowl, tray, lamp base, or perfume bottle, and turn it into a thing of beauty. Suppose you begin by picking out a graceful colorless glass vase at the ten-cent store. You will need also some colored cellophane, a paint brush, some sealing-wax paint, and a sealing-wax outfit—sticks of colored wax, an applicator, and an alcohol lamp—to be bought at any artist's supply store.



2. Then, starting at the top of the vase, apply a generous coating of collodion glue. 3. Over this area pat into place the piece or pieces of cellophane you have decided will look best there. Press the cellophane down firmly to avoid air bubbles. Keep on spreading glue and patting patches neatly into place until you have covered the whole surface.

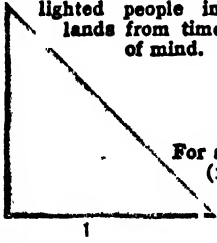
Of course the success of this sort of design will depend a good deal on how true an eye you have for attractive combinations of color and line.



THINGS TO MAKE

TIE AND DYE WORK has delighted people in many lands from time out of mind.

You too can make many pretty things—from handkerchiefs to couch covers—in tie and dye.



1

For a square pattern, fold a cloth diagonally twice (1, 2). Pick it up by the corner that was its center, and firmly wrap paraffined cord around it (3). Now drop it in the dye bath. The part under the cord will remain undyed (4).

2

3



4



5

For a round pattern (7), pick up the cloth (7), pick up the cloth at the center and with your finger nail make creases, as evenly as possible, going from the center in every direction (5). A marble, glass bead, or button tied in the center (6) will make a colored circle there. Tie and dye as before.

6

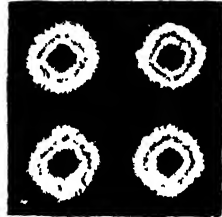


7

Nor are buttons and marbles the only things you can tie into your design. Various "sticks"—triangles, rectangles, squares—may be bought at any art dealer's. Both these and the cord should be "cooked" for a few minutes in melted paraffin before use; then they will not absorb any dye.



Little squares (8) tied at top and bottom (9) give an effect like 10. Other variations can be made by tying the cord loosely enough to let in a very little dye.

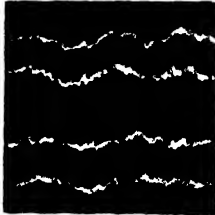


10

Another way to vary the pattern is to tie knots in the cloth itself instead of using cord (11). This will give you some sort of wavy line (12), varying of course with the size and shape of the knot. Sometimes you can fold the cloth in some particular way and then knot it.

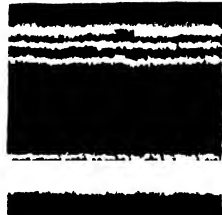


11

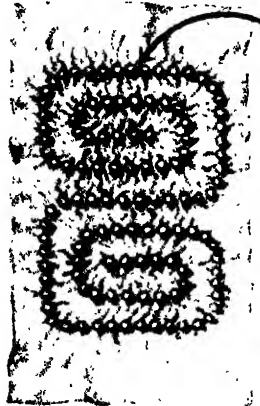


12

To get a somewhat more regular border stripe than that made by knotting, gather the goods together in your hands as though you were making a ruffle, and then tie the ends with cord (13, 14).



14



15

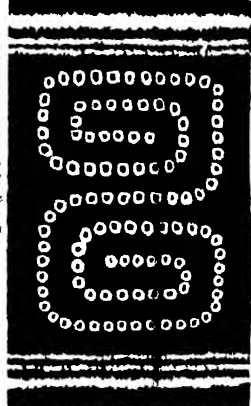


16

When you have had plenty of practice on small pieces, you might try making a scarf, perhaps, in the pattern shown at 18. The color of your goods must be as light as the lightest shade in your design. Tie the goods to form the pattern (15, 16, 17), measuring carefully to get distances right. In dyeing, follow carefully the instructions on the package of dye. Allow the scarf to dry thoroughly before untying it.



17



18

THINGS TO MAKE



1. **POTTERY MAKING** calls first for good clay thoroughly kneaded to drive out the air. It must be slightly moist but not too moist.



2. A marble is an excellent thing to begin on. Just roll it around in the palm of your hand and smooth away creases with your thumb.



3. Your marble can be turned into a bead simply by piercing it with a darning needle while it is still moist.



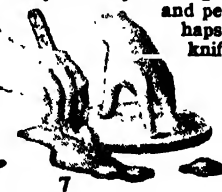
4. A good thing to try next is the modeling of a bowlful of imitation fruit. Shape each fruit carefully with your fingers and perhaps a knife.



5. To get a flat piece of clay, use a smooth board, a rolling-pin, and two flat guide sticks of the desired thickness.



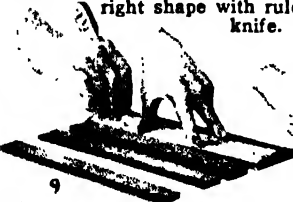
6. From such a flat piece, say $\frac{1}{4}$ " thick, you can cut tiles to set under vases, hot dishes, or the teapot. Cut the moist clay into the right shape with ruler and sharp knife.



7. If you want your tile round, cut carefully around a saucer or lid of the right size. When the tile is dry you might decorate it with stencil.



8. Here we begin the much more difficult business of making a bowl. First cut a flat bottom, using a coffee cup as a pattern.



9. On your board, cut several strips of clay 6" or 8" long, $\frac{3}{4}$ " wide, and $\frac{1}{4}$ " thick, for the sides of the bowl. Use a ruler as a guide.



10. You are now ready to build up the sides of your bowl. Unwrap the base from the damp cloth in which you have kept it, and lay one strip around its edge. Keep your left hand inside and work the pieces together carefully.

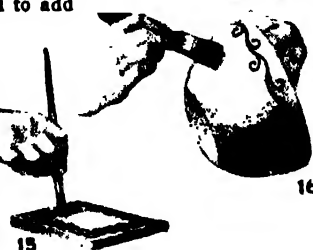


11. This done, coil a second strip on top of the first, working the edges together as before and shaping your bowl as evenly and gracefully as you can.

12. When you have built up your bowl as high as you wish, finish joining and smoothing it by rubbing your thumb or finger firmly across the surface. If there are low spots on the surface, either inside or outside, fill them in with little pieces of clay joined carefully and thoroughly to the original pieces. Lastly, rub all over the surface, outside and in, with moistened fingers.



13. And here is a fine bowl to add to our collection.



14. Most of the things you make will be prettier if you decorate them. One way to do this is to sketch a design on them with a pencil—after the clay has been thoroughly dried in the sun.

15. Then fill the design in with opaque water colors. 16. Finally, paint the surface with white shellac. It gives a glossy finish and keeps the color from peeling off.



PROJECTS *and* RECREATION

Reading Unit

No. 4

THE FIRST LESSON IN DRAWING

Note: For basic information not found on this page, consult the general Index, Vol. 15.

For statistical and current facts, consult the Richards Year Book Index.

Interesting Facts Explained

How you can make animals as big or as small as you wish, 14-60

How a paper drawing can be turned into a wooden toy, 14-60-62

A frog that can be used as a paper weight, 14-64

Making your own farmyard, 14-63, 69

Birds that can be used as book-

ends, markers, toys, etc., 14-65

A circus of your own, 14-66

Strange birds from many distant lands, 14-67

Animal cages to house the wooden beasts in your circus, 14-68

How to make a puppet show, 14-70

Things to Think About

What are the most important things to remember in drawing to scale?

Why is it important for an artist to know how to draw to scale?

Picture Hunt

Man's earliest attempts to draw animals, 11-1, 4

Lords and ladies of the barnyard,

9-350

The gaily colored birds of the forest, Frontispiece, Vol. 4

Related Material

The supreme masters of fine art, 11-31-46

How to use a coping saw, 14-26

The most famous character in puppet shows, 13-67

Practical Applications

After you have had a great deal of practice in drawing to scale, try to draw an enlarged picture

of an animal without using scale lines.

Leisure-time Activities

PROJECT NO. 1: Cut out an animal picture from a newspaper or magazine. Trace the picture on paper that has been ruled into squares, and then enlarge the picture to twice its size.

PROJECT NO. 2: Make puppets which will represent the characters from one of your favorite books. Write little plays for these characters, and get your friends to help you perform them.

Summary Statement

It is very easy for anyone to learn how to draw to scale. Once you are able to do so, you can make many interesting and prac-

tical toys, and use your accomplishment in a variety of other ways.



This painting, called "The First Commission," shows the English artist, Sir Thomas Lawrence, earnestly taking the first steps on the road that will lead him to fame. It is a long road and a hard one, but one that is always interesting. Now few things are more

certain than that some of you who read these pages will one day be artists yourselves—and perhaps great ones. So you may as well begin your career now by learning how to draw to scale. Whether you turn out an artist or not, you will find it fun to try.

HOW to DRAW to SCALE

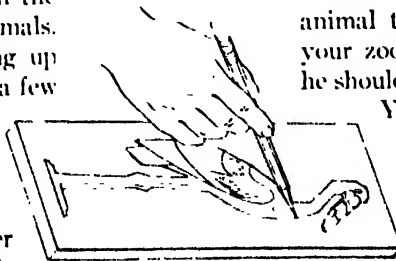
By This Little Art You Can Easily Learn to Make Animals That Will Run or Roll or Rock—and Many Other Pretty and Useful Things

VERY few of us can visit the big zoos in London or New York, but anyone with patience can have a zoo at home—and the making of it will give many more hours of fun and profit than the longest visit to the living animals. The first step in the setting up of your menagerie is to buy a few sheets of artist's tracing paper, though tissue paper or any other very thin paper will do quite well. Now on the tissue paper trace with pencil the animals

that you find illustrated on the following pages; and before you remove the paper, be sure to trace the vertical and horizontal scale lines over the animal, as shown in Fig. 1.

The next step is to enlarge your animal to the size that will best fit your zoo. Suppose you decide that he should be twice the size given here.

You will follow the same process as the one shown in the case of the pelican in Fig. 1 on the next page. You must first number every line on your traced pattern,



THINGS TO MAKE

at both ends, as in the figure. Then draw a frame twice as long and twice as wide as the frame your small animal stands in. The frame around the small pelican is $\frac{7}{8}$ of an inch wide and 2 inches high, so the frame for the enlarged pelican is twice as wide and twice as high—or $1\frac{3}{4}$ inches by 4 inches.

Now divide your large frame into squares with just the same number of horizontal and vertical lines as there are in the small frame, and number them in just the same way. You will find it helpful to



make the enlargement on the same paper with your small traced pattern, and to connect the two frames with lines, as shown in the illustration.

The hard part of the job is now over, and the more interesting work begins. Suppose we start the enlargement with the animal's feet. The feet of the pelican in the little frame extend from line 3 to line 7 along horizontal line 21. A line drawn from line 3 to line 7 along horizontal line 21 on the big frame gives the bottom of the big pelican's foot. And in the same way, by exactly reproducing the lines in each small square of your pattern, you will fill in your large squares and have a large animal when you have finished.

If you wanted to enlarge your pattern three times, you would do so by making your frame and squares three times as large as your pattern—and by the same kind of

multiplication you could enlarge it to any size you liked. And of course you could reduce your picture in the same way. Just draw your frame and squares half or a third or a fourth the size of those in the pattern, and your finished copy will be only half or a third or a fourth as large. If you are very careful to draw the lines and squares just

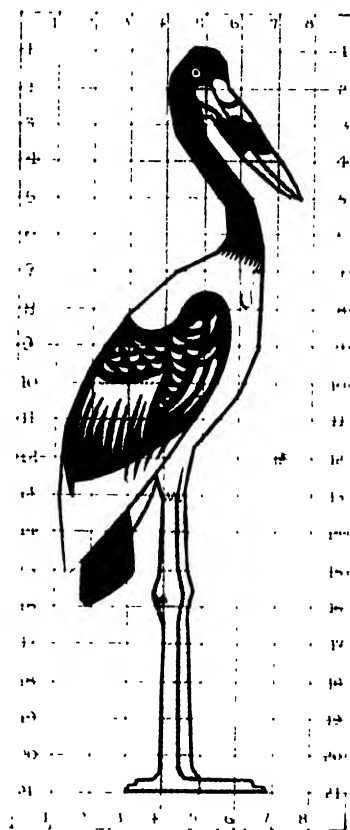


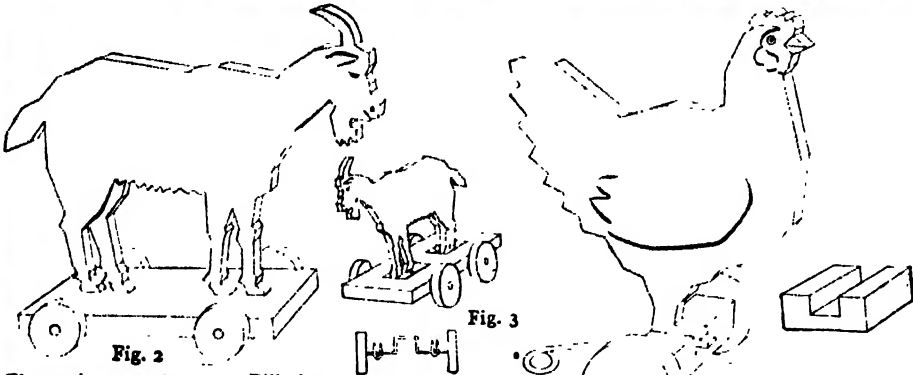
Fig. 1

right and to count the numbers carefully, you will not need to trace the small pattern, but can draw your big frame and fill it in with the figure without any preliminaries.

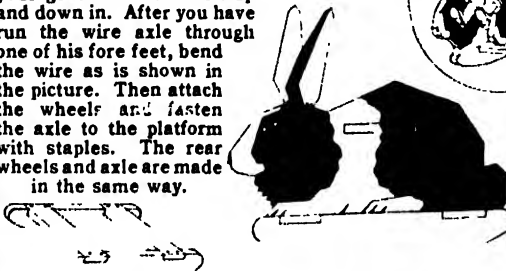
Now that you have made your animal the right size, you can transfer him to the paper or wood you want him on by placing carbon paper between the enlarged pattern and the substance it is to be transferred to, and tracing the pattern with a pencil. Then you can color your beast with crayon or paint in natural and becoming colors.

We have suggested that you copy the animals shown on the following pages because they are already drawn on a scale, but it is easy to draw scale lines on any

THINGS TO MAKE



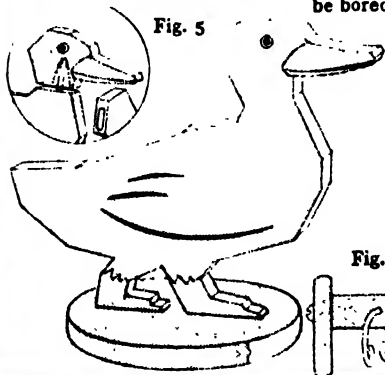
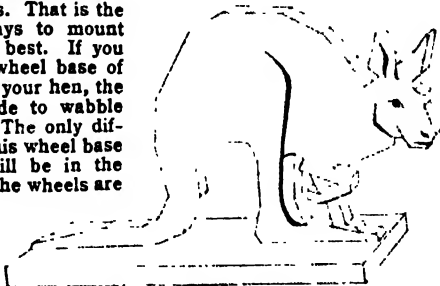
The easiest way to mount Billy is on a platform with four wheels (Fig. 2); but the clever toy maker will want him to gallop. Fig. 3 shows how this may be done. Cut two little holes out of the platform for your goat's feet to work up and down in. After you have run the wire axle through one of his fore feet, bend the wire as is shown in the picture. Then attach the wheels and fasten the axle to the platform with staples. The rear wheels and axle are made in the same way.



Here is a good way to mount a hen on a wheel base. A piece of wire is inserted through a gimlet hole in the axle and then bent to the shape shown in the picture. This keeps the hen from falling on her nose. Of course the size of the base, or chassis, depends on the size of the hen. For a hen 4 inches high the base should be three and one-half inches long, one-half inch thick, and one-half inch wide. Either glue the hen's feet into a groove cut out of the wheel base or fasten them down from the under side with brads.

Here is a pair of fine rocking rabbits for some lucky baby to play in. The rockers should be 24 inches long, and held together by two crosspieces 12 inches long. The seat is another crosspiece set into the ribs of your two bunnies, as shown in the figure—or it may be fastened on with cleats. A piece nailed on for a back will make the steeds safer. You can study the construction of a "shoo-fly" in nearly any home where there is a tiny tot.

This duck is fastened to his base with glue or brads. That is the easiest of all ways to mount toys, but not the best. If you attach him to a wheel base of the kind used for your hen, the duck can be made to wobble when he walks. The only difference between his wheel base and the hen's will be in the manner in which the wheels are attached. The holes where the axle is to fit into the duck's wheels should be bored a little



off center. Fig. 4 shows how the wheels will look from the front after they have been joined to the axle. If you want an unusually comical duck, saw his head off and bore a hole in it as shown in Fig. 5. Then drive a headless nail part way into the center of the other half of his neck—the half that is still attached to his body—and hang his head on the nail. When the duck wobbles on his tilting carriage, his head will roll from side to side.

Animals sawed from cigar boxes may be mounted on a base or bottom piece one-eighth inch thick. Small brads are driven through the base into the animal's feet. But the animals of your zoo will be sturdier if you spread glue on the sides and bottoms of the feet and then nail a thin cleat on either side. You will find this a good way to mount animals cut from cardboard.

THINGS TO MAKE

picture you like—a house, a landscape, a flower—and so enlarge it to fit a score of purposes. Only be sure that your lines run perfectly straight, that the vertical and horizontal lines are at right angles to each other, and that the squares are all the same size.

And now that we have learned how to make our zoo, how are we going to house it? Well, we can make an amusing scrapbook by pasting the animals on the plain white leaves of a notebook—or we can transfer them directly to the page, and paint them on it. It is fun to try to think up a rhyme for each animal and write it underneath him. If you paste your animals on cardboard and cut it out neatly around them with scissors,

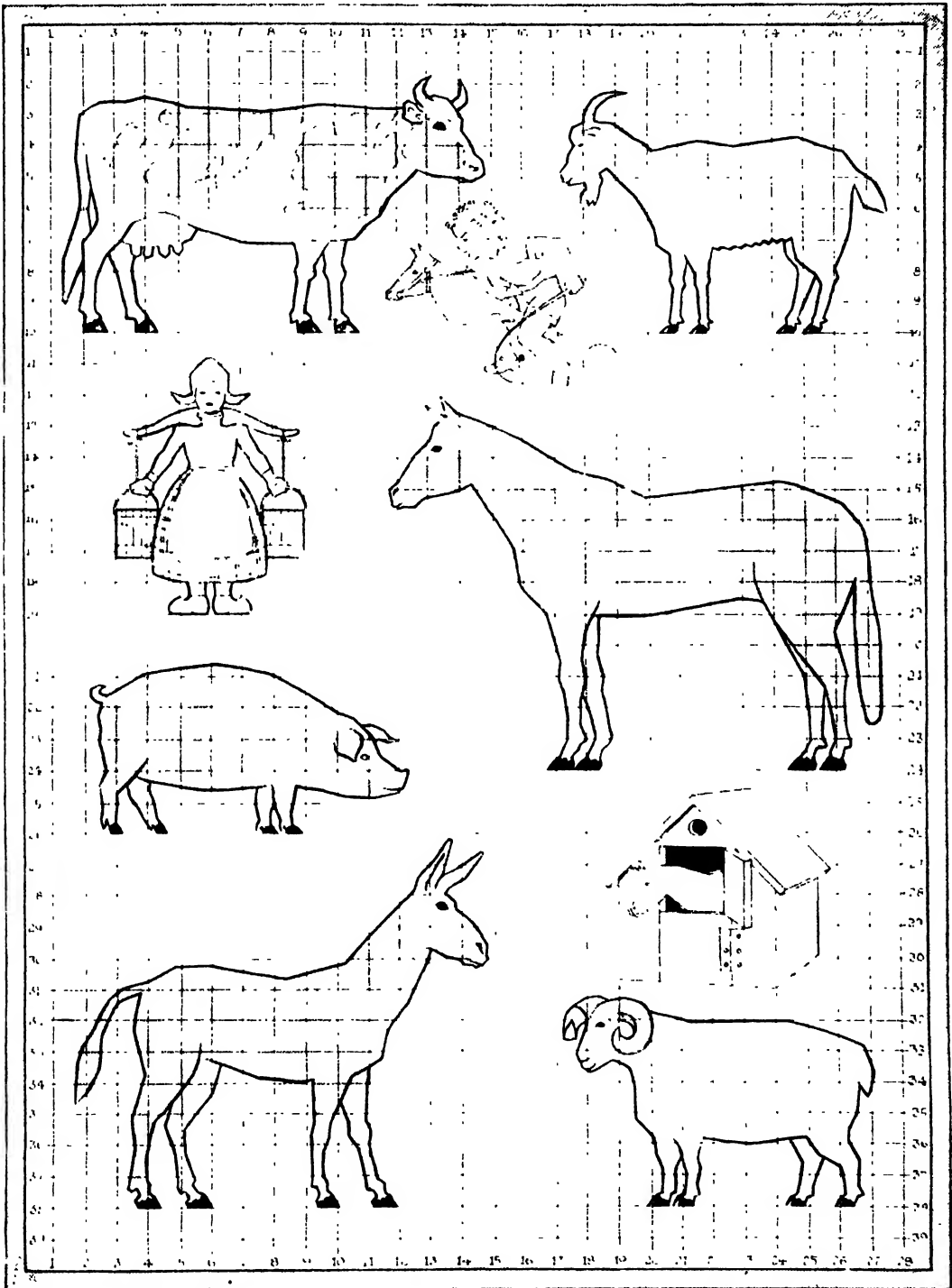
you will have some quite noble creatures that can be made to stand up by means of a strip of cardboard pasted on the back.

If you want still more lasting birds and beasts—and know how to use a coping saw—your exhibits may be transferred to the lid of a cigar box, which you will then saw out around them. The illustrations show many ways of mounting these creatures on bases, wheels, or in cages. A clever boy can paint them in convincing colors and sell them for pin money. And the boy who has a few tools can turn out practical toys for little tots to rock or ride on—like the rabbit “shoolly” in the illustration.

There's no end to what a lively brain and a pair of hands can do.



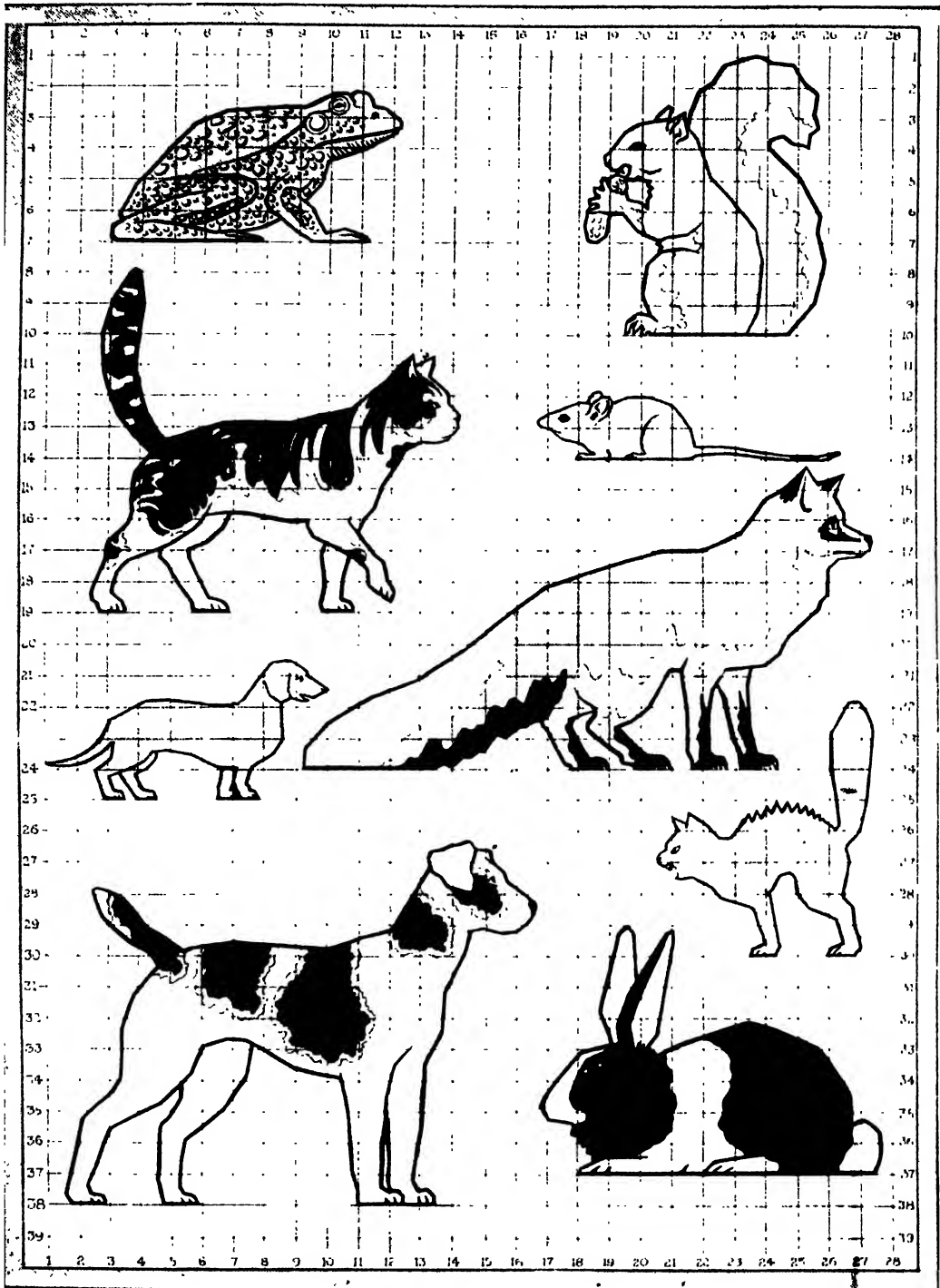
THINGS TO MAKE



By enlarging these beasts on stiff cardboard and then cutting them out with scissors, you can have a farm-yard full of interesting live stock. Of course you will add chickens, ducks, turkeys, and other fowls shown on some of these pages. By sawing the horse's head

out of wood with a coping saw and nailing the head to a stick, you can make a dashing stick horse. For real speed you may add a wheel at the end of the stick. The Dutch milkmaid is pretty for a telephone cover or book ends, or for embroidering on linens.

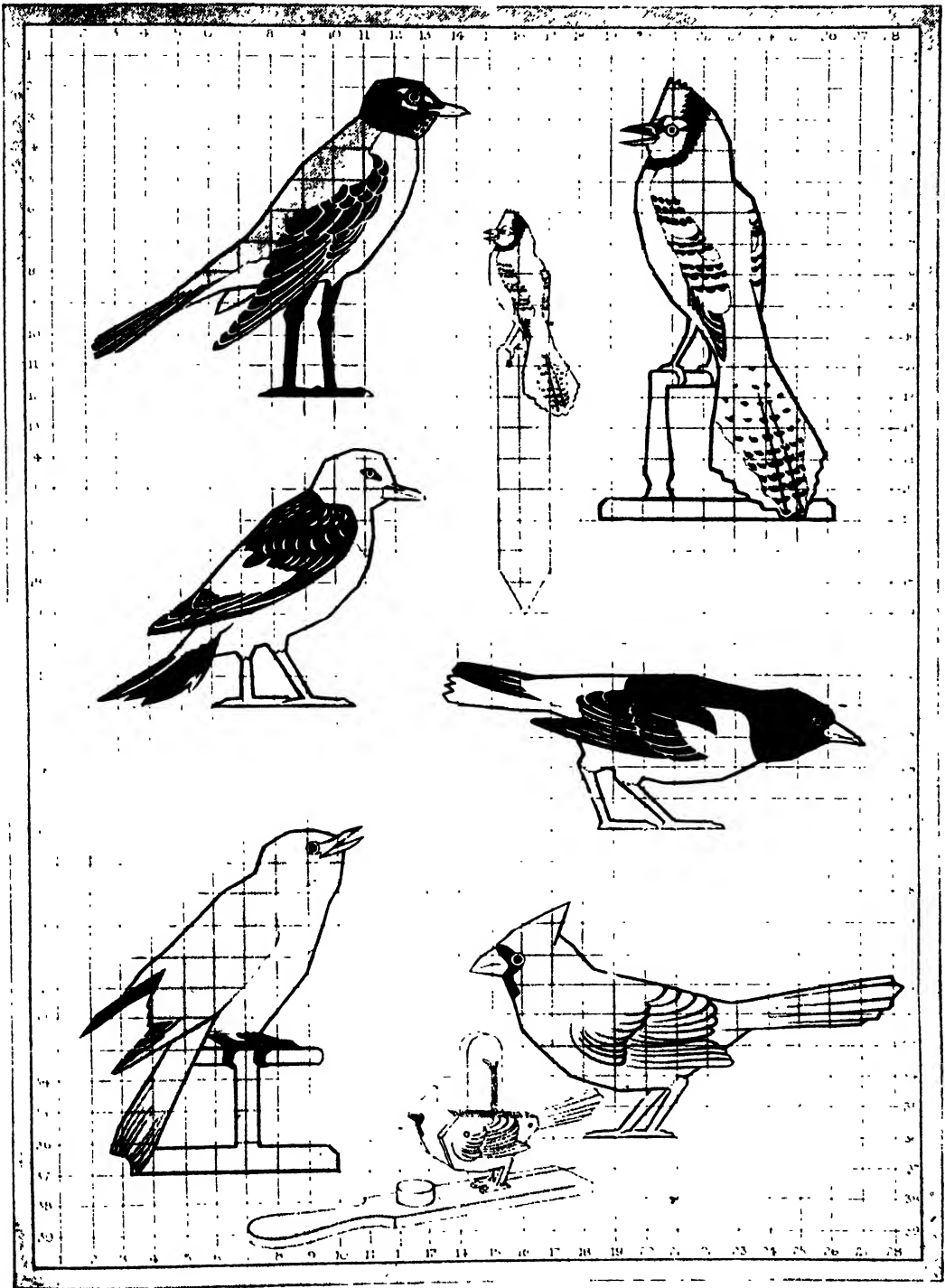
THINGS TO MAKE



If you will read the text and follow its directions carefully, you will learn how to enlarge the animals shown here and on the following pages, and to make them into an amusing farmyard or zoo. We have told you how to make a "shoofly" out of the rabbit. The squirrel

can be turned into a telephone cover, the cat may be coaxed to serve in a pair of book ends, and the frog will do excellent duty as a paper weight. A little thought and ingenuity will tell you how to turn every one of these creatures into some useful article.

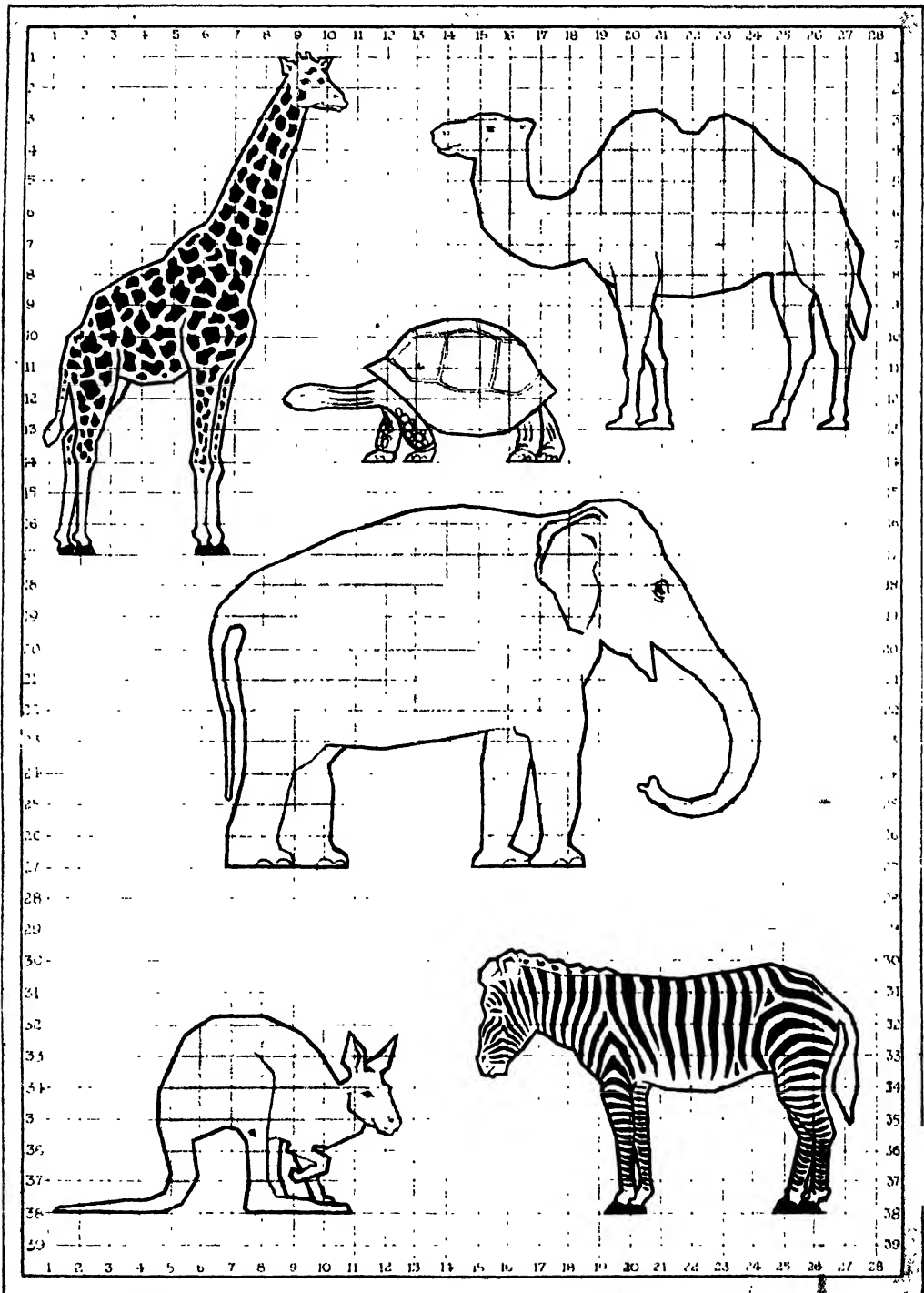
THINGS TO MAKE



Gardeners often like to have a few bright birds perched on sticks to use as markers. The text will give you directions for enlarging these designs, which you can then cut out of thin wood and paint. You can cut your collection of birds out of cardboard or paper, too.

The blue jay is admirable for a book end, and the robin would adorn any gable as a weather vane. If you are ingenious, you will mount some of these birds on fancy boxes for your bureau, or will paint them on stiff paper with a support behind them for place cards.

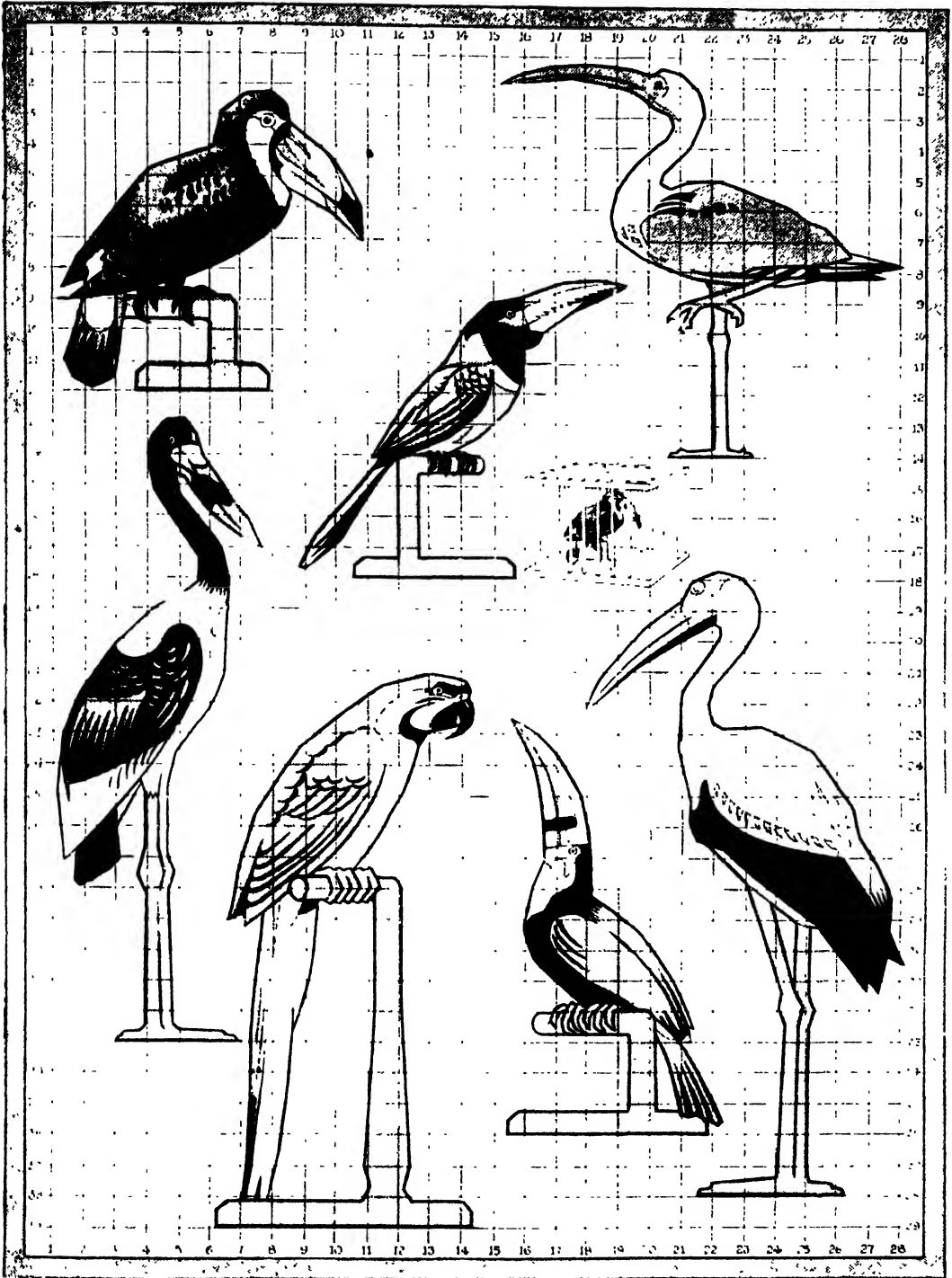
THINGS TO MAKE



At two cents admission you can set up a paying circus consisting of these animals cut out of thin wood and painted in bright colors. Their feed will cost very little! The text will tell you how simple it is to enlarge them and mount your figures on wheels for exhibition

purposes—and it will not be hard to build cages for your menagerie, once you have it ready for the big parade. An old sheet or two will serve quite well for a tent. And if you are a neat workman, you will be able to sell your toys at a good price.

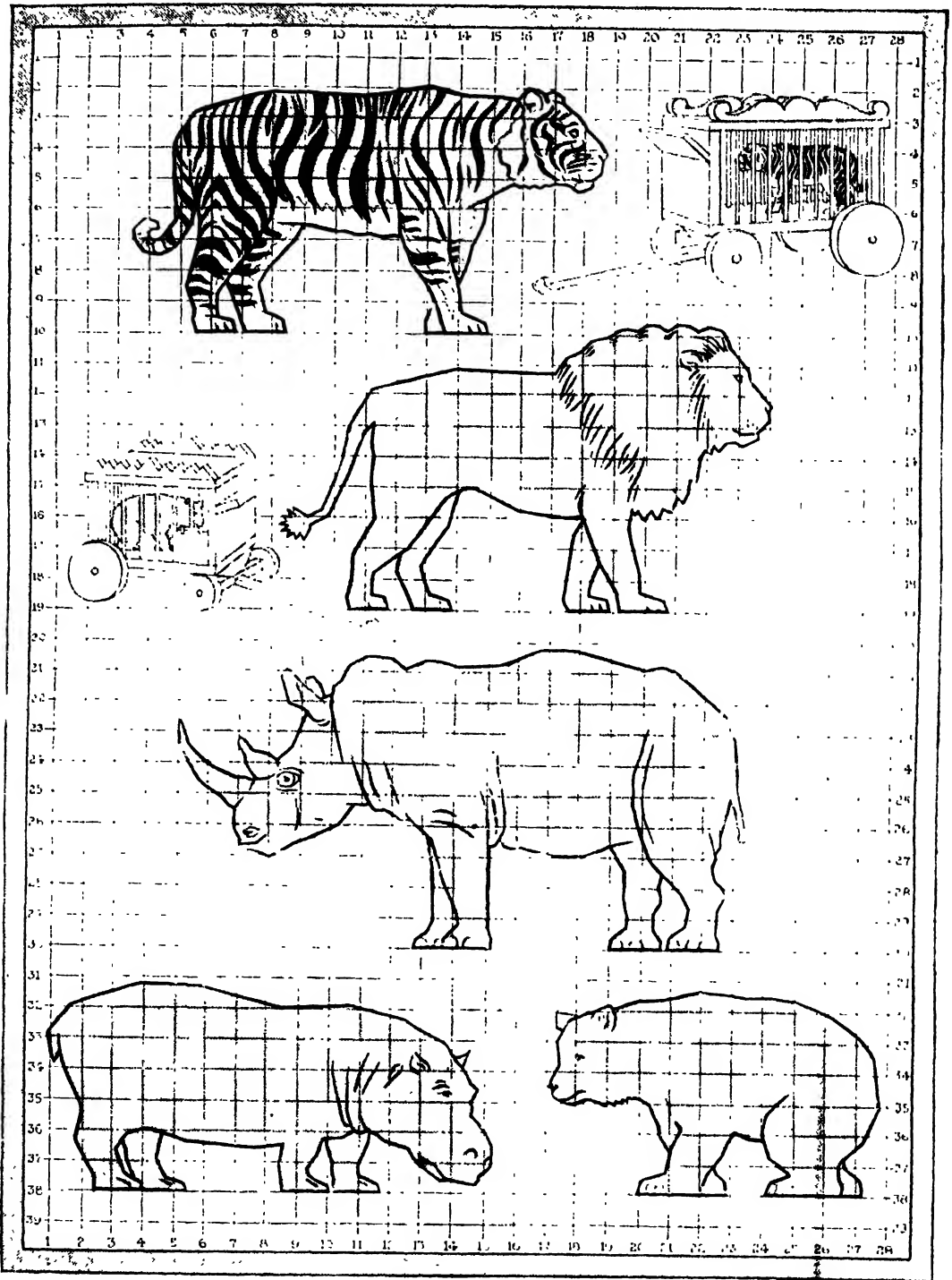
THINGS TO MAKE



The most daring imagination could not design brighter colors for these birds than Nature gave them. They are from many distant lands, so of course your zoo will not be complete without them. Learn from the

text how to enlarge them and then see how many interesting uses you can think of to put them to. And don't be afraid to make their coloring as modernistic as you like—you cannot go wrong in that direction.

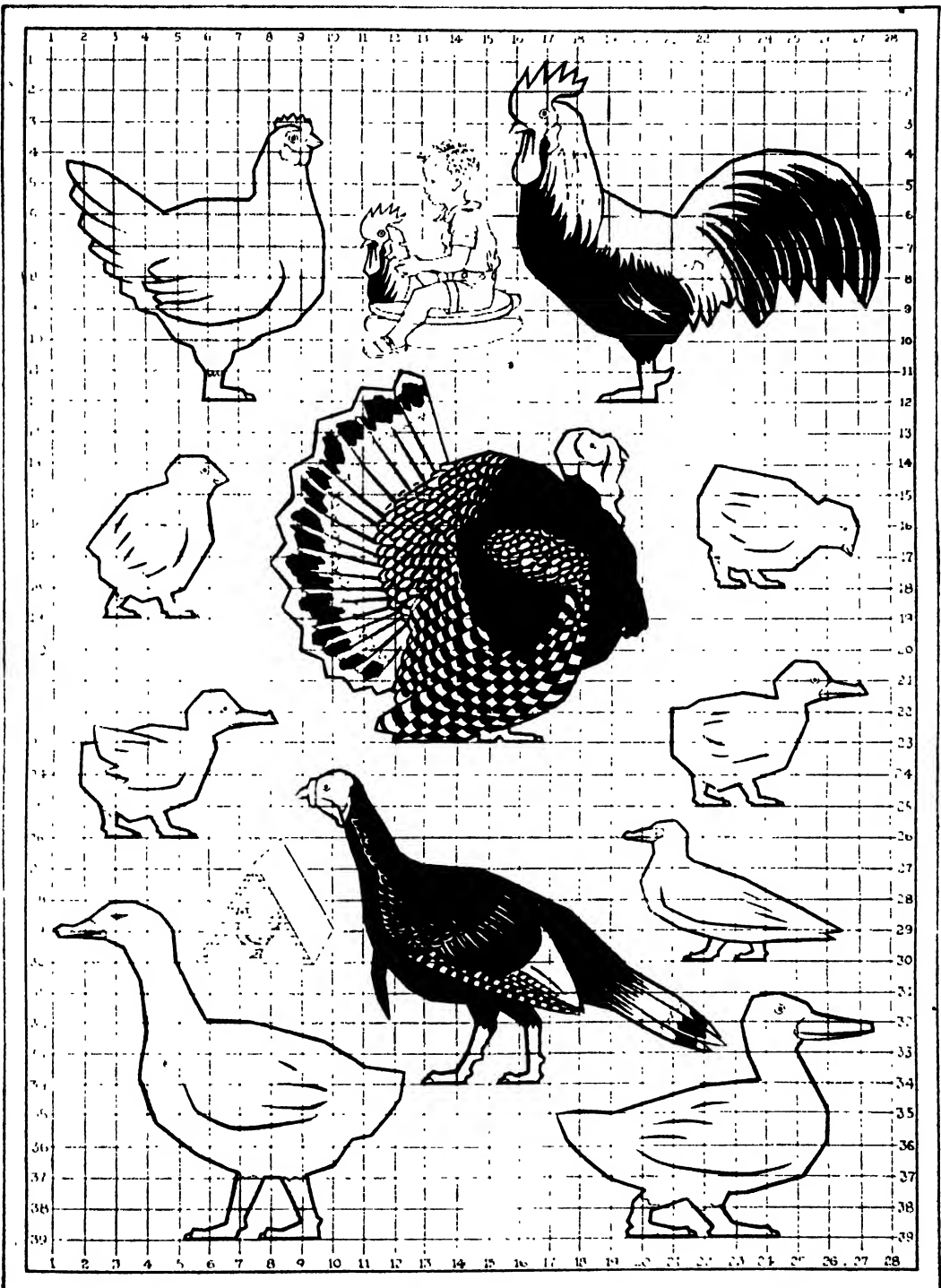
THINGS TO MAKE



Here are two of the many styles of animal cages that you can make for your circus, which of course will include the beasts shown on this page. The boy of inventive turn will build a Noah's Ark, and make two

of each kind of animal to go into it. And he will also attach the heads and legs and tails of his pets in such a way as to make the creatures go through amusing antics when they are drawn across the floor.

THINGS TO MAKE



This thriving barnyard can be turned into all sorts of interesting articles. The head of the cock makes an excellent handlebar when sawed out and attached to a pair of rockers and a seat—as shown in the center at the top of the page. The whole rooster is a good

piece for the weather vane that we have told you elsewhere how to make. And the old turkey gobbler can be painted on invitations, place cards, favors, etc. at Thanksgiving. Of course you will want to color all the creatures becomingly.

THINGS TO MAKE



HOW TO MAKE A PUPPET SHOW

There is no end to the fun an ingenious boy or girl can have with a marionette show. You will have a hard time deciding whether it is better sport making the marionettes themselves, or learning to manage them and talk for them on the stage, or making up little plays for them to act in. It is something you can play at alone, or with one or two others. If you become expert, you may be able to entertain the whole neighborhood. But first you must make the marionettes. Each consists of a head and hands sewed into a dress. The heads may be made of almost anything — apples, oranges, potatoes, rubber balls, lemons, carrots, or what not. But the best ones, such as those shown on this page, are whittled from blocks of very soft wood and then painted in life-like colors. So here is a chance to show what a good artist you are. The hats, too, are made of this and that; the one at E is a piece of paper rolled into a cone and glued to the head, the one at F is a scrap of figured red cloth. The hands may be of wood, or they may be a pair of doll's mittens stuffed and sewn into the sleeves. The dress is made just like any doll's dress. Fig. A shows how you give the marionette a lively body and arms by putting your hand into the dress and working the head with the index finger, one arm with the middle finger, and the other arm with the thumb. Fig. B shows how the head has been prepared to receive the finger; a heavy paper or thin tin cone has been inserted in the base of it. Your theater may be made by merely hanging a curtain across the bottom half of a doorway (D). Then you stand or kneel behind the curtain and work the puppets just above it (C), making them look as if they stood on the crossbar. If you can hang a black curtain from the top of the door on your side and play your actors against it as a backdrop, so much the better. You will soon learn to make these little actors express all sorts of emotions with their heads and arms. For instance: for astonishment, lift the head and arms quickly; for reflection, bury the face in the hands; for despair, beat the hands against the brow; for joy, clap the hands together and make the puppet jump up and down. But you have already thought of other ways. It will be fun to learn to imitate different voices, too, so that when you have learned to work a puppet with each hand, they can carry on a convincing love scene or quarrel. Even three or four actors may appear if there are two showmen behind the scenes.



PROJECTS *and* RECREATION

Reading Unit No. 5

THE FIRST LESSONS IN NEEDLECRAFT

Note: For basic information not found on this page, consult the general Index, Vol. 15.

For statistical and current facts, consult the Richards Year Book Index.

Interesting Facts Explained

Different stitches for different purposes, 14-72
How to make a tea set, 14-73
The fine art of embroidery, 14-74
How to work monograms, 14-75
Beautiful pictures stitched on cloth, 14-76

Rugs made from rags, 14-77
Making a patchwork quilt, 14-78
How to make a hooked rug, 14-79
How to crochet, 14-80
How to knit, 14-81

Things to Think About

Why is sewing an art as well as a useful craft?
Why are old samplers considered valuable?
Why is patience more important than skill in making a fine

patchwork quilt?
Do the girl who sews a fine piece of needlework and the artist who paints a beautiful picture have any qualities in common?

Picture Hunt

How a tapestry is woven, 12-139
Beautiful handmade laces, 12-

165
Hooked rugs, 12-157

Related Material

Art in rugs, 12-147-61
Pictures drawn in threads of wool, 12-137-44
The old art of embroidery, 12-164

How sheep's wool is turned into yarn and cloth, 9-74-81
The invention and development of the sewing machine, 10-442-44

Leisure-time Activities

PROJECT NO. 1: Practice making each one of the stitches described on page 14-72. Try to discover, from your own experience, for what purpose each stitch is best suited.
PROJECT NO. 2: Following the instructions given on page 14-81,

knit a scarf for your father or brother.
PROJECT NO. 3: Sketch a simple but attractive design on a piece of paper. Then use the same design both on a piece of pottery and in a hooked rug, 14-57, 79.

Summary Statement

Needlecraft is an art which can produce beautiful as well as useful things. It demands a good sense of design and color, and a

great deal of skill and practice. With a little effort most girls can learn to make attractive needlework.

A FIRST LESSON IN NEEDLECRAFT

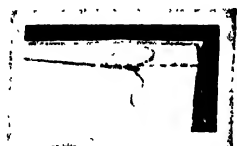


Fig. 1

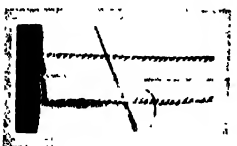


Fig. 2

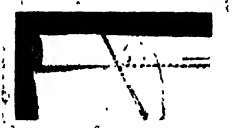


Fig. 3

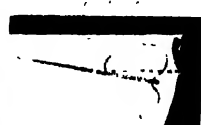
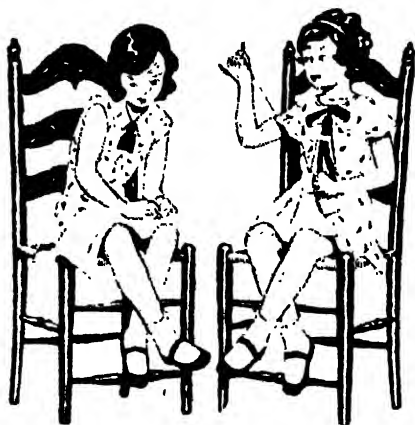


Fig. 4



Fig. 5

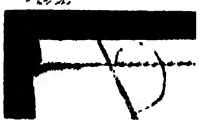


Fig. 6

A FIRST LESSON IN NEEDLECRAFT

The art of sewing goes all the way back to the cave man, who punched holes through the hides of mammoths with a thorn. Now with steel needles and many-colored threads, sewing is an art indeed.

This beautiful and useful craft is not hard to learn. But like everything else worth while, it takes time and patience and neat care. The beginner should first fit out a sewing box or bag with needles, threads, and thimble. Any scrap of old material will serve for practicing the following simple stitches.

Running stitch (Fig. 1). This is the easiest stitch of all, and luckily we use it the oftenest, too. Hold the material between the thumb and forefinger of your left hand and push the needle in and out with the thimble on the middle finger of your right hand. Try to make the stitches small and even and to keep them in a straight line.

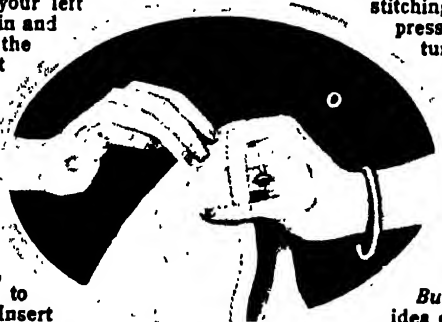
Overcast stitch (Fig. 2). When you have run up a seam with the running stitch, you should overcast the edges—either both together or separately, as in the figure—in order to keep them from raveling. Insert the needle at an angle and pointing to the left, pull the thread through, and insert the needle again at the same angle. This loops the thread over the raw edge of the goods.

Hemming stitch (Fig. 3). If you are clever with this stitch you can sew a hem so daintily that the stitches will show scarcely at all. Fold the material to the width desired for the hem, allowing just a little so that the raw edge may be turned under—as in the figure. Press the two creases firmly with the finger nail so that they will stay in place. Next baste or pin the hem. Now begin the hemming stitch. Take a tiny stitch through the material just below the fold of the hem, and, without drawing the thread through, pass the needle upward through the very edge of the hem fold so as to draw the two together. Now draw the thread through and repeat. The trick is to make the stitches small

and even and to have them show as little as possible on the right side of the hem—that is, on the side opposite the fold. **French seam (Fig. 4).** This seam gives a simpler and neater finish than overcasting, if the material is not so thick as to be bulky. Join the edges of the two pieces of material together with a running stitch, as in Fig. 1, but so as to make your seam on the right side. Now trim the rough edges fairly close to the stitching, and if the seam is puckery press it with a hot iron. Then turn the material the other side out and fold it along the seam. Lastly, run another seam along the fold—on the wrong side of the goods this time—making it just wide enough to shut in the raw edges of the seam you made before. If you study Fig. 4 you will see how the thing is done.

Buttonhole stitch (Fig. 5). The idea of this stitch is to cover the raw edge of the material with a strong chain of thread. It is used not only for buttonholes, as in Fig. 5, but for the edges of blankets and pillow cases, too, and it can be made very pretty by the use of colored thread. First make your thread fast in the material. Then insert the needle, letting it pass through a loop of thread, as shown in the figure. Pull your needle through and draw the thread taut in such a way as to make the looped thread cross itself on the raw edge of the material. Continue in the same way, setting the stitches close together in order to make the chain strong enough to stand the tugging of the button.

Rolled Edge (Fig. 6). When you want a fine and dainty finish, for the edge of a handkerchief, perhaps, or a collar-and-cuff set, it is often better to roll the hem instead of folding it in the usual way. Roll the material into a tiny, even ridge at the edge. Then hem it.



HOW TO MAKE A TEA SET



HOW TO MAKE A TEA SET

Almost any girl would like to have such a pretty little tea set as this. And it will be much more fun to own it if you have made it yourself. It is made of appliqué (a'plé'kà') work, that is, of pieces cut out of one kind of material and sewed to the surface of another. When you have learned how to do appliqué you will find many other uses for it too—to decorate bridge sets, curtains, pillows, bed spreads, dresser scarfs, table runners, and even children's dresses. Our tea set is made of light gray-blue linen. The cloth should be cut 36 inches square and the napkins, six of them, 13 inches square. When you have cut the pieces, finish the cloth with a half-inch hem and the napkins with a quarter-inch hem. The quickest way is simply to finish the hem with the regular hemming stitch.

Now for the design to be appliquéd to your set. There is no end to the pretty designs from which you may choose. You may have everything from squares or circles to characters out of nursery rhymes. You may cut flowers or designs out of wall paper, or discover them in almost any magazine. When you have chosen your design, trace it on thin paper, and then make a cardboard pattern. From this you can trace the design on the goods with chalk.

Our particular tea set is decorated, as you see from the pictures, with four large pansies and many leaves. You will need napkins about an inch across for the napkins, and two inches across for the cloth. The napkins may be made just like the cloth only smaller, as in the picture, or with only one pansy apiece.

Cut the pansies out of yellow linen in sections—A, B, and C in the pattern shown above; when you put the pieces on top of each other to make

the flower, the extra thicknesses will make your posy seem more lifelike. Cut the leaves and stems, F and G, out of green linen. The little markings on the flower, D and E, may be cut out of black linen or embroidered on later with black floss. You will notice that the leaves farther away from the flower are not so large as those close to it. The pictures will give you an idea of how big to make each part and how to arrange them all.

When the appliqué pieces are all cut out, lay them on the cloth and napkins as shown in the pictures. Pin them carefully in place and then baste them closely, keeping your stitches far enough from the edge to leave room for turning the raw edges under.

This turning under of the edges is an important and delicate business. Moisten your finger slightly, and make the turned-under fold as tiny and regular as possible. Then sew the edge down as neatly as ever you can.

It is really a very dainty hemming stitch that you use for this work. Take a tiny running stitch under the edge and then point the needle upward and catch the edge with an overcast stitch. Your stitches must not show much on the reverse side of the cloth; this is particularly important in the napkins, for we see both sides of them when they are being used. Even so, it is best to use gray-blue thread to match the foundation material, and therefore the stitches must not show at

all on the green and yellow appliquéd pieces. After you get used to it all this is much easier than it sounds.

When the appliqué work is all done, you can put on the finishing touches by embroidering veins in the leaves and centers for the flowers, you wish. Then press your set carefully with a warm iron.



This is how the completed tea cloth will look.



And one of the napkins.

HOW TO EMBROIDER



It is not very hard for anyone who sews at all to become a skillful worker of embroidery. The first thing to do is to study the figures on this page and the directions that go with each, and master thoroughly these simple stitches. You will need a ten-cent pair of embroidery hoops, a needle, a stiletto, some embroidery thread or floss—and a stock of patience and enthusiasm. With these things you should be able to do wonders. The *simple outline* (Fig. 1) is worked from left to right over a single stamped line. Insert the needle a little way along the line and bring it up exactly at the end of the previous stitch. Keep the stitches even and the thread always on the same side of the line.

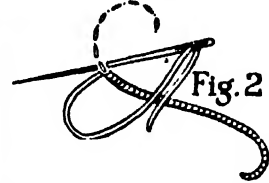
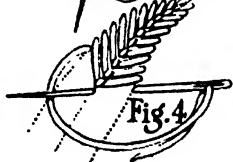
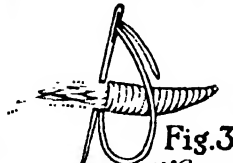
The *satín outline* (Fig. 2) is used oftener than the simple outline in monogram work. First run a thread along the stamped line for padding. Then cover it with a series of tiny stitches taken at right angles to the line. If you want the line to be heavier you can do the satín outline over a small cord or coarse thread not sewed down at all but held by the left hand along the stamped line. You will have to hold the padding very carefully, neither too loosely nor too tightly, else you will have a sadly wabby line when you are through.

The *satín stitch* (Fig. 3), the most important stitch of all, is really the same stitch as that used in the satín outline. First fill in the space with close, firm darning stitches running lengthwise; pad higher in the middle than toward the sides. Then cover with regular, smooth satiny stitches taken across the space from side to side. Some people like to work this stitch from right to left, as in the figure, and others from left to right.

The *Balkan stitch* (Fig. 4) goes very fast. Bring the thread up on the left line of the leaf or whatever it is you are working. Then insert the needle on the right line and take a downward-slanting stitch, bringing the needle up in the middle between the two lines and above the loose thread. When you pull the thread through it makes a downward loop; catch it to the material with a tiny stitch, and then bring the thread up on the



HOW TO EMBROIDER



left side again ready for the next stitch.

Eyelets (Fig. 5), ought to be very smooth indeed, and so should be worked with a fine needle and fine thread. First run a thread around the line of stamping; if the material is sheer or likely to ravel, run two threads, letting the stitches of the second row alternate with those of the first. Now slit the eyelet, roll back the edges, and shape with your stiletto. Then whip the edge over and over with short regular stitches. If you want to shade your eyelet, that is, make it heavier on one side, like the lower one in the figure, pad the part to be shaded between the two lines of outlining.

For *French knots* (Fig. 6), you will need embroidery hoops. Bring the thread out on the right side of the material just where you want your knot to be. Now hold the thread taut with your left hand and with your right point the needle upward, away from the material. Wrap the thread in your left hand once or more around the needle, then, still holding it taut, turn the needle's point and insert it in the goods very near where it came up. Draw it through carefully, holding the thread taut and putting the left thumb over the knot as the needle goes through it.

Cross-stitch (Fig. 7) consists of two short stitches crossing at right angles. The top stitches should all run in the same direction. The crosses may be finished one at a time, as in the figure, or you may work across a whole row putting in the under threads, and back putting in the upper threads. This is a showy stitch, usually worked in color with a coarse thread. Sometimes the design is stamped on the material; sometimes the material has such a regular weave that you can make even crosses by just counting the threads. When this last is impossible very careful workers use an open canvas as a guide, working over the threads of the canvas and then pulling them out one by one.

Feather stitch (Fig. 8) is like loose buttonholing. It is worked toward you by taking short slanting stitches first on the left and then on the right of a single stamped line.

HOW TO WORK MONOGRAMS



Fig. 1

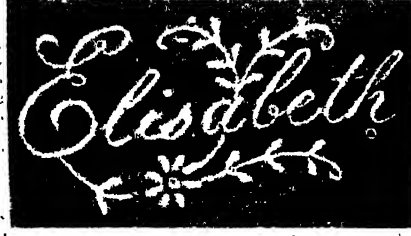


Fig. 6

HOW TO WORK MONOGRAMS



Fig. 7

We all like to receive gifts that are marked with our initials. Somehow it makes them seem more personal—as though they were made especially for us, as indeed they probably were. Apparently people have felt that way for a very long time, for most of the fine linen worn long, long ago by the kings and queens of Egypt seems to have been embroidered with their monograms or initials. Some that we have found in the valley of the Nile must be more than four thousand years old. So we are carrying on a very old and honorable craft when we get out our embroidery floss and work a fine monogram.

Sometimes we stamp monograms on the linen or whatever materials we are marking, just as we do for any other kind of embroidery. Or if we choose we may step into almost any dry-goods store and buy the raised letters in almost any size or style and fasten them to our cloth by merely passing a hot iron over them. This saves the trouble of padding and gives a firm, even edge.

Fig. 4



Fig. 2



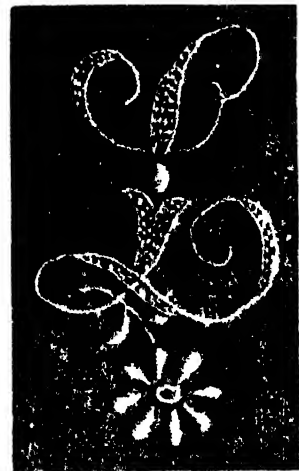
Fig. 3

It would be a good idea to start with a simple letter, such as that in Fig. 1; trace it on the cloth, very neatly, with a pencil. Fig. 2 shows how to pad it with the simple outline stitch described on another page. It is much more important than you would think that the padding be smooth and even; be especially careful to keep just within the penciled line. The sort of floss you use will depend on how high you want the letter to stand. In any case, take up as little material on the reverse side as possible, and draw the stitches firm but not tight enough to pucker the goods.

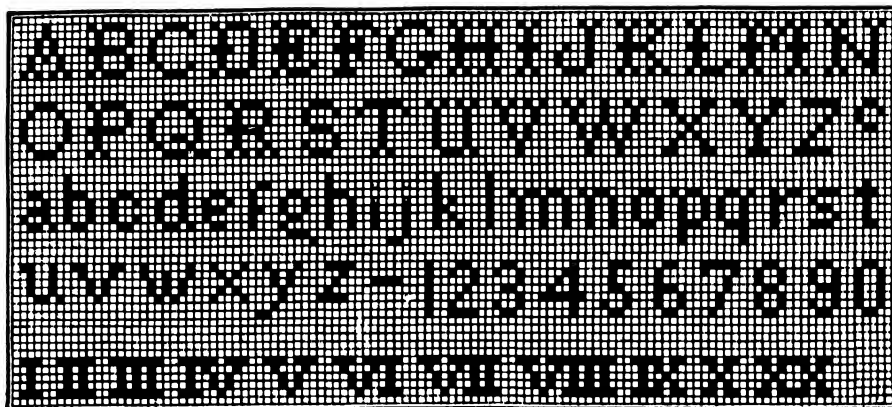
Fig. 4 shows a different kind of padding, made with a series of close, firm darning stitches. It is made higher in the middle of the wider parts than along the narrower lines and at the points.

When the line you are padding crosses another already padded, skip over the padded part to avoid making a lump. Heavier lines should cross lighter lines, not the other way round.

Fig. 5



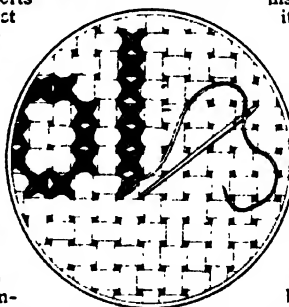
HOW TO MAKE A SAMPLER



HOW TO MAKE A SAMPLER

If some day in going through that old trunk in the attic you should come upon a crumpled scrap of old linen or cotton goods covered with faded stitchery, do not throw it aside. Press it out carefully and look closely at it. Perhaps you have found a valuable heirloom that you will want to frame and hang in the place of honor in the living room. For many of the finest old samplers, dating back to Revolutionary or colonial days, have turned up in just that way. It is only recently that we have learned to value them as they deserve. If our heirloom is early enough it will probably be just an alphabet, or several of them, worked in all sorts of different stitches, for at first samplers were true to their name and served as a place to sample this stitch and that. Matrons passed them about among their friends as we might pass a favorite recipe, and little girls made them in school, inscribing each proudly with the maker's name and the date. We are told that the very best samplers of all were made by youngsters between six and fifteen. As time went on sampler makers became more and more partial to cross-stitch, until nearly all samplers came to be made in it; and they began to make pictures and other designs, usually with a motto beneath and the whole surrounded by an attractive border. Marvelous indeed were some of these fine samplers, made by patient fingers that have long been dust. Within the last few years women have begun again to be much interested in the making of samplers. They have hunted up the old ones and framed them with all honor. They have made many more, just as fine though not yet become romantic with age. There is no reason why you should not yourself make a sampler so dainty and beautiful that it will deserve to hang among the framed pictures on your wall.

It will be best to start with a simple pattern like that illustrated here. And first of all you will have to learn cross-stitch, which is illustrated in the center of this page. Cross-stitch, as you see, is just what you would expect from its name: a series of little square crosses arranged in the proper design. To furnish guide lines, it is usual to buy loosely woven canvas, which you find wherever flosses, embroidery patterns, and such things are sold. Baste the canvas over your sampler goods and copy your pattern by counting carefully to discover the position of each square. Bring your needle up in one corner of the square,



insert it in the opposite corner, bring it up again in a third corner, and insert it once more in the fourth.

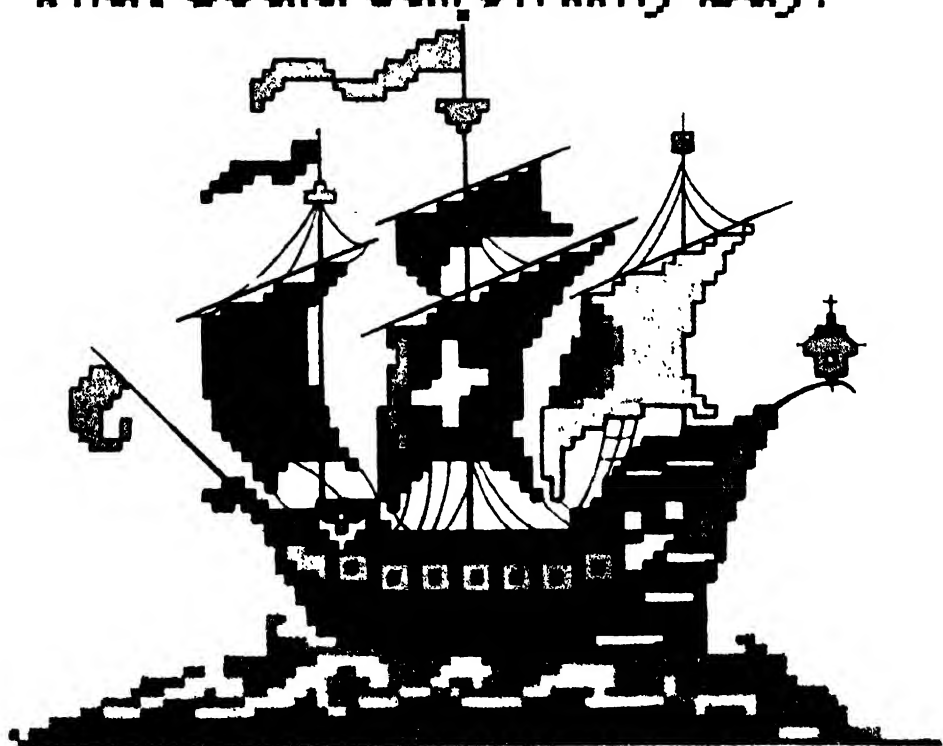
As you work you will discover ways to get from one square to another and to work along a straight row putting in one stitch to a square and back along the same row putting in the second stitch. More is told about these matters on another page of these books, for of course you can use cross-stitch for other things besides samplers. When you have finished your design, pull out the threads of canvas one by one from between your stitches and there is your design on the linen

or unbleached muslin you chose for your sampler material. Nowadays it is possible to buy samplers all stamped, or hot-iron patterns to be stamped off on linen. This way is perhaps a little easier than using the canvas, but the result is usually not quite so satisfactory. There are charming patterns to be found for any of these methods of working—everything from simple mottoes to ladies at tea or clipper ships with all sails spread. Most of them are in color. But nothing is more strikingly effective perhaps than the silhouette sampler worked all in black. If you wish to make something very gay, try the colored pattern shown on another page.

HOW TO MAKE A SAMPLER



A Ship is a Breath of Romance
That Carries us Miles Away:
And a Book is a Ship of Fancy
That Could Sail on Any Day.



HOW TO MAKE A BRAIDED RUG

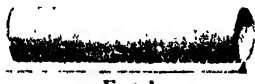


Fig. 1



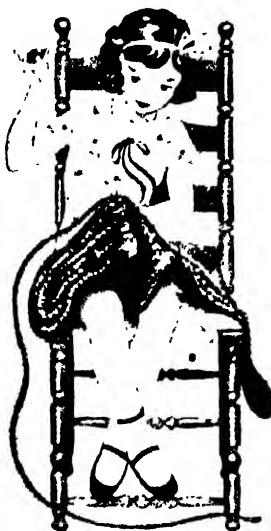
Fig. 2

Of all the ways to use up old scraps of silk or wool—silk stockings and dresses and pieces left over from dressmaking—surely none is more fun than making them into a braided rug. You could learn how to do it by making a tiny rug for the dolls' house or a mat for your table, but you will soon be wanting to make a big rug that the whole family will be proud to have in some conspicuous place on the floor.

We might try it with whatever rags happen to be handy, and then talk about color schemes later. First, then, cut the rags into strips about fifteen inches long and five-eighths of an inch wide. Fold the strips in the middle lengthwise and sew the edges together with a running stitch, as shown in Fig. 1. It is best to sew with thread to match the color of the strip, even if you have to use ravelings of the goods itself. Now turn the tube you have made right side out, as shown in Fig. 2. You can do this by basting one end together and working it over a pencil, or by drawing one end through after a stout safety pin.

When you have made three of these strips, knot them together at one end, pin them to anything steady which a pin will not hurt, and begin to braid them (Fig. 3). Be sure to keep the braiding smooth and flat and firm. When the braiding is finished, baste the ends of the three strands together.

Now we can begin to sew the rug. Form the center by coiling the braid around and around, either in a circle or in an oval, according to the shape the rug is to have when completed. Keep sewing each coil of the braid to the coil inside it. The skill comes in keeping the growing rug smooth and flat; as it grows larger it will be always trying to hump up or down in the middle. The only way to avoid this is to keep smoothing it out and making the coils just loose enough to lie flat—without being too loose. So you continue to coil and sew, as in Fig. 4, fastening a new braid to the end of the old one whenever you have used the old one all up. When the rug is as large as you want it, sew the end down neatly—and there is your rug, complete, as in Fig. 5. So much for what we do with our fingers when we make a braided rug! But no really pretty rug was ever made just with fingers. We have



HOW TO MAKE A BRAIDED RUG

to use our eyes and our brains too, to plan a color scheme—braided colors, borders, and all. There are any number of pretty color schemes, of course, and you will probably want to plan yours to fit the rags you have on hand. The point is to plan it and to use whatever you have as effectively as you can.

A gay and simple little rug for a dolls' house, for instance, can be made by starting with a braid of black cloth, then using a shorter braid of some bright color like red or blue, and finishing with another black braid.

The rug illustrated on this page is a full-sized oval which tries to catch the shifting colors of the autumn woods. For no artist can rival Mother Nature when it comes to bleeding colors, and in mid-autumn the warm hues of the leaves against a background of shadow will suggest to us an endless variety of patterns. Here is the way we propose to braid some of autumn's colors into our rug, which should be both gay and restful.

Out of the three strands of every braid we shall make two of some black material, silk or wool, according to the material our rug is to be made of. The third strand we shall make of short lengths—say six inches long—of all the shades of the autumn woodlands. We shall use warm reds, soft browns, orange, gold, yellow, with a few lengths of autumn green worked in here and there.

When our rug is far enough along to be ready for a border, we shall lay aside the bright strips, and make our third strand out of a rich dark purple—like autumn shadows or deep haze against the hills. We shall continue to sew on this black-and-purple braid until we have a border two to four rows wide. Then for the outer border we shall borrow once more from Mother Nature.

Laying aside even our faithful black, we shall use braid made of the same or varying shades of gray—the color of the mists and rains and cloudy skies of autumn. This outer border should be wider than the black-and-purple one, say six rows wide if that one was four.

Now of course, as we said before, this is only one of many possible patterns. A most attractive pillow top can be made out of your friends' old silk stockings in every tone of brown and tan.

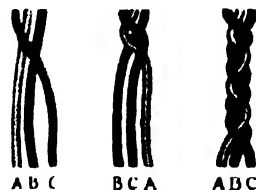


Fig. 3



Fig. 5

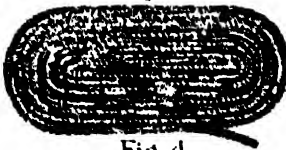


Fig. 4

HOW TO MAKE A QUILT

A fine patchwork quilt is one of the great triumphs of needlecraft; yet making one takes patience and neatness rather than any unusual skill. Our little quilt is meant for a doll's bed, but with larger patches and more of them the pattern would do very well for a full-sized quilt.



Our doll's quilt measures $27\frac{1}{2}$ by $32\frac{1}{2}$ inches. You will need a wooden frame that size and enough cotton batting to pad the quilt. The amount of cloth you will need depends on its width. The quilt takes enough white muslin to make 30 blocks, 20 squares, a $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch border, and the lining; and light blue gingham for 58 triangles, a 1-inch border, and a $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch edging.

HOW TO MAKE A QUILT

We begin by cutting the patterns (Fig. 1) from rather heavy paper, making them just four times the size illustrated.

The eight-sided blocks and the squares are to be cut out of the white muslin, and the triangles out of the blue gingham. Pin the patterns to the material and cut the pieces very carefully, exactly the size and shape of the patterns.

Next we make the star shown in Fig. 2. It is done by sewing four triangles to the four sides of a square block (Fig. 1 B), using a plain running stitch. The seams should be narrow and always of the same width. When we have four such stars we sew them, with the same running stitch, to the eight-sided block, as in Fig. 3.

We go on making "units" like Fig. 3 and sewing them together, fitting extra eight-sided blocks in between until our quilt looks like the part inside the border in Fig. 4. There will be four complete stars across and five lengthwise, with blocks and star points to finish out the pattern, as we can see in the picture.

Next we put on the border. There are really three borders, or two borders and an edging. The inside one is blue, and an inch wide; of course we shall have to cut the strips about half an inch wider, to allow for seams. When we have sewed this blue border all around our quilt, we sew on another one, white this time. It should be cut so as to be half an inch wide when it is sewed into the quilt. Finally we finish off the edge with a blue edging. For the present this also is going to be an inch wide besides the seams, but when the quilt is finished we shall double it over the edge so that it will be half an inch wide on each side.

Now we have our pretty patchwork all done and are ready to begin the quilting part. We take our wooden frame, the size and shape of the quilt, and tack some stout cloth around the wood. Next we make fast the lining—which is a white piece cut the size of the quilt—to the frame by sewing it to this cloth. We must be careful to keep the lining drawn taut as we tack it down, for of course when it is once fast, wrinkles will be there to stay.



Fig. 1

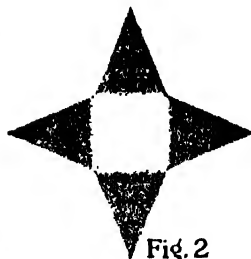


Fig. 2

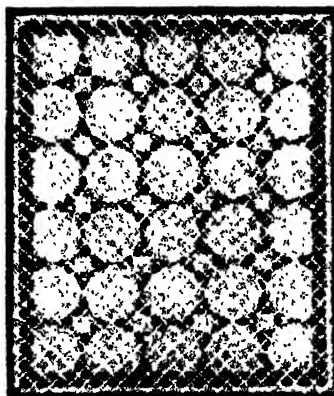


Fig. 4

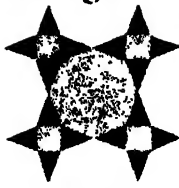


Fig. 3

Next we unroll our cotton batting and spread it evenly over the lining to the thickness we wish the quilt to be. Finally we lay our patchwork on top, stretch it taut, and tack it down to the lining all around the edges.

At last we are ready to start quilting. What we are going to do is to crisscross our quilt with neat running stitches so as to keep the padding firmly in place and at the same time make the quilt prettier. If you will look closely at Fig. 4, you will see how the little broken white lines run diagonally in both directions. These are the lines of quilting. Of course the quilt is held so taut in the frame that we shall have to bring our needle clear through from the upper to the under side before we can come back up again. We must keep our stitches even and our lines perfectly straight. Chalk lines to work along will help. When the quilting is all done, we shall take the quilt from the frame and finish the edges by hemming the edging down to the lining.

HOW TO MAKE A HOOKED RUG



HOW TO MAKE A HOOKED RUG

In bygone days, when great-grandmother had no place where she could go to buy pretty things, she learned to make all sorts of things for herself. She made the clothes for her whole family, and often spun the thread and wove the cloth for them too. She even made her own rugs. And among the treasures that have come down to us from that day, none is more prized than her beautiful hooked rugs. They are so stoutly made that they seem never to wear out, and the colors only become more beautiful with age. They are gay with flowers and animals and geometric figures, and add attractiveness to almost any room.

There is no reason in the world why you should not have a fine hooked rug of your own, even if your great-grandmother did not leave you one. For a hooked rug is easy to make and any clever girl can learn to make a very pretty one. Why should we let great-grandmother outdo us?

The first thing we need is a piece of burlap. We can buy burlap all stamped with a design and accompanied by directions as to just what colors to use. But it might be more fun to think up our own design, just as great-grandmother did. So suppose we buy a plain piece of burlap, a little larger than the size we mean our rug to be, in order to allow for hems. Then we shall make a little sketch of our design and color it with crayon or paint to see how it is going to look. When we are quite satisfied with it, we shall draw it on the burlap. Then we shall tack the burlap securely on our frame, making sure that it is taut and even.

This frame for your hooked rug you can either buy or make yourself. If you make it, you will need four light wooden strips about $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. x 1 in. and long enough to make the frame just the size of your rug. Nail the strips in a rectangle, and brace the corners with other strips, as shown in this picture.



The picture above is a diagram which shows how the loops are brought up through the burlap by your hook.

What we propose to do is to cover this burlap with loops of wool, or perhaps of silk. We can buy woolen rug yarn, if we choose. Or we can use woolen or silk scraps, cut evenly and sewed into long strips. If the scraps are not the right color, we may be clever enough to dye them. We shall have to buy the large hook.

Now we must arrange our frame so we can work easily. We can lay it across the backs of chairs so as to work standing, or we can rest one end on the knees and the other on a small table, so as to work sitting down. There now—we are ready to begin to hook. With the left hand we hold a strip of cloth or yarn underneath the frame. Then with the right hand we push the hook down through a mesh of the burlap from above. We catch hold of the strip or yarn, and with the hook pull a loop of it through the burlap until the loop stands just $\frac{3}{4}$ in. above the surface. We release the hook, skip three meshes of the burlap, push the hook down again, once more catch the strip or yarn, and draw up a second loop. We keep this up until we have covered the whole surface of the burlap.

But what of our design? Well, we have made some of the loops of one color and some of another. We have put in the small parts of the design first before the stamped outlines were covered up, and then filled in afterward with background. To make it easier and firmer, we began hooking from the ends and sides and worked toward the center.

When our rug is all hooked, we have to clip it. We slip sharp scissors under each row of loops and cut. The surface of our rug should be soft and smooth.

Finally we take the rug from the frame, turn the margin of the burlap under, and hem it down.

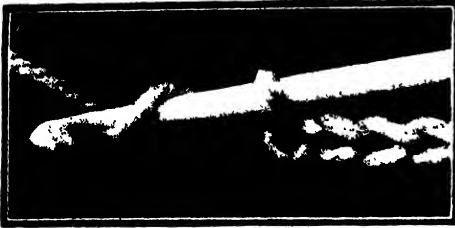


Here is a fine hooked rug, completed.

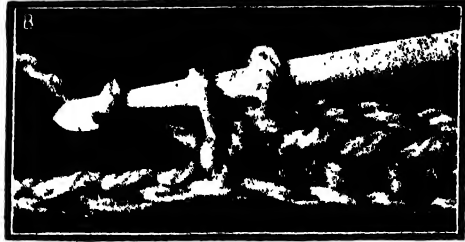


This shows how to cut the loops in clipping the rug.

HOW TO CROCHET



For practice use a large hook and coarse yarn or string. To start the **CHAIN STITCH (A)**, hold the end of the thread between thumb and middle finger of your left hand. With your right, wrap the main thread around the left index finger, bringing it down in front. Pass the hook under the loop, catch the main thread, pull it through, and withdraw your finger, closing the loop with hook inside. Now you are ready to crochet. Manage the thread with your left hand, the hook with thumb and two fingers of your right. Catch the thread from beneath, as in the picture, and draw it through the loop. This takes the first loop off the hook and leaves a second in its place.



When you have made yards and yards of chain stitch and can handle your hook easily, making the loops of the chain even, not too tight or too loose, you are ready to try the next stitch, which is **SINGLE CROCHET (B)**. Make a foundation of, say, 15 chain stitches—you always start with a chain stitch foundation—then work back over them, beginning at the second chain from the hook. Insert the hook under the 2 top stitches of the chain and draw the thread through. There are now 2 loops on your hook. Next catch the working thread again, as in the picture, and draw it through both loops. Repeat to the end of the row, then make one chain stitch and start back again.



For **DOUBLE CROCHET (C)** work back over a foundation of chain stitch, beginning with the third chain. Pass the hook under the working thread, thus making 2 loops on the hook; then insert the hook in the chain and draw the working thread through the stitch, leaving 3 loops on the hook. Draw the thread through 2 loops, then pass it under the working thread again and draw it through the 2 others. At the end of the row make 3 chain stitches to turn.



TREBLE CROCHET (D) gives an openwork effect. Pass the thread twice around the hook instead of once as in double crochet. Then insert the hook in the chain as for double crochet. When you have drawn the working thread through the stitch there will be 4 loops on your hook. Work them off 2 at a time, as for double crochet, until there is only one left. At the end of the row, make 4 chain stitches before starting back.

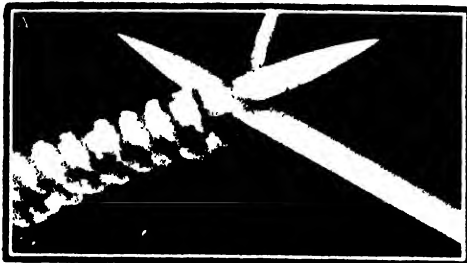


HALF DOUBLE CROCHET (E) is made like double crochet until there are 3 loops on the hook. Then, with thread over hook, draw through all 3 at once. At the end of row, make 2 chain stitches.



SLIP STITCH (F) makes a neat finish for an edge. It is rather like single crochet. Pass the hook through the stitch, catch the thread, and draw it through both stitch and loop at once. Of course, in all these stitches the important thing is to keep your work absolutely even. This will come only with practice.

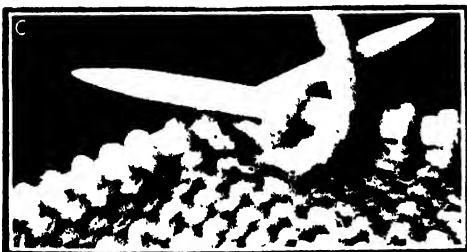
HOW TO KNIT



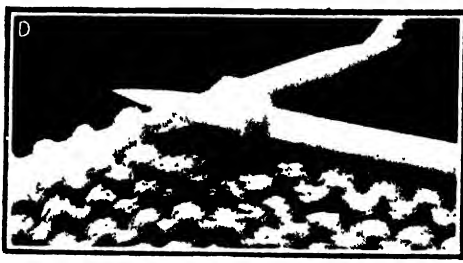
A. CASTING ON. Make a slipknot in one end of your yarn and put the loop over your left needle. Insert the other needle in this stitch from the left-hand side, as illustrated. Catch the yarn with the right needle and draw it through the stitch. With the needle still pointing in the same general direction, slip this second loop on the left needle without allowing the first loop to slip off. Now insert your needle in this second stitch and continue the process until enough stitches have been cast on.



B. PLAIN KNITTING. The left hand holds the needle that has the stitches on it; the right hand holds the empty needle. A needle should always be grasped with the point between the thumb and first finger, the thumb toward the body. The other fingers close over the needle. Pass the yarn over the first finger of the left hand, under the second, over the third, and under the fourth. Insert the empty needle under the first stitch from left to right, throw the yarn over the needle with the first finger of the left hand, draw the yarn through, and slip the old stitch off the left-hand needle. The new stitch stays on the right-hand needle. Repeat across the row.



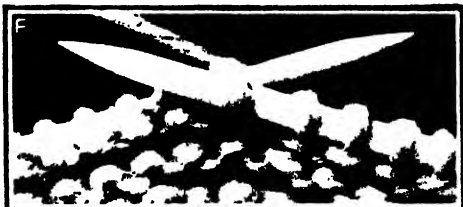
C. PURLING. Bring the yarn in front of the needles. Insert the right-hand needle toward the front, from right to left. Catch the yarn, draw it through, and slip the old stitch off.



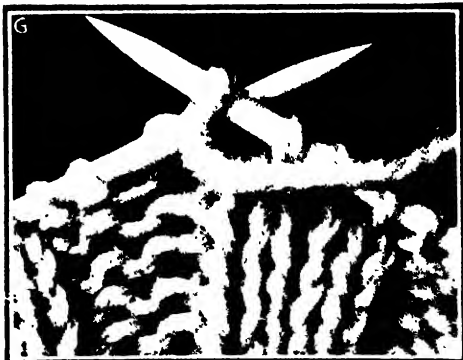
D. BINDING OFF. Knit 2, slip first stitch over the second; knit 1, and again slip first stitch over second. Repeat.



E. INCREASING THE STITCH. Knit a stitch without slipping it off the left needle. Then knit through the back of the same stitch and slip off.



F. SLIPPING A STITCH. Insert the needle from the right side and pass the stitch from the left needle to the right without knitting.



G. RIBBING. For 3 and 3 ribbing, as in the picture, knit 3, purl 3, knit 3, &c. On the next row reverse—purl 3, knit 3, &c.

PROJECTS *and* RECREATION

Reading Unit No. 6

FIRST LESSONS IN DOMESTIC SCIENCE

Note: For basic information not found on this page, consult the general Index, Vol. 15.

For statistical and current facts, consult the Richards Year Book Index.

Interesting Facts Explained

How to make fondant, 14-83
Stuffed dates and prunes, salted nuts and pop corn, 14-83
The right way to prepare fudge and other dainties, 14-84
How to make bonbons, 14-85

Different kinds of molasses candy, 14-86
Nickels and dimes from sweets, 14-87
Cool drinks for hot days, 14-88

Things to Think About

Why should candy be eaten after a meal and not before it?
Why do we say that too many "sweets" are not good for us?
What language does the word "bonbon" come from, and what does it mean? Which country

is most famous for its candy?
Do nuts have much food value?
What is the best advertisement a candy maker can have?
Why should candies always look as attractive as possible?

Picture Hunt

How sugar cane looks, 9-115
The cacao tree, 9-177

The orange tree, 9-171

Related Material

How cane sugar is made, 9-113-16
How chocolate is made, 9-177-78
The valuable citrus fruits, 9-170-75

The many uses of the lowly peanut, 9-198-99
How the sugar you eat is used by your body, 2-361

Leisure-time Activities

PROJECT NO. 1: Following the instructions given on page 14-84 for preparing creamed walnuts, make creamed Brazil nuts. In the same way, use the information given in the text as the basis for making many different kinds of candy.

PROJECT NO. 2: Visit a candy factory and watch how candy is made and wrapped. You will be able to get many useful hints to help you in your own candy making, even though you cannot afford expensive machinery.

Summary Statement

Almost everyone loves to eat candy. If it is well made, candy is good food, though we should be careful not to eat too much of it.

If you have skill and patience you may be able to build up a thriving little candy business that will supply you with your pocket money.

HOW TO MAKE CANDY

FONDANT

2 cups sugar; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup boiling water; $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cream of tartar; $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon glycerin.

Put the ingredients in a smooth granite-ware saucepan, stir them, and then bring the mixture to the boiling point. Boil it rapidly without stirring until, when half a teaspoonful is dropped in cold water, a jellylike ball may be formed. Pour the sirup into a bowl, cool it, and stir and beat it until it is white and creamy. Then turn it out on a platter and knead it until it is smooth. Return it to the bowl,



cover it with paraffin or oiled paper, and let it stand for twenty-four hours. Then heat it until it melts by placing the dish in a stewpan containing boiling water. Flavor it and color it as desired. Fondant may be used for dipping small cakes, for frosting larger ones, or for making confections. If a large quantity is required, do not attempt to double the recipe, but rather repeat it until the necessary quantity is made. Sugar crystals should always be washed from the side of the saucepan before the hot sirup is poured out.

HOW TO MAKE CANDY

STUFFED DATES I

Make a cut the entire length of the dates and remove the stones. Fill the cavities with chestnuts or English walnuts, and shape the dates in their original form. Roll them in granulated sugar, and pile them in rows on a small plate covered with a doily.

STUFFED DATES II

Remove the stones from dates and fill the cavities with cream cheese or Canton ginger.

SALTED ALMONDS

Blanch one-fourth of a pound of almond meats by pouring boiling water over them and then removing the skins after they have stood two minutes. Dry the nuts on a towel. Put one-third of a cup of olive oil in a very small saucepan. When it is hot, put in one-fourth of the almonds and fry them to a delicate brown, stirring them to keep the almonds constantly in motion. Remove the nuts with a spoon or small skimmer, taking up as little oil as possible, drain them on brown paper, and sprinkle them with salt; repeat this process until all are fried. It may be necessary to remove some of the salt by wiping the nuts with a napkin.

SALTED PEANUTS

In buying peanuts for salting, get those which have not been roasted. Remove the skins and fry and salt them as for salted almonds.

SALTED PECANS

Shelled pecans may be bought by the pound; this is much the best form in which to buy them if they are to be used for salting, since it is difficult to remove the nut meats without breaking them. Fry them as for salted almonds, but take care that they do not remain in the fat too long; since they have a dark skin, their color does not indicate when they are sufficiently cooked.

STUFFED PRUNES

Remove the stones from prunes and dates. Fill the cavities made in the prunes with prepared dates, shape the prunes in their original form, and roll them in sugar.

DEVILED RAISINS

Remove the stems from large selected raisins and cook the raisins in hot olive oil until they are plump. Then drain them on brown paper and sprinkle with salt and paprika.

STEAMED FIGS

Steam bag figs until soft. Then cool them and make an incision lengthwise in each. Stuff each one with one-half a marshmallow and an English walnut meat broken in pieces. Close the incisions, press the figs into shape, and serve them in paper cases.

SUGARED POP CORN

2 qts. popped corn; 2 tablespoons butter; 2 cups brown sugar; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water.

Put the butter in a saucepan, and when it is melted add the sugar and water. Bring it to the boiling point and let it boil sixteen minutes. Then pour it over the corn, and stir the mixture until every kernel is well coated with sugar.

CORN BALLS

5 qts. popped corn; 2 cups sugar; $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups water; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup white corn sirup; $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon, each, of salt and vinegar; 1 tablespoon vanilla.

Boil the sugar, water, and corn sirup without stirring until the thermometer registers 260° F.; then add the remaining ingredients and boil to 264° F. Have the corn in a large pan, and pour the sirup on it gradually, turning the corn constantly with a spoon, that it may be evenly coated. Make the mixture into balls, and let it stand in a cold place until brittle.

HOW TO MAKE CANDY

GLACÉ NUTS

2 cups sugar; 1 cup boiling water; $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cream of tartar.

Put the ingredients in a smooth saucepan, stir and heat them to the boiling point. Boil the mixture without stirring until the sirup begins to discolor; this will happen at 310° F. Wash off the sugar which adheres to the sides of the saucepan, as you do in making fondant. Remove the saucepan from fire, and instantly place it in a larger pan of cold water to stop its boiling. Then remove it from the cold water and place it in a saucepan of hot water during the dipping. Take the nut meats separately on a long pin, dip them in the sirup, and place them on oiled paper.

GLACÉ FRUITS

For glacé fruits, grapes, strawberries, sections of mandarins and oranges, and candied cherries are most commonly used. Take the grapes separately from the clusters, leaving a short stem on each grape. Dip it in the sirup made for glacé nuts, holding it by the stem with pincers. Remove it to oiled paper. Glacé fruits do not keep more than a day, and should be attempted only in cold weather.

CANDIED ORANGE PEEL

Remove the peel from four thin-skinned oranges in quarters. Cover it with cold water, bring it to the boiling point, and cook it slowly until it is soft. Drain it, remove the white portion with a spoon, and cut the yellow portion into thin strips with scissors. Boil one-half cup of water and one cup of sugar until the sirup will thread when dropped from the tip of a spoon. Cook the strips of peel in the sirup five minutes, drain them, and coat them with fine granulated sugar. Grapefruit peel may be candied in the same way.

PRALINES

$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups powdered sugar; 1 cup maple syrup; 2 cups hickory nuts or pecans; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cream.

Boil the first three ingredients until the mixture forms a soft ball when tried in cold water. Remove it from fire, and beat it until it is creamy. Then add the nuts, and drop the candy from the tip of a spoon in small piles on buttered paper. It may also be poured into a buttered tin and cut in squares with a sharp knife.

FUDGE

3 cups sugar; $\frac{3}{4}$ cup very rich milk; $2\frac{1}{4}$ squares unsweetened chocolate.

Cut the chocolate into small pieces and put it into a saucepan with the sugar and milk. As it heats, stir it constantly until the chocolate is melted. Boil the mixture slowly until it will form a jellylike mass when a half teaspoonful is dropped into cold water. Then pour it out on a marble slab or cold buttered tin and work it with a spoon or spatula until it is of a consistency to knead; then knead it with the hands, until it is creamy. Put it in a slightly buttered pan and press it down evenly, using the back of the hand. Cool slightly and cut into squares. Fudge made in this way is always more creamy than when beaten.

AFTER-DINNER MINTS

3 cups sugar; $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cream of tartar; $\frac{1}{4}$ cup boiling water; $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoon vinegar; 2 drops oil of peppermint.

Put the ingredients, except peppermint, in a saucepan, bring them to the boiling point, and let them boil, without stirring, until the mixture will become brittle when a half teaspoonful is dropped in cold water. Pour it on a large buttered platter. As soon as the edges cool, fold them toward center, and as soon as the mixture can be handled, pull it until it is white, adding the peppermint during the process. Cut it in small pieces with scissors and empty them into a bowl containing powdered sugar. Stir them until they are coated with sugar and then put them in a covered glass jar, to stand for ten or twelve days.

TURKISH DELIGHT

1 ounce gelatin; $\frac{3}{4}$ cup cold water; 1 pound granulated sugar; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup boiling water; the grated rind of 1 orange; the juice of 1 orange; the juice of 1 lemon; red coloring; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped nut meats.

Break the gelatin in pieces, add the cold water, cover, and let soak two hours. Put the sugar and boiling water in saucepan, bring it to the boiling point, add gelatin, and let simmer twenty minutes. Add the flavorings and coloring, strain, add the nut meats, and turn into a bread tin—which has been rinsed with cold water—to a depth of one inch. Let the mixture stand until cold, then remove it to a board, cut in cubes, and roll in confectioners' sugar. The nut meats may be omitted.

CREAMED WALNUTS

(uncooked mixture)

White of 1 egg; $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoon cold water; $\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon vanilla; 1 pound confectioners' sugar; English walnuts.

Put the egg, water, and vanilla in a bowl, and beat until they are well blended. Add the sugar gradually until the mixture is stiff enough to knead. Shape it into balls, flatten them, and place halves of walnuts opposite each other in each piece. Sometimes all the sugar will not be required.

CHOCOLATE CREAM PEPPERMINTS

(uncooked mixture)

2 tablespoons of hot thin cream; $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups confectioners' sugar; $\frac{1}{4}$ tablespoon melted butter; 3 drops of oil of peppermint; dipping chocolate.

Add the sugar, gradually, to the cream; then add the butter and peppermint. Work the mixture until it is creamy, using the hands. Shape it into balls, flatten them, dip them in melted dipping chocolate, using a three-tined fork, and remove them to paraffin paper.

VINEGAR CANDY

2 cups sugar; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup vinegar; 2 tablespoons butter.

Put the butter in a kettle and when it is melted add the sugar and vinegar. Stir the mixture until the sugar is dissolved, but afterwards only occasionally. Boil it until it becomes brittle when half a teaspoonful is dropped into cold water. Then turn it on a buttered platter to cool. Pull it and cut it as for molasses candy.

HOW TO MAKE CANDY

BONBONS

The centers of bonbons are made of fondant shaped in small balls. If white fondant is used, flavor it as desired vanilla is usually preferred. For coconut centers, work as much shredded coconut as possible into a small quantity of fondant. For nut centers, surround pieces of nut meat with fondant, using just enough to cover the nut. French candied cherries are often used in this way. Allow the balls to stand over night, and dip them the following day.

To Dip Bonbons. Put fondant in a

saucepan, and melt it over hot water; then color it and flavor it as desired. In coloring fondant, dip a small wooden skewer in coloring paste, take up a small quantity of the paste, and dip the skewer in the fondant. If care is not taken, the color is apt to be too intense. During the dipping, keep the fondant over hot water, so that it may be kept at the right consistency. For dipping, use a two-tined fork or confectioners' bonbon dipper.

Drop the centers in the fondant one at a time, stir them until they are covered, remove them from the fondant, and put them on oiled paper. Stir the fondant between dippings to keep a crust from forming.



CHOCOLATE CREAM CANDY

2 cups sugar; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk; 1 tablespoon butter; 2 squares unsweetened chocolate; 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Put the butter in a granite saucepan, and when it is melted, add the sugar and milk. Heat the mixture to the boiling point, then add the chocolate, and stir it constantly until the chocolate is melted. Boil it thirteen minutes, remove it from fire, add the vanilla, and beat the mixture until it is creamy and begins to sugar slightly around the edge of the saucepan. Pour it at once into a buttered pan, cool it slightly, and mark it in squares. Omit the vanilla, if you so desire, and add, while cooking, one-fourth of a teaspoon of cinnamon. It is well to remove the crystals of sugar from the edge of the saucepan with a damp cloth before the mixture is turned out.

MAPLE SUGAR CANDY

1 lb. soft maple sugar; $\frac{1}{4}$ cup thin cream; $\frac{1}{4}$ cup boiling water; $\frac{1}{4}$ cup English walnut or pecan meats, cut in pieces.

Break the sugar into pieces, and put it in the saucepan with the cream and water. Bring the mixture to the boiling point, and boil it until a soft ball is formed when a half teaspoonful of it is dropped into cold water. Remove it from the fire, beat it until creamy, add the nut meats, and pour it into a buttered tin. Cool it slightly, and mark it into squares.

RAISIN OPERA CARMELS

2 cups light brown sugar; $\frac{1}{4}$ cup thin cream; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup raisins.

Put the sugar and cream in a saucepan, bring them to the boiling point, and let them boil until a soft ball may be formed when a half teaspoonful of the mixture is dropped into cold water. Turn the candy out on a marble slab or into a large platter, cool it slightly, and work it with a wooden spatula or a large wooden spoon until it is creamy. Add the raisins, seeded and cut in pieces, and with the hands spread

the mixture evenly in a buttered pan to a depth of three-fourths of an inch. Cool it and cut it into cubes with a small knife.

VANILLA OPERA CARMELS

1 lb. confectioners' sugar; $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter; $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk; 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Melt the butter in a saucepan, add the sugar and milk, and bring the mixture to the boiling point. When it has boiled enough to form a soft ball if a half teaspoonful is dropped into cold water, remove it from the fire, add the vanilla, and beat the candy until it is creamy. Turn it into a buttered pan, and after it has cooled slightly, cut it into squares.

NUT OPERA CARMELS

To vanilla opera caramels add one cup of chopped English walnut meats as soon as the mixture is removed from the fire.

PEANUT PENUCHE

1 tablespoon butter; 2 cups brown sugar; $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt; $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cream or milk; $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped peanuts; 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Melt the butter in a saucepan and add the sugar and the milk or cream. Bring the mixture to the boiling point and let it boil until it will form a soft ball when a half teaspoonful is dropped into cold water. Remove it from the fire and beat it until it is creamy. Then add the nut meats sprinkled with salt. Turn it into a buttered pan, and when it has cooled slightly, cut it into squares, using a sharp knife. Walnuts or shredded coconut may be used in place of peanuts. If coconut is used, add one-half teaspoonful of vanilla.

DIPPED WALNUTS

Melt fondant and add flavoring. Dip halves of walnuts, as bonbon centers are dipped. Halves of pecans or whole blanched almonds may be similarly dipped. In fact, fondant may be used in a great variety of ways, both as a foundation and as a coating.



HOW TO MAKE CANDY

MOLASSES CORN BALLS

3 qts. popped corn; 1 cup molasses; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar; 1 tablespoon butter; $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt.

Pop the corn and pick it over, discarding the kernels that have not popped. Then put it in a large kettle and salt it. Melt the butter in a saucepan and add the molasses and sugar. Bring the mixture to the boiling point and boil it until it becomes brittle when a half teaspoonful is dropped into cold water. Then pour the mixture gradually over the corn, which you must stir constantly. Shape the corn into balls, using as little pressure as possible.

PULLED MOLASSES CANDY

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter; 2 cups sugar; 1 cup molasses; 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups boiling water.

Put the butter in a granite kettle or saucepan, and when it is melted add the sugar, molasses, and water. Bring the mixture to the boiling point and let it boil, without stirring, until it will form a very soft ball that will just keep in shape when a half teaspoonful of it is dropped into cold water. Turn it into a buttered dripping pan, and as the mixture cools around the sides, fold them toward the center. When the candy is cool enough to handle, pull it until it is porous and light-colored, allowing the candy to come in contact only with the tips of the fingers and the thumbs, and not to be squeezed in the hand.

Cut the ropes in small pieces, using large shears or a sharp knife, and arrange on slightly buttered plates to cool. A few drops of oil of peppermint, clove, or cinnamon may be added during the pulling. Black-walnut meats may be added if an unusually delicious confection is desired.

VELVET MOLASSES CANDY

1 cup molasses; 3 cups sugar; 1 cup boiling water; 3 tablespoons vinegar; $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cream of tartar; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup melted butter; $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon soda.

Put the first four ingredients in a kettle placed near the front of the range. As soon as the boiling point is reached, add the cream of tartar. Boil the mixture until it becomes brittle when a half teaspoonful of it is dropped into cold water. It must be stirred constantly during the last part of the cooking. When it is nearly done, add the butter and soda. Pour it into a buttered pan and pull as for molasses candy. While it is being pulled, add either one teaspoon of vanilla, one-half teaspoon of lemon extract, a few drops of oil of peppermint, or a few drops of wintergreen.

WALNUT MOLASSES SQUARES

2 tablespoons butter; 1 cup molasses; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup English walnuts; few grains salt.

Put the butter in a saucepan and when it is melted add the molasses and sugar. Stir the mixture until the sugar is dissolved, bring it to the boiling point, and let it boil until it is brittle when a half teaspoonful is dropped into cold water. During the first part of the boiling stirring is unnecessary, but when the candy is nearly cooked, it should be stirred constantly. Add walnut meats which have been cut in pieces and sprinkled with salt. Turn the candy into a buttered pan, cool slightly, and mark in squares with a sharp knife.

BUTTERSCOTCH

1 cup sugar; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup molasses; 1 tablespoon vinegar; 2 tablespoons boiling water; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter.

Boil the ingredients together until the mixture will become brittle when tried in cold water. Turn it into a well buttered pan, and when it is slightly cool, mark it into squares with a sharp-pointed knife. This candy is much improved by cooking a small piece of vanilla bean with the other ingredients.

CHOCOLATE CARAMELS

2 $\frac{1}{4}$ tablespoons butter; 2 cups molasses; 1 cup brown sugar; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk; 3 squares unsweetened chocolate; 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Put the butter into a kettle, and when it is melted, add the molasses, sugar, and milk. Stir the mixture until the sugar is dissolved, and when the boiling point is reached, add the chocolate, stirring constantly until the chocolate is melted. Boil the whole until, when it is tried in cold water, a firm ball may be formed in the fingers. Add vanilla just after taking the candy from fire. Turn it into a buttered pan, cool, and mark in small squares.

NUT CHOCOLATE CARAMELS

To chocolate caramels made according to the above directions add the broken-up meats from one pound of English walnuts, or one-half pound of almonds blanched and chopped. The directions for blanching almonds are given in the recipe for salted almonds.

PEANUT BRITTLE

1 lb. sugar; 1 quart peanuts.

Shell the peanuts, remove the skins, and chop the meats fine. Sprinkle them with one-fourth teaspoon of salt. Put the sugar in an iron frying pan, place it on the range, and stir the sugar constantly until it melts to a sirup, taking care to keep it away from the sides of the pan. Add the nut meats, pour the mixture at once into a warm buttered tin, and mark it in small squares. If the sugar is not removed from the range as soon as it is melted, it will quickly scorch. A wooden potato masher dipped in water may be used to smooth the mixture when it has been turned into the tin.

NUT BAR

Cover the bottom of a buttered shallow pan with one and one-third cups of nut meats - chestnuts, English walnuts, or almonds - cut into quarters. Pour over them one pound of sugar, melted as for peanut brittle. Mark the candy off into bars.

WINTERGREEN WAFERS

1 oz. gum tragacanth; 1 cup cold water; confectioners' sugar; oil of wintergreen.

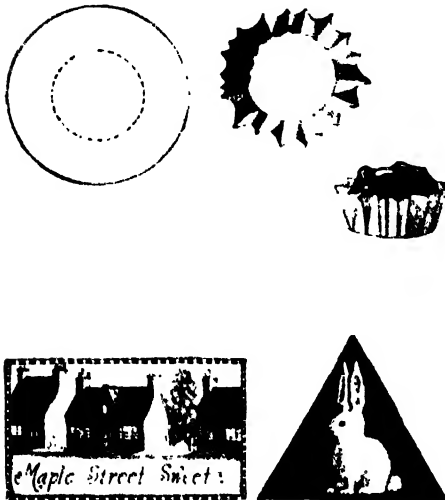
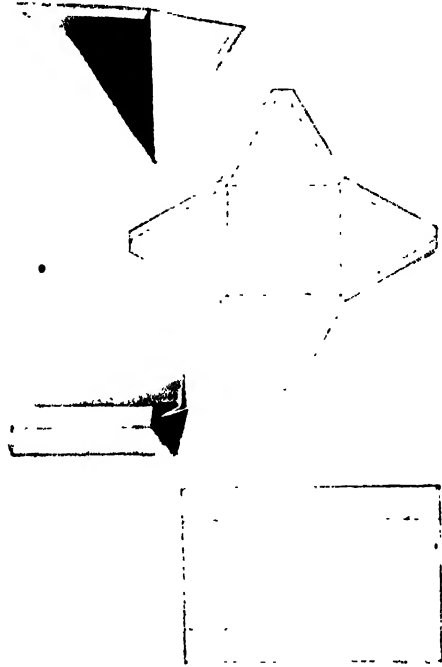
Soak the gum tragacanth in water twenty-four hours and rub it through a fine wire sieve; add enough confectioners' sugar so that you may knead it. Flavor the mixture with a few drops of oil of wintergreen. It may be colored pink with fruit red. Roll the candy out on a board or marble slab dredged with sugar. Cut into circles with a cutter, spread the wafers, cover them, and let them stand until dry and brittle. This mixture may also be flavored with oil of lemon, clove, sassafras, etc., and colored yellow, green, or red.

HOW TO MAKE CANDY

NICKELS AND DIMES FROM SWEETS

There are still a few things in the world that people prefer to have homemade. One of these is candy. You may always be sure that if you are skillful in concocting toothsome dainties out of sugar, your friends will be only too glad to buy them—provided, of course, that you ask a reasonable price. Many a clever girl has earned a tidy sum of money by turning out tempting bonbons that no one could resist. And there have even been some who, from a humble beginning with a few saucepans and their own wits, have built up enormous businesses, with stock selling on the New York Exchange. If you are willing to work carefully and are conscientious in never selling a bonbon of inferior quality, there is no reason why you should not build up a thriving little business among your friends at school or among the members of your church or your mother's club.

But you must be sure that all your wares are of the very best quality, and that they are delivered in as attractive a form as you can manage. You will find it a real advantage to have "Susan's Candies" or "Maple Street Sweets" carry their own guarantee of the care that you have put into the making of them. An attractive poster hung up at school will do its share, too, in proclaiming the fact that orders will be delivered regularly every week, if the customer so desires; and our instructions for stenciling will give you help in getting out engaging little notices to announce to your mother's friends the fact that you will make candies to carry out the color scheme for a luncheon or a card party. Of course, for ordinary small sales, such as may very well make up the bulk of your business, bright-colored cellophane with a small piece of cardboard to give a solid support to your candies, will make a very satisfactory wrapping.



When you have got a small start, you will probably want to make arrangements for buying your materials at wholesale. You may even need to hire a brother or sister to help carry on your business, or you may feel it desirable to take a partner. Whatever your plans may be, always conduct your affairs in a thoroughly businesslike manner. Keep a record of all you spend and of all you take in, and be prompt and polite in all your business relationships. Do not imagine that you can succeed except by being scrupulously honest. A large corporation may carry on business—for a while—and yet cheat the public. But if a small business man gets a reputation for dishonesty he is ruined on the spot.

Now of course all these pieces of advice assume that you know how to make candy so delectable that anyone who tastes a piece of it will at once ask where it came from and who made it. That will be your very best advertisement. If you are not quite certain of your skill, you had better practice before you start out to sell your wares. And you cannot do better than to use the recipes you will find on these pages. Follow them minutely. You will find the making of dainty sweets a delightful pastime, whether you want to set up in business or not.

HOW TO MAKE BEVERAGES

CHOCOLATE EGG AND MILK SHAKE

2 tablespoons finely crushed ice; $2\frac{1}{4}$ tablespoons chocolate sirup; 1 egg; $\frac{3}{8}$ cup milk.

Put the ingredients in a beverage mixer and shake them thoroughly. Then strain them into a glass for serving. A few gratings of nutmeg or a few grains of cinnamon may be sprinkled on top. The ice may be omitted if the ingredients have been thoroughly chilled in the ice box.

LEMONADE

1 cup sugar; $\frac{3}{8}$ cup lemon juice; 1 pint water.

Make a sirup by boiling the sugar and water together for twelve minutes; add the fruit juice, cool the mixture, and dilute it with ice water to suit the individual taste. Lemon sirup may be bottled and kept on hand to use as needed.

PINEAPPLE LEMONADE

1 pint water; 1 cup sugar; 1 quart ice water; 1 can grated pineapple; juice of 3 lemons.

Make a sirup by boiling the water and sugar ten minutes; add the pineapple and lemon juice, cool, strain, and add the ice water.

ICED FRUIT JUICE

Arrange fresh mint leaves lengthwise in frappé glasses, allowing four to each glass. Add finely crushed ice to three-fourths the depth of the glasses, and fill the glass with fresh fruit juice sweetened to taste. Grape juice, fresh raspberry juice, fresh strawberry juice, or fresh pineapple juice may be used. Arrange the glasses on small plates covered with doilies, and accompany each with a teaspoon.

CARD PUNCH

2 pints ginger ale; 1 pint grape juice.

Mix the ginger ale and the grape juice. Fill glasses half full of finely crushed ice and then add the mixture to each glass. A dash of lemon juice often improves this punch.

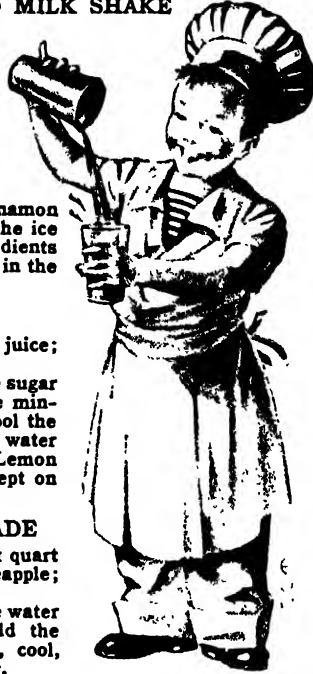
LUNCHEON PUNCH

1 quart Apollinaris; 1 quart white grape juice.

Pack the bottled ingredients in salt and ice and let them stand until thoroughly chilled. Just before serving, mix them and pour them into a chilled pitcher.

FRUIT PUNCH I

1 quart cold water; 2 cups sugar; $\frac{3}{8}$ cup lemon juice; 2 cups chopped pineapple; 1 cup orange juice.



Boil the water, sugar, and pineapple together for twenty minutes; add the fruit juice, cool, strain, and dilute it with the ice water.

FRUIT PUNCH II

1 cup water; 2 cups sugar; 1 cup tea infusion; 1 quart Apollinaris; 2 cups strawberry sirup; juice of 5 lemons; juice of 5 oranges; 1 can grated pineapple; 1 cup Maraschino cherries.

Make a sirup by boiling the water and sugar together for ten minutes; then add the tea, strawberry sirup, lemon juice, orange juice and pineapple. Let the mixture stand thirty minutes, then strain it and add ice water to make one and one-half gallons of liquid. Add the cherries and Apollinaris last. Serve it in a punch bowl, with a large piece of ice. This quantity will serve fifty.

GINGER PUNCH

1 quart cold water; 1 cup sugar; $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. Canton ginger; $\frac{1}{8}$ cup orange juice; $\frac{3}{8}$ cup lemon juice.

Chop the ginger, add it to the water and sugar, and boil the mixture for fifteen minutes; then add the fruit juice, cool and strain the mixture, and dilute it with crushed ice.

CIDER PUNCH

1 quart new or bottled cider; $\frac{3}{4}$ cup lemon juice; sugar; 1 quart Apollinaris; ice.

Mix the cider and lemon juice and sweeten them to taste. Strain the mixture into a punch bowl over a large piece of ice. Just before serving add the Apollinaris.

MINT JULEP

5 lemons; 1 bunch fresh mint; $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups sugar; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water; 3 bottles ginger ale; ice.

Squeeze the juice from the lemons, add the mint leaves, sugar, and water, and let the mixture stand for thirty minutes. Pour it over a large piece of ice and add the ginger ale. Serve it in small glasses.

ROOT BEER

A homemade root beer is made by adding 5 gallons of boiling water to $1\frac{1}{2}$ gallons of molasses. Allow the mixture to stand for three hours, then add $\frac{1}{4}$ pound each of bruised sassafras bark, wintergreen bark, and sassa-parilla root. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ pint fresh yeast and water enough to make fifteen gallons. After this mixture has fermented for 12 hours, it can be drawn off and bottled.

LIMEADE

Limeade is made in the same way as lemonade except that the juice of limes is substituted for that of lemons.

PROJECTS *and* RECREATION

Reading Unit No. 7

RIDDLES

Note: For basic information not found on this page, consult the general Index, Vol. 15.

For statistical and current facts, consult the Richards Year Book Index.

Interesting Facts Explained

Words are strange things. We can use them, not only to make our meaning clear to others, but also to hide our meaning from others. You will often hear it said of someone that he speaks in riddles. In other words, he covers up his thought, instead of revealing it. Yet we all like to be puzzled sometimes, and we enjoy having our brains teased. Riddles are almost as old as language itself. Some of the oldest English poems, written more than a thousand years

ago, are put in the form of riddles; and we are just as fond of riddles to-day as we ever were. There are many different kinds of riddles. Some of them depend on the fact that there are many pairs of words in English, like "maid" and "made," which sound exactly the same, though they are entirely different in meaning. Still other riddles are built around words, like "plot," which have several meanings. Can you pick out examples of these two kinds of riddles?

Things to Think About

Why do you like to ask and answer riddles

Related Material

How the languages of the world came into being, 10 1-7
How the English language grew

and changed, 10 9-15
The wonderful story of words, 10 17-25

Practical Applications

Do you know any games which are based on riddles?

Leisure-time Activities

PROJECT NO. 1: Draw up a list of pairs of words which sound alike but have different meanings. Try to construct riddles around these words.

PROJECT NO. 2: Draw up a list of words which can be used in different senses. Try to invent riddles which will contain these words.

Summary Statement

Riddles can not only give us a great deal of pleasure, but can also teach us a good many things about language. Many races of

people, since the beginning of time, have delighted in riddles; and even to-day, both young and old take pleasure in them.

RIDDLES



- 93—When is an author a jeweler?
 94—What tradesman invariably finds things dull?
 95—Why is a gardener like a story writer?
 96—What is the difference between a gardener and a billiard player?
 97—Why are cowardly soldiers like candles?
 98—Why is a thief called a jail bird?
 99—What is that which will give a cold, cure a cold, and pay a doctor's bills?
 100—Who may marry many a wife, and yet live single all his life?
 101—Why are the clouds like coachmen?
 102—What is it that has a face but no head; hands but no feet; yet travels everywhere and is usually running?
 103—When is a boat like a heap of snow?
 104—What is it that works when it plays and plays when it works?
 105—Why are weary people like carriage wheels?
 106—What is the difference between an engine driver and a school master?
 107—What is that which has a mouth but never speaks, and a bed but never sleeps in it?
 108—What is that which makes everything visible, yet is itself unseen?
 109—What is that which lives in winter, dies in summer, and grows with its roots upward?
 110—When can you carry water in a sieve?
 111—Why is the wick of a candle like the city of Athens?
 112—Why is it unwise to gaze on Niagara?
 113—What is that which goes from San Francisco to New York without moving?
 114—Why was the country of Phoenicia like an automobile?
 115—What was four weeks old when Cain was born, and is not yet five?
 116—What word is it which by changing a single letter becomes its own opposite?
 117—What word is composed of five letters from which you may take two and leave only one?
 118—What is the noblest musical instrument?
 119—Why is a lame dog like a schoolboy adding 6 and 7?
 120—What animal took the most luggage into the ark, and which took the least?
 121—Why is a spider a good correspondent?
 122—What creature is more wonderful than a horse that can count?
 123—Why is a rooster sitting on a fence like a penny?
 124—What is the difference between a cat and a match?
 125—If a man gets up on a donkey, where does he get down from?
 126—Why is a horse the most curious feeder?
 127—What animal does a boy represent when throwing wood on a pile?
 128—How can it be proved that a horse has six legs?
 129—Why would a compliment from a chicken be an insult?
 130—Why should fish be well educated?
 131—When is a wall like a fish?
 132—What has four legs and only one foot?
 133—What increases its value one-half when turned upside down?
 134—What is that which is often brought to table, often cut, but never eaten?
 135—What relation is that child to its father, who is not its father's own son?

RIDDLES

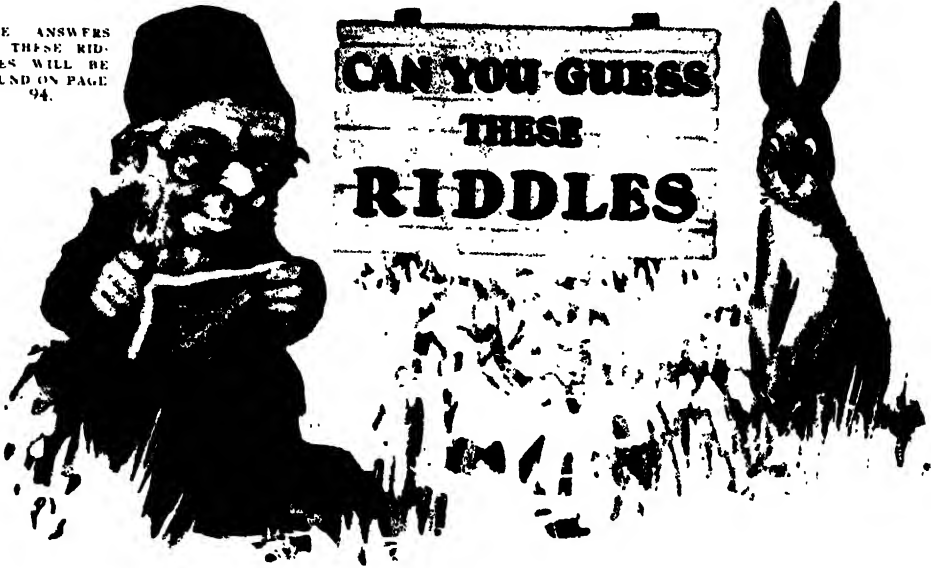


THE ANSWERS TO THESE
RIDDLES WILL BE FOUND
ON PAGE 94

- 136 What insect frequents district schools?
- 137 What world catastrophe would happen if a colored waiter dropped a platter with a turkey upon it?
- 138 At what time of the day was Adam born?
- 139 If I were in the sun and you were out of it, what would the sun become?
- 140 If a two-wheeled wagon is a bicycle, and a three-wheeled wagon is a tricycle, what would you call a wagon with five wheels?
- 141 What is the keynote to good manners?
- 142 When was beef the highest?
- 143 What is the best way to keep fish from smelling?
- 144 What do we break by just naming it?
- 145 Why is early grass like a penknife?
- 146 Plant a sunrise and what will come up?
- 147 How long did Cain hate his brother?
- 148 Which of the four seasons is the most literary?
- 149 Of what trade are all the presidents of the United States members?
- 150 Who are the acrobats in every household?
- 151 What motive led to the invention of railroads?
- 152 What musical instrument should we never believe?
- 153 What fish should shine among his fellows?
- 154 If a farmer can raise 250 bushels of corn in dry weather, what can he raise in wet weather?
- 155 Why could they not play cards in the Ark?
- 156 Which letters are the hardest workers?
- 157 When is a pie like a poet?
- 158 Why is a good actor like a good architect?
- 159 Why is a watch like a river?
- 160 Why is a small boy like flannel?
- 161 A man and a goose once went up in a balloon together. The balloon burst and they landed on a church steeple. How did the man get down?
- 162 What fish carries a weapon?
- 163 When is a man like frozen rain?
- 164 What was the greatest surgical operation ever performed?
- 165 What historical character would a person mention if he asked one to put coal on the fire?
- 166 What author was as good as his word?
- 167 What insect does the blacksmith manufacture?
- 168 How do locomotives hear?
- 169 What tune makes everybody glad?
- 170 Why is a very hungry boy like a common grub?
- 171 If a dog should lose his tail where would he get another?
- 172 What fish would be of service in a lumberyard?
- 173 What is the difference between one yard and two yards?
- 174 What is that which never asks questions yet requires many answers?
- 175 Why is it dangerous to walk in the meadows in the springtime?
- 176 What was the greatest feat of strength ever performed?
- 177 Where did Noah keep his bees?
- 178 What word of three syllables combines 26 letters?
- 179 What best describes and most impedes a pilgrim's progress?
- 180 Why should a thief be very comfortable?
- 181 Why is a ladder like a prize fight?
- 182 What kind of firearm does the earth resemble?
- 183 Why is a poor singer like a counterfeiter?
- 184 Which is the west side of a little boy's trousers?
- 185 What fish is given to melancholy?
- 186 How does a stove feel when full of coal?
- 187 What is that which increases the more it is shared with others?

RIDDLES

THE ANSWERS
TO THESE RIDDLES
WILL BE
FOUND ON PAGE
94.



- 188—Which burns longer, a wax or tallow candle?
- 189—Why is a tight boot like an oak tree?
- 190—What is the strongest rope in the world?
- 191—Why was Samson the greatest actor that ever lived?
- 192—What is that letter which is always invisible yet never out of sight?
- 193—Why does a sailor need a good bit of sand?
- 194—How is a poultry dealer compelled to earn his living?
- 195—What does an iron-clad man-of-war, with four inches of steel plating and all her guns on board, weigh just before starting on a cruise?
- 196—What three letters turn a girl into a woman?
- 197—What fish is a whole world in itself?
- 198—What is that which is white, black, and red all over, which shows some people to be green, and makes others look black and blue?
- 199—When is a window like a star?
- 200—Why should a man never tell his secrets to a cornfield?
- 201—If Mississ-ippi should lend Miss-ouri her New Jersey, what would Dela-ware?
- 202—What is the strongest day in the week?
- 203—Why is it almost certain that Shakespeare was a broker?
- 204—Why should soldiers be tired on the first of April?
- 205—I have hands but no fingers, no bed but a tick. What am I?
- 206—If a well-bred boy wears his trousers out, what will he do?
- 207—How do you make a slow horse fast?
- 208—What was the difference between Noah's Ark and Joan of Arc?
- 209—What is it that is always behind time?
- 210—What is it that disappears the moment you leave it?
- 211—What has a head, yet cannot move it?
- 212—What is the difference between a mountain and a pill?
- 213—When do you become a country in South America?
- 214—What did Adam first set in the garden?
- 215—What word of six letters contains six words besides itself without transposing a letter?
- 216—What professional men usually work with a will?
- 217—What ship has no soft berths?
- 218—A girl working in a candy store in Boston is 6 feet, 6 inches tall, has a waist measure of 42 inches, and wears a No. 9 shoe. What do you think she weighs?
- 219—A man had twenty sick (six) sheep and one died. How many were left?
- 220—What is that which cannot run though it has three feet?
- 221—What is that which is above all human imperfections and yet shelters the weakest and most depraved, as well as the best, of men?
- 222—Why is a defeated political candidate like the earth?
- 223—What is that which never uses its teeth for eating purposes?
- 224—What is that which, though black itself, enlightens the world?
- 225—What is the largest horn in the world?
- 226—Why was Moses the most wicked man in the world?
- 227—What is the longest word in the English language?
- 228—When is a schoolmaster like a man with one eye?
- 229—What is that which a young lady looks for but does not wish to find?
- 230—When will a horse be sea-green in color?
- 231—Though I dance at a ball, I am nothing at all. What am I?
- 232—Which is the greater number, six dozen dozen or half a dozen dozen?

RIDDLES



THE ANSWERS TO
THESE RIDDLES WILL
BE FOUND ON PAGE

CAN YOU GUESS THESE RIDDLES



- 233—Why is dough like the sun?
234—Why cannot a deaf man be legally convicted?
235—Why is the earth like a slate?
236—Why is a dog biting his tail like a good manager?
237—If a goat should swallow a rabbit what would be the result?
238—Why does a person who is ailing lose his sense of touch?
239—What is that which, although only four inches long and three inches wide, contains a solid foot?
240—At what season is it easy to read in the woods?
241—What evidence have we that Adam used sugar?
242—Spell enemy in three letters.
243—Why is it important for a physician to keep his temper?
244—Why should a colt avoid exposure?
245—What is the difference between a bright student and shoe polish?
246—What tree is most warmly clad?
247—Why is the Mississippi the most eloquent of all rivers?
248—Where did Noah strike the first nail in the Ark?
249—When is a trunk like two letters of the alphabet?
250—What is a postman's profession?
251—Why is a colt like an egg?
252—Which is the laziest plant and which is the most active?
253—Why doesn't Sweden send her cattle abroad?
254—When Adam first addressed Eve he used three words that read the same both backward and forward. What were they?
255—How many peas in a pint?
256—Why is the tailor a successful lover?
257—Why does tying a slow horse to a post improve his pace?
258—When is it a good thing to lose your temper?
259—Why is a fireplace like Westminster Abbey?
260—What two letters spell decompose?
261—How do canaries pay for themselves?
262—What melancholy fact is there about a calendar?
263—What state is round at both ends and high in the middle?
264—Why is an artist stronger than a horse?
265—What is the difference between a duck that has one wing and a duck that has two?
266—What author is both food for the body and food for the mind?
267—What does a soldier take every time he fires his gun?
268—Why is a plumber like a pelican?
269—How can you have a set of teeth inserted free of charge?
270—Why is a Chinaman never perplexed?
271—What strange way of showing wrath has the teakettle?
272—What is the favorite fruit of history?
273—Why is a roadbed laborer on a railroad like a hunted bear in the mountains?
274—Why does a donkey eating thistles appear ill?
275—Why is a man just put in prison like a boat full of water?
276—Lincoln was asked how long a man's legs ought to be in order to give him the most service. What was his answer?
277—Why are fishermen and shepherds like beggars?
278—What does a hen do when she stands on one foot?

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES ON PAGE 90

93—When he's a Goldsmith. 94—The scissors grinder. 95—Because he works up his plot. 96—One minds his peas, the other his cues. 97—Because when exposed to fire they run. 98—Because he has been a robin (robbin'). 99—A draught (draft). 100—A clergyman. 101—Because they hold the reins (reins). 102—A watch. 103—When it is adrift. 104—A fountain. 105—Because they are tired. 106—One minds the train and the other trains the mind. 107—A river. 108—Light. 109—An icicle. 110—When it is ice. 111—Because it is in the middle of grease. 112—Because you have a cataract in the eye. 113—The road. 114—Because it had a Tyre on its border. 115—The moon. 116—United; untied. 117—Stone; one. 118—An upright piano. 119—Because he puts down three and carries one. 120—The elephant, who took his trunk, while the fox and the cock had only a brush and comb between them. 121—Because he drops a line at every post. 122—A spelling bee. 123—Because its head is on one side and tail on the other. 124—The cat lights on its feet, the match on its head. 125—A swan's breast. 126—Because he eats best when there is not a bit in his mouth. 127—A woodchuck. 128—Because he has forelegs in front and two legs behind. 129—Because it would be fowl language. 130—They have the habit of going in schools. 131—When it is scaled. 132—A bedstead. 133—The figure 6. 134—A pack of cards. 135—His daughter.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES ON PAGE 91

136—The spelling bee. 137—The humiliation of Africa, the fall of Turkey, the destruction of China, and the overthrow of Greece. 138—A little before Eve. 139—Sin. 140—A vehicle. 141—B natural. 142—When the cow jumped over the moon. 143—Cut off their noses. 144—Silence. 145—Because the spring brings out the blades. 146—Morning glory. 147—As long as he was Abel. 148—Autumn, for then the leaves are turned and they are red. 149—They all are cabinet makers. 150—The pitcher and the tumbler. 151—The loco-motive. 152—A lyre. 153—The sunfish. 154—An umbrella. 155—Because Noah sat on the deck. 156—The B's (bees). 157—When it is Browning. 158—They both "draw" good houses. 159—Because it doesn't run long without winding. 160—Because he shrinks from washing. 161—He plucked the goose. 162—Swordfish. 163—When he is hale. 164—Lansing, Michigan. 165—Philip the Great (fill up the grate). 166—Wordsworth. 167—He makes the firefly. 168—Through their engineers (engine ears). 169—Fortune. 170—Each makes the butter fly. 171—At a store where they retail everything. 172—A sawfish. 173—A fence. 174—A telephone. 175—Because the trees are shooting and the bulrush is out (bull rushes out). 176—Wheeling, West Virginia. 177—In the archives (ark hives). 178—Alphabet. 179—A Bunyan (bunion). 180—Because he takes things so easily. 181—Because it is made up of rounds. 182—A revolver. 183—Because he gives bad notes for good ones. 184—Where the son sets. 185—A bluefish. 186—Grateful. 187—Happiness.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES ON PAGE 92

188—Neither; both burn shorter. 189—Be-

cause it produces a corn (acorn). 190—Europe. 191—Because no man ever brought down the house as he did. 192—The letter S. 193—Because he scours the sea. 194—By fowl means. 195—She weighs anchor. 196—A-g-e. 197—A globefish. 198—A newspaper. 199—When it is a skylight. 200—Because there are so many ears there that the corn would be shocked. 201—Alaska (I'll ask her). 202—Sunday, because all the rest are week days. 203—Because no man has ever furnished so many stock quotations. 204—Because they have just had a march of thirty-one days. 205—A clock. 206—Wear them in again. 207—Stop feeding him. 208—One was made of wood and the other was Maid of Orleans. 209—The back of a clock. 210—Your reflection in the mirror. 211—A pin. 212—One is hard to get up and the other is hard to get down. 213—When you are Chile. 214—His foot. 215—Herein—he, her, here, ere, rein, in. 216—Lawyers. 217—Hardship. 218—She weighs candy. 219—Nineteen. 220—A yard. 221—A hat. 222—Because he is flattened at the poles. 223—A comb. 224—Ink. 225—Cape Horn. 226—Because he broke all the commandments at once. 227—Smiles, because there is a mile between the first and last letter. 228—When he has a vacancy for a pupil. 229—A hole in her stocking. 230—When it's a bay. 231—A shadow. 232—Six dozen dozen.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES ON PAGE 93

233—Because it is light when it rises. 234—Because it is not lawful to condemn a man without a hearing. 235—Because people multiplied on the face of it. 236—Because he makes both ends meet. 237—A hare in the butter. 238—Because he does not feel well. 239—A shoe. 240—When autumn turns the leaves. 241—Because he raised Cain. 242—No, not foe but N M E. 243—Because if he did not, he would lose his patients. 244—Because it might take cold and become a little hoarse (horse). 245—One shins at the head, the other at the foot. 246—Fir. 247—Because it has a dozen mouths. 248—On the head. 249—When it is M.T. 250—He is a man of letters. 251—It must be broken before it can be used. 252—The creeper and the running vine. 253—Because she keeps her Stockholm. 254—"Madam, I'm Adam." 255—One P. 256—Because he is so good at pressing a suit. 257—It makes him fast. 258—When it is a bad one. 259—Because it contains the ashes of the grate. 260—D K (decay). 261—By giving their notes. 262—There's no time when its days are not numbered. 263—Ohio. 264—Because he can draw the White House all by himself and take it away in his pocket if necessary. 265—Merely the difference of opinion (a pinion). 266—Bacon. 267—He takes aim. 268—Because of the size of his bill. 269—Tease a bulldog. 270—Because no matter where he finds himself he always finds his cue. 271—It sings most sweetly when it is hottest. 272—Dates. 273—Because he makes tracks for life. 274—Because he's a little down in the mouth, and looks rather seedy about the face. 275—Because he requires bailing out. 276—Long enough to reach the ground. 277—Because they live by hook or by crook. 278—Lifts the other.

PROJECTS *and* RECREATION

Reading Unit No. 8

PUZZLES TO TEASE YOUR BRAIN

Note: For basic information not found on this page, consult the general Index, Vol. 15.

For statistical and current facts, consult the Richards Year Book Index.

Interesting Facts Explained

How your eyes can sometimes fool you, 14-96
Fun with figures, 14-97-98
How good a detective would you make? 14-99
Words in pictures, 14-101
Why you should be careful how you punctuate your sentences, 14-105, No. 39
A puzzle of a wayside inn, 14-107

Can you recognize these famous men and places? 14-108
How closely do you look at things? 14-109
Why things are not always what they seem, 14-110
The magic cube and others, 14-113
The disappearing dot and others, 14-115.

Things to Think About

What is meant by an optical illusion?
Why should a stout person never wear a very broad hat?
Why do you think people once

believed in the magic power of certain numbers?
Do you always remember familiar sights as well as you think you do?

Related Material

The wonderful camera we call the eye, 2-295-300
How we learned to count, 10-420-26

How your brain works, 2-383-90
Pythagoras, the man who believed in the magic power of numbers, 13-3-4

Leisure-time Activities

PROJECT NO. 1: Write out from memory a list of all the items in one of the rooms in your house. Then walk into that room and see how many items you left out.

PROJECT NO. 2: Work out a

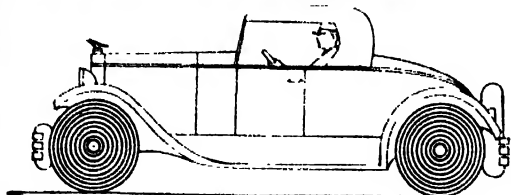
series of optical illusions yourself. Can you make one circle look smaller than another, even if both are the same size? Use a different method from that used on page 14-96.

Summary Statement

There are many different kinds of puzzles. Some of them depend on the fact that our eyes do not always see things correctly.

Other puzzles test our ability to use numbers. No matter what their kind, puzzles are interesting and entertaining to most people.

PUZZLES

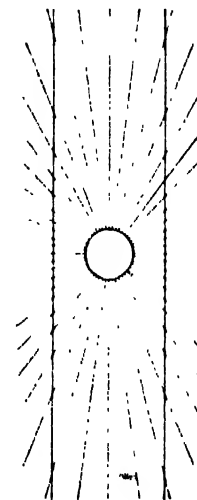
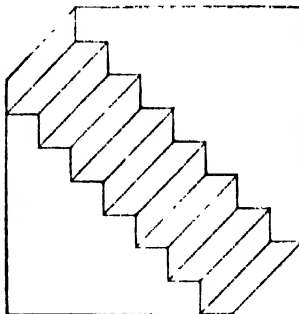


WHICH WAY DO THE WHEELS TURN?

Look steadily at the center of either wheel. Both wheels will begin to turn, especially if you give the page a quick circular motion.

COULD YOU CLIMB THESE STAIRS?

At first glance these steps look quite as they should, but look at them a moment and they will seem to turn upside down.

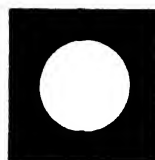
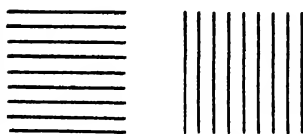


CAN YOU TELL A STRAIGHT LINE?

Are the two vertical lines above straight or curved? Be sure to test them with a ruler.

BLACK OR WHITE?

Which circle of the two below is larger, the black one or the white one? You may have to measure them to believe that they are the same size.



PUZZLES



FUN WITH FIGURES

Ask a friend to tell you in which column or columns of this magic table his age is found. Then add up the figures at the top of those columns and you have "guessed" his age.

1	2	4	8	16	32
3	3	5	9	17	33
5	6	6	10	18	34
7	7	7	11	19	35
9	10	12	12	20	36
11	11	13	13	21	37
13	14	14	14	22	38
15	15	15	15	23	39
17	18	20	24	24	40
19	19	21	25	25	41
21	22	22	26	26	42
23	23	23	27	27	43
25	26	28	28	28	44
27	27	29	29	29	45
29	30	30	30	30	46
31	31	31	31	31	47
33	34	36	40	48	48
35	35	37	41	49	49
37	38	38	42	50	50
39	39	39	43	51	51
41	42	44	44	52	52
43	43	45	45	53	53
45	46	46	46	54	54
47	47	47	47	55	55
49	50	52	56	56	56
51	51	53	57	57	57
53	54	54	58	58	58
55	55	55	59	59	59
57	58	60	60	60	60
59	59	61	61	61	61
61	62	62	62	62	62
63	63	63	63	63	63

Get a friend to think of a number with three figures. If he will add and subtract as you say, you can always "guess" the answer. Suppose he thinks of 397. Tell him to:

Reverse the digits 793
 Subtract the smaller from the larger 396
 Reverse these digits 693
 Add the last two 1089

And 1089 is *always* the answer!

Your friend chooses a number - any number - which you are to "guess" when he has done as you tell him to do. Suppose he takes 14.

Tell him to:

Multiply by 3 42
 Add 1 43
 Multiply by 3 again 129
 Add first number 143

At this point you ask him for his total. When he says "143," you at once - in your head - cut off the units figure. And there you have it - 14, the number he chose to begin with. This rule always works.

Here is another way to "guess" a friend's age. Have him write, without letting you see them, these figures: the number of the day of the week on which he

was born - 1 for Sunday, 2 for Monday, etc.; number of the month - 1 for January, etc.; the day of the month. He writes these numbers as a single figure. If he was born Thursday, November 9, his figure is 5119.

Now let him:

Multiply by 2 10238
 Add 5 10243
 Multiply by 50 512150
 Add his age (14) 512164
 Subtract 365 511799

Now he gives you this sum. You secretly add 115, getting 511914 - which you translate into Thursday, November 9, age 14.

Ask a friend to place a silver coin in one closed hand, a copper coin in the other. You then promise to tell which is which, if he will do a few sums for you. Tell him to call the silver coin 5, the copper 6 - any numbers will do so long as the silver coin is odd, the copper even. Now ask him to multiply the number of the coin in his left hand by any odd number he pleases, and the coin in his right by any even number, and then add the products and tell you the sum. If the sum is even, the silver coin is in the right hand; if it is odd, the copper coin is in the right hand.

PUZZLES



(THE SOLUTIONS TO THESE
PUZZLES WILL BE FOUND ON
PAGE 117 OF THIS VOLUME)



THE MILKMAID'S PROBLEM

No. 1

The gentleman on the horse would like to buy exactly four gallons of milk, but the milkmaid has only a three-gallon and a five-gallon measure. How does she manage to measure out exactly four gallons from the storage can?



WHAT IS THE RELATIONSHIP?

No. 2

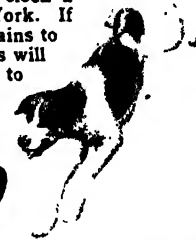
A gentleman in court was asked the name of his nearest blood relative. He replied, "What relation to me is a woman who is my mother's only child's wife's daughter?" What was the relationship?



HOW MANY TRAINS?

No. 3

Every morning at eight o'clock a train leaves New York for San Francisco, and every morning at eight o'clock a train leaves San Francisco for New York. If it takes seven days for each of the trains to complete its journey, how many trains will an eastbound train meet on its way to New York? To make the problem simpler we will suppose that there is no change of time between San Francisco and New York.



THE HOUND AND THE FOX

No. 4

If a hound makes twenty-seven springs while a fox makes twenty-five springs of the same length, how many springs will the hound have to make to overtake the fox, which had a start of fifty springs?



BE CAREFUL!

No. 5

What is the difference between twenty four-quart bottles and four and twenty quart bottles? What is the difference between twice one hundred and five, and twice one hundred, and ten? A man was asked how many books he had on a certain shelf. He replied, "If I had as many more, half as many more, and seven in addition, I should have thirty-two." How many had he?

THE SNAIL'S PACE

No. 7

A snail climbs up a wall. Every day he manages to pull himself up three feet, but every night he falls back two feet. How long does it take him to reach the top of the wall, which is thirty feet high?



HOW CAN THIS BE?

No. 6

A word I know, six letters it contains;
Subtract just one, and twelve you'll find remains.
What is the word?



PUZZLES



No. 8

(THE SOLUTION TO THIS PUZZLE WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 117 OF THIS VOLUME)

There are a good many things wrong in this picture. Can you find out what they all are? Look carefully and thoughtfully, and do not stop till you have pondered every detail and compared it with the rest.

PUZZLES



THE LUCKY BLACKSMITH

No. 9

A blacksmith charged a cent for driving the first nail in shoeing a horse and for each succeeding nail he charged twice as much as he had charged for the nail preceding it. What was his total charge for driving the thirty-two nails used in shoeing the horse?

DID HE RIDE OR WALK?

No. 11

At station A a man boards the rear end of a train a mile long, and starts to walk forward. He reaches the locomotive just as it pulls into station B, which is 8 miles from station A. When he boarded the train its rear end was standing just in front of station A. How far has he ridden and how far has he walked?

HOW MUCH DID SHE SPEND?

No. 12

Mrs. Abbot went into a clothing store to buy clothing for her sons, and spent just half the money that she had with her. Upon leaving the store she found that she had just as many cents as she had had dollars when she went in, and half as many dollars as she had had cents. Can you figure out how much money she had when she went in?

SHARPEN YOUR PENCIL

No. 13

A very large steamship once contracted to carry the total output of a pin factory from New York to London. She could carry about 45,000 long tons of merchandise, and made regular sailings out of New-York for London once in every two weeks. Now the pin factory manufactured 1 pin the first week, and each week thereafter doubled its output of the week before. That is, the second week it manufactured two pins, the third week four pins, the fourth week eight pins, etc. It took 2,727 pins to make a pound. How many trips would the steamship have to make to carry the output of the factory for fifty-two weeks, and what was the total weight of the pins manufactured?



THE MILLER'S TOLL

No. 10

A farmer had a bushel of flour left after paying the miller one-ninth of his flour for grinding the wheat. How much flour did the wheat make?



THE BAKER'S ROUND

No. 14

Above are the homes of eight families who buy bread from the baker whose shop is shown in the upper left-hand corner. The baker devised a plan for delivering bread to each of the eight houses without ever passing the same house twice. His route led him by four straight paths. Can you trace it?

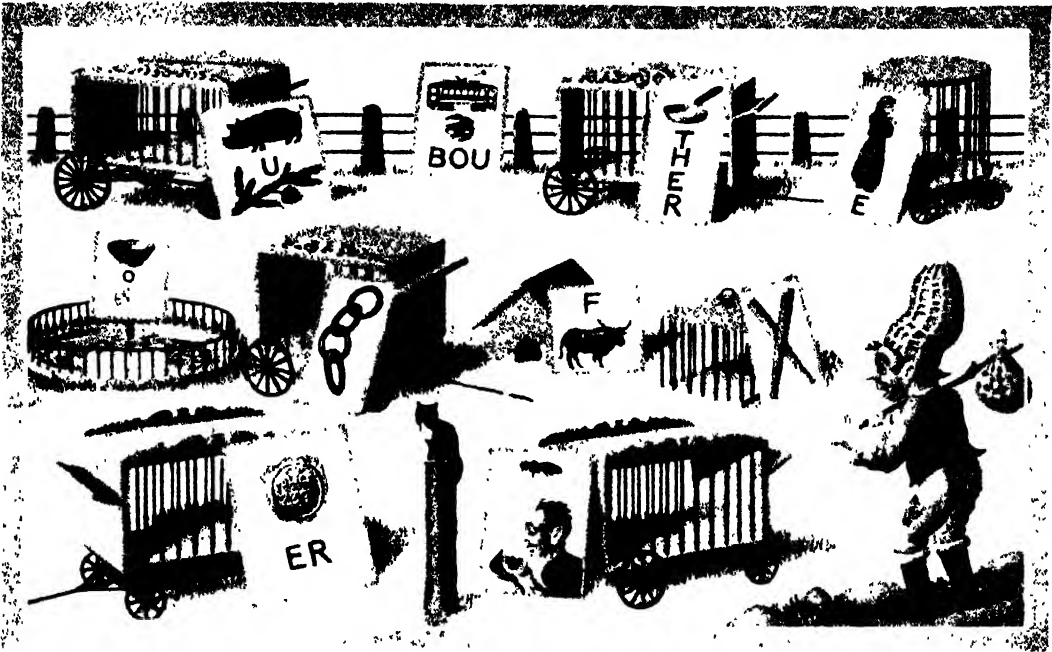
HOW OLD IS ANN?

No. 15

Mary is twenty-four years old. She is twice as old as Ann was when Mary was as old as Ann is now. How old is Ann?

(THE SOLUTIONS TO THESE PUZZLES WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 117 OF THIS VOLUME)

PUZZLES



No. 16 Once upon a time an old farmer went to the city and bought a ticket to the circus. Now for some reason which we will leave to you to discover, the cards giving the names of the animals had been removed and other queer-looking cards set up instead. The guard told the farmer that if he were wise these

cards would tell him the name of the animal in each cage. It would seem that the farmer was wiser than he looked, for he found out the name of every animal in the circus. See if your wits work as well as the farmer's did. And after you have made your guesses, turn to page 118 and see if you were right.



No. 17--The plain person at the right keeps a flower garden and has flowers for sale. But because she has what money she needs, her greatest interest in life is not in selling her flowers but in inventing ways to find out which of her customers are clever. To-day

she has painted on her stone wall pictures that will tell her buyers what she has for sale. Can you pass her test and guess the flowers that are in bloom? After you have read her signs turn to page 118 and see if you were right.

PUZZLES

THE PUZZLING BANK ACCOUNT

No. 20

An old hermit keeps his money in the bank. A month ago his balance was \$54. Since then he has made four withdrawals as follows:

First withdrawal	\$20, which left	\$34.
Second withdrawal	\$20, which left	\$14.
Third withdrawal	\$10, which left	\$ 4.
Fourth withdrawal	\$ 4, which left	\$ 0.
	<u>\$54</u>	<u>\$52</u>

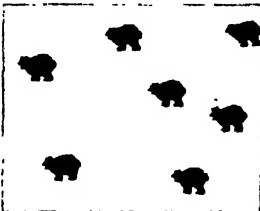
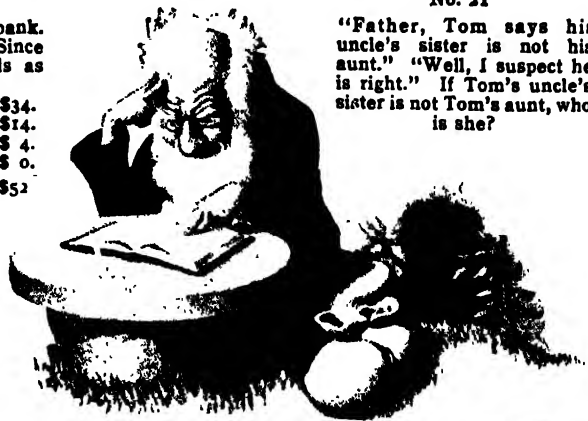
The hermit, in trying to strike a balance, has added these columns over and over, yet he cannot make them come out even. He wants to know what has happened to the other \$2.

(THE SOLUTIONS OF THESE PUZZLES WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 118 OF THIS VOLUME.)

WHO IS THE LADY?

No. 21

"Father, Tom says his uncle's sister is not his aunt." "Well, I suspect he is right." If Tom's uncle's sister is not Tom's aunt, who is she?



THE BEAR HUNT

No. 22

Here are seven wild bears. Can you trap them by drawing three straight lines in such a way that each bear will be inclosed in a separate pen?

A FISH STORY

No. 23

There is a fish the head of which is nine inches long; its tail is as long as the head and half the back; and the back is as long as the head and tail together. How long is the fish?



HOW MANY TREES?

No. 24

Without drawing a diagram can you figure out how many trees there would be in a triangular field that had a tree in each corner and six trees on each side?

WERE THEY RELATED?

No. 25

"I think I know you," said the gentleman to the lady. "Perhaps you do," she replied, "for your mother was my mother's only daughter."



A HOLE IN YOUR HAND

Roll a good-sized sheet of letter paper into a half-inch tube. Then grasp one end of the tube between the thumb and first finger of your right hand, keeping the other fingers outstretched. Now hold the free end of the tube against your left eye. The back of your hand should be at least eight inches from your right eye, and should be held at right angles to the tube. If you keep both eyes open and look far away, you will see a hole through your hand.

THE MERRY TABLE

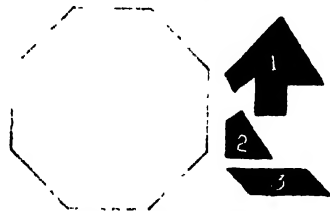
No. 28

Seven girls, Mary, Jane, Sarah, Virginia, Betty, Janet, and Ora, were assigned a round dining table at boarding school. They decided that for a period of fifteen days no girl should sit with the same two neighbors for two days in succession. Can you make a chart of the table for each one of the fifteen days?

WHAT IS THIS?

No. 26

My first is in lamb but not in goat.
My second is in tie but not in coat;
My third is in red but not in black;
My fourth is in Robert but not in Jack;
My fifth is in you but not in me;
My whole hangs on an autumn tree.



THE SURPRISING OCTAGON

No. 27

From a piece of cardboard cut out four exact copies of each one of the three black figures shown above. None of them look much like an octagon, yet they may be so arranged as to form the eight-sided figure above.

PUZZLES

CHARLIE AND THE GUIDEPOST

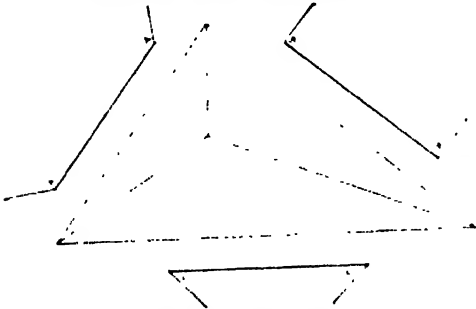
No. 29

Charlie started to walk from his home to a village ten miles away. After he had gone two or three miles he came to a crossroad where he did not know the way, and worse than that, he found that the signpost had been pulled up and lay in the middle of the road. But Charlie was not easily discouraged. He made the signpost tell him which road to take. How did he do it?



DECEIVING LINES

Use your eye to measure the lines AA, BB, and CC. When you have decided which is longest and which shortest, prove it with a ruler.



JUST THREE LETTERS

No. 30

Can you take the three letters V, L, and E and arrange them as these stars are arranged but in such an order that they will make the same word a dozen times? You may repeat the letters, but no other letters may be used.

* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *

WHEN WAS THE CLOCK RIGHT?

No. 31

At noon on Monday Herbert asked his father what time it was. His father told him that it was just twelve, and happened to remark that his watch was two minutes fast. On Wednesday morning, when Herbert again asked the time, his father replied that it was just eight by the right time, and added that his watch was one minute slow. Herbert then told his father at what time his watch had been exactly right. Could you have done it?

HOW MANY ACRES?

No. 32

A good many people find this problem hard just because it looks so easy. A mile of wire fence exactly incloses a field of 40 acres. What would be the size of a field that was exactly inclosed by two miles of fence.

PUZZLING TAXI FARES

No. 33

Two salesmen hired a taxicab in which to call on their customers. Salesman A's customer was located 10 miles away, and B's 20 miles away. But the road to B's customer led directly past A's customer. The trip cost \$40. What part of the bill was it fair for each salesman to pay?

No. 34

A brick weighs six pounds plus half of its total weight. What is the total weight?

ENDLESS CONVERSATION

No. 35

When conversation lags, ask your friends this question. Suppose you walk round and round a monkey sitting on a barrel. But as you walk, the monkey keeps turning so that he is always facing you. Now of course you've walked around the barrel, but have you walked around the monkey?



(THE SOLUTIONS TO THESE PUZZLES WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 118 OF THIS VOLUME)

CHRISTMAS E-YE!

No. 36

It was the day before Christmas, and the shopkeeper was feeling a bit generous. So he said to his clerk, "To-day you may sell those apples at a penny a dozen less than they've been bringing. That will mean that customers will get one more for a penny." Can you figure out what the old and the new prices were?





CAN YOU READ THIS SIGNBOARD?

No. 37—It is said that this strange signboard used to greet visitors to an old English town. Someone painted out a good many of the letters, but the old Puritan down in the corner, being a lover of puzzles, has just

filled in the missing characters and so has found out what the signboard said. Can you match his cleverness and guess what letters have been painted out? The solution to this puzzle will be found on page 119.

PUZZLES

(THE SOLUTIONS TO THESE
PUZZLES WILL BE FOUND ON
PAGE 119 OF THIS VOLUME.)



THE COFFEE TOLL

No. 42

Once upon a time there lived in the south of France an old woman who owned the only coffee grinder in the village. She ground all the coffee for the inhabitants of the little town, and deducted a tenth of what she ground as her pay. But there often was a little difficulty over the arithmetic, for the matter was not always quite so simple as it sounds. For instance, how much coffee should we have to have ground in order to take a pound back home after the grinding?

SAY THIS RAPIDLY

The Leith police dismisseth us.



THE BROKEN CHAIN

No. 43

A man broke his chain into five pieces. When the broken links had been discarded, each of the remaining pieces contained three whole links. The jeweler said his price to join the pieces together would be ten cents to open a link and ten cents to close it. How much did he charge to mend the chain?

THE CLEVER BUTCHER

No. 44

A butcher had only four weights, but he found that by shifting them about he could weigh out any number of pounds and half-pounds up to twenty pounds. What were those four weights?

WHICH WOULD YOU TAKE?

No. 45

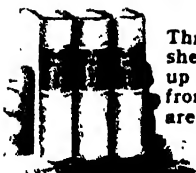
A merchant employed two young men at an annual salary of \$1,000 each, and promised them a rise of either \$50 a year or \$25 every six months. John took the half-yearly rises, but Charles took the yearly rise. Which had earned the most money at the end of four years?



WHAT CAN HE DO?

No. 46

A man dying of thirst in the desert finds a bottle of water, but he has no corkscrew, and no knife to cut the cork out. If he breaks the bottle the water will be lost. How can he get the water?



No. 38

Three volumes stand in order on the shelf. The pages of each volume take up two inches on the shelf, and the front and back covers on each book are each one-fourth inch thick. How far is it from the first page of volume I to the last page of volume III?

CAESAR'S STRANGE BEHAVIOR

No. 39

Caesar entered on his head; his helmet on his feet, his sandals in his hand; his trusty sword! Perhaps if you will shift the punctuation marks, Caesar will act more becomingly.

SKILLFUL WORK

No. 40

A merchant had a roll of cloth 70 yards long, which he was going to cut up into one-yard lengths. He found that it took him just 5 seconds to make each cut. How long did it take to cut up the roll?

CAN YOU READ THIS?

No. 41

ICURADCVer

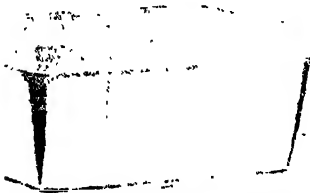


PUZZLES

THE STUPID GARDENER

No. 47

A gardener planted a straight row of 100 strawberry plants in his garden, setting them a yard apart. Each plant produced just one berry. When picking time came, the stupid gardener placed a basket one yard beyond the row, and then proceeded to pick and carry the berries one by one to the basket. How far had he walked when he had finished the task?



AN INDUSTRIOUS HEN

No. 49
If a hen and a half lay an egg and a half in a day and a half, how many eggs will six hens lay in seven days?



THE ORCHARD

No. 52

Can you plant an orchard of 21 trees so that there shall be nine straight rows with five trees in each row?



(THE SOLUTIONS TO THESE PUZZLES WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 119 OF THIS VOLUME)



FIVE PASSENGERS

No. 50

A man and his wife, accompanied by their twin boys and a dog, had to cross a stream, but their boat would carry only 160 pounds. Now the man weighed exactly 160 pounds, and so did his wife. The two boys weighed 80 pounds each, and the dog weighed 20 pounds. How did they all get across?



No. 53

If a clock takes two seconds to strike the hour at two o'clock, how many seconds will it take to strike three o'clock?

A WORD PUZZLE

No. 55

Take the letters found in the phrase, "Lo, nation's hero," and rearrange them to spell the name of a British naval hero.

THE FRUIT PEDDLERS

No. 56

Two young fruit peddlers were counting their day's receipts. "Give me one of your coins," said the boy, "and then I'll have as many coins as you." "Oh, no," the girl replied, "give me one of yours, and I'll have as many again as you." How many coins had each?

IMPORTANT SYLLABLES

No. 48

My first marks time,
My second spends it,
And my whole passes the
night alone with it.
What kind of person is the
whole word?

A GREETING

My first, I hope you are;
My second, I see you are;
My whole I know you are.

WHAT IS IT?

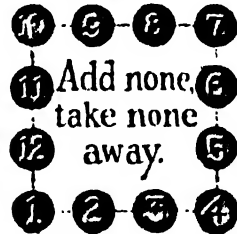
No. 51

My first is a mean and humble bed,
Where poverty reclines.
You'll find my next on bushes
spread

When autumn's sunbeams shine.
My whole's a pleasing, luscious
fruit,

That fails not every taste to
suit.

What is the fruit the name of
which is described above, syllable
by syllable?



THE COIN PUZZLE

No. 54

Arrange 12 coins as shown above. Then, without adding or subtracting any coins, arrange them in a figure with five on a side, instead of four.

PUZZLES



A B C D E F G H I

A PUZZLE OF A WAYSIDE INN

No. 57

Ten weary, footsore travelers, all in a woeful plight,
Sought shelter at a wayside inn one dark and stormy night.

"Nine rooms, no more," the landlord said, "have I to offer you;

To each of eight a single bed, but the ninth must serve for two."

A din arose; the troubled host could only scratch his head,

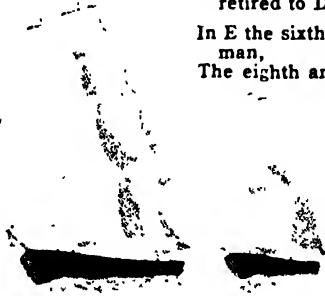
For of those tired men no two would occupy one bed.

FOR THE SAILOR

No. 58

Two ships, the "Snail" and the "Clipper," set sail for a port 200 miles away. The "Snail's" trip out is made at an average speed of 12 miles an hour, and her return voyage at a speed of 8 miles an hour. Her round trip takes 41 2/3 hours.

The "Clipper" makes the entire trip out and back at 10 miles an hour, taking 40 hours for the round trip. Since 10 is the average between 8 and 12, why is it that the two ships do not take the same length of time for the trip?



The puzzled host was soon at ease (he was a clever man),
And so, to please his guests, devised a most ingenious plan.

"My friends, I have spare blankets, and I shall need no more;

The tenth can have my bed, and I will sleep upon the floor."

In room marked A two men were placed; the third was lodged in B;

The fourth to C was then assigned, the fifth retired to D;

In E the sixth he tucked away, in F the seventh man,

The eighth and ninth in G and H, and then to A he ran,

(Wherein the host, as I have said, had laid two travelers by;

Then taking one, the tenth and last, he lodged him safe in I.

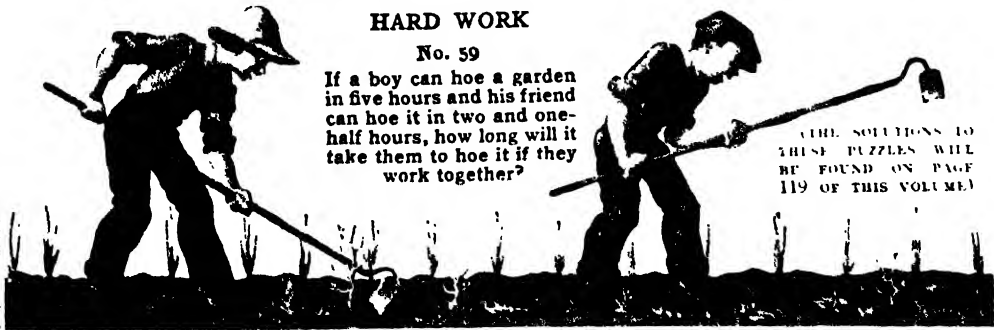
Nine spare rooms, a room for each, were made to serve for ten.

And this it is that puzzles me and many wiser men.

HARD WORK

No. 59

If a boy can hoe a garden in five hours and his friend can hoe it in two and one-half hours, how long will it take them to hoe it if they work together?



THE SOLUTIONS TO THESE PUZZLES WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 119 OF THIS VOLUME

PUZZLES



No. 60
An English explorer.



No. 61
An American poet.

No. 62
An American president.



No. 63
A Roman emperor.



2000
lbs.



No. 64
A Scotch hero.

Each of the pictures or combinations of pictures on this page represents the name of some famous man or place. If there is only one picture, that picture makes the whole name; if there are more than one, each picture makes a part of the name, usually a syllable. When you have listed your guesses, turn to page 119 for the answers.

No. 65
An American president.



IL 2000
lbs.

No. 66
An American statesman.



ER

No. 67
An American writer.



No. 68
An American statesman.



No. 69
An English poet.



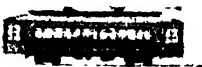
2000
lbs.

No. 70
An English poet.



A

No. 74
A large country.



IB



AN

No. 71
A Southern sea.



No. 72
An English writer.



No. 73
An American inventor.



No. 75
An English explorer.

OT

PUZZLES



No. 76



No. 77



No. 79



No. 78



No. 80



No. 82



No. 83

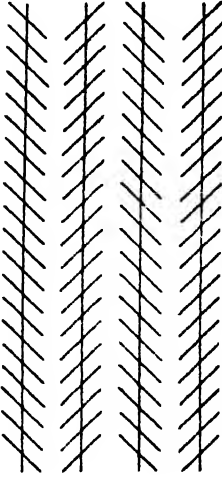


No. 84

How closely do you look at things? How much do you know about even the most familiar animals? Could you tell the shape of a rabbit's ears or how many toes a bear has? Test yourself with these pictures. There

is at least one thing wrong with every single one of them, and there may be more than one thing. How many mistakes can you find? When you have written them down, turn to page 119 to see if you are right.

PUZZLES



ARE THEY PARALLEL?

The figure above is another example of the tricks our eyes can play on us. The vertical lines seem to slant, and look as if they would meet if they were continued far enough. But in reality they are parallel.

ELEVEN FINGERS

Count all the fingers of the two hands. Then begin to count backward on one hand, saying, "10, 9, 8, 7, 6" (with emphasis on the 6), and hold up the other hand saying, "and 5 makes 11." This simple deception has often puzzled many.

THE MYSTERIOUS PORTRAIT

No. 85

For a long time the gentleman in the picture looked at the portrait he is holding in his hand. Then he was heard to mutter:

Brothers and sisters have I none,
But that man's father was my father's son.
Can you guess whose portrait it was?



(THE SOLUTIONS TO THESE PUZZLES WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 120 OF THIS VOLUME)



THE GREEDY RICH MEN

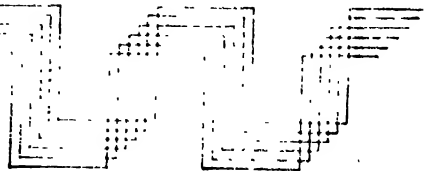
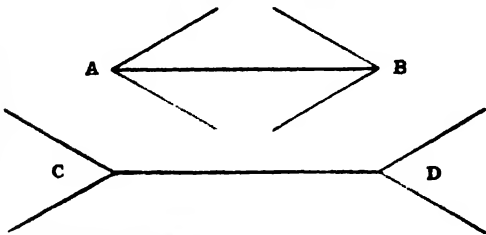
No. 86

Four poor men built their houses near the shore of a small lake. Later, four rich men bought the land and built houses back from the lake, as shown at the left. Then they put up a fence in such a manner that the poor men were quite shut away from the lake.

How did the fence run?

TRICKY LINES

Which of the two lines below is longer, AB or CD? You will need to measure them to prove that you are right, and when you have done so, if you think hard you will be able to guess at the principle governing a good many of these optical illusions. And when you arrive at that principle, you will understand just why it is that fat people should not wear very broad hats or stripes running around the body.



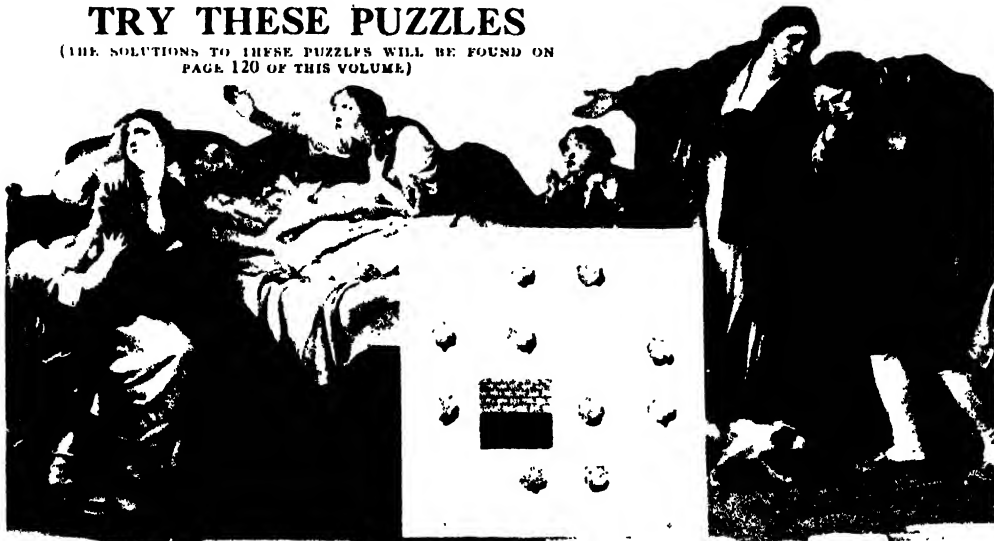
THE TWISTING ARCHES

At first glance you will probably take the above arches to be leading from left to right; but if you look at them intently, they will suddenly shift and will seem to be leading downward from right to left. Can you figure out what it is that seems to change?

PUZZLES

TRY THESE PUZZLES

(THE SOLUTIONS TO THESE PUZZLES WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 120 OF THIS VOLUME)



THE FARMER'S WILL

No. 87

Once there was a farmer who owned a farm shaped like the diagram inset above. The bricked square is his house and garden. Scattered over the land were ten trees in just the positions shown. Now when this farmer came to die, he made a very queer will. His widow, he said, was to receive the house and garden. Each of his five children was to receive a plot of ground the same size and shape as that of each of the others; and on each of the children's plots there must be two trees. How were these five plots fenced off?

THE WISE ANT

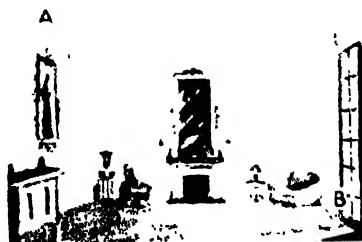
No. 89

Whether or not the ant really figured this out we cannot say, but he acted as if he had. The question is, Can you figure it out? This ant found itself in the rectangular room shown in the picture. The room was 30 feet long, 12 feet wide, and 12 feet high. The ant was at the point marked A, at the center of one of the end walls and one foot from the ceiling. Its only way of escaping was through a hole (B) at the opposite end of the room; this was at the center of the wall and one foot from the floor. Now the wise ant took the shortest route to this hole. What was it, and how far did he have to crawl?

THE HUNGRY WIDOWS

No. 88

Three hungry widows came to the door of a rich man begging for milk. The rich man ordered that twelve quart bottles and twelve pint bottles be filled for them. But the servant found that there was only enough milk to fill seven quart and seven pint bottles. Then the rich man said: "Empty bottles may be sold at a fair price, and are better than nothing. So give them the twelve quart bottles and the twelve pint bottles, and all the milk you have. See that each widow takes away the same number of bottles of each size as do the other two widows, and that each receives the same quantity of milk as the others." The servant was a clever fellow and managed to obey these orders. How did he do it?



WHICH IS HEAVIER?

No. 91

What is the difference in weight between 6 doz. doz. lbs. of feathers, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ doz. doz. lbs. of gold? Perhaps you imagine that you solved that hoary "poser" years ago. But the chances are good that you are wrong. Try it again.

WATCH THE SPEEDOMETER

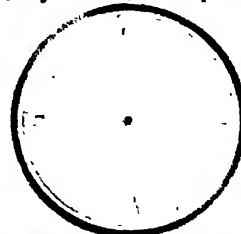
No. 92

We motored from New York to Philadelphia at an average speed of 15 miles an hour, and returned over the same route at 20 miles an hour. What was our average speed per hour for the trip?

THE BROKEN CLOCK

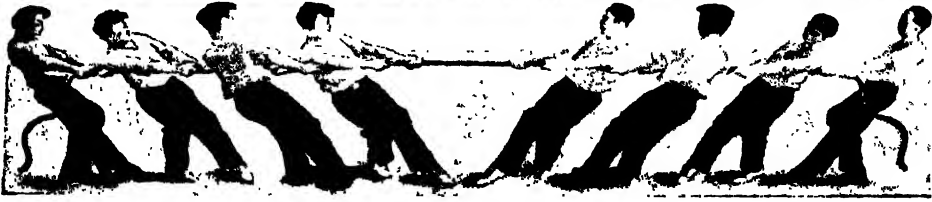
No. 90

Some careless person dropped a clock on the floor and broke the clock's face, shown below, into four pieces. As the careless person was looking at them ruefully, he noticed that, strangely enough, the numbers on each separate piece added up to the same sum. What was the sum? And can you show, on the picture,



how the broken pieces must have been shaped?

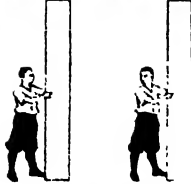
PUZZLES



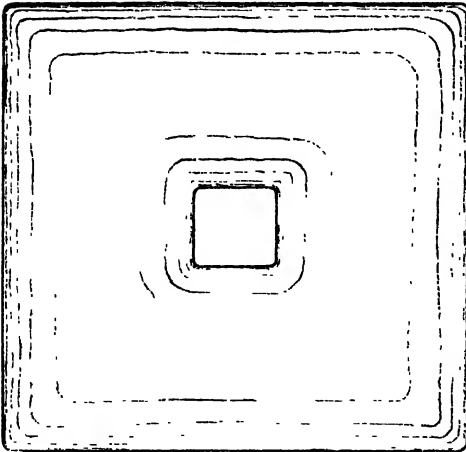
THE TUG OF WAR

No. 93

Each one of the boys in the picture above is exerting a force of a hundred pounds. What is the strain at the center of the rope?



(THE SOLUTIONS TO THESE PUZZLES WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 120 OF THIS VOLUME)



THE EXPLORERS

No. 94

Two boys wish to explore the wilds of a small island four yards square which is situated in the center of a pond twenty feet square. With two planks measuring only eight yards in length they construct an ingenious bridge across the pond to the island. Yet the planks are not tied, nailed, or otherwise fastened together. How is it done?



HOW LONG IS A HORSE'S HEAD?

No. 96

What would be your guess as to the length in inches of the average horse's head?



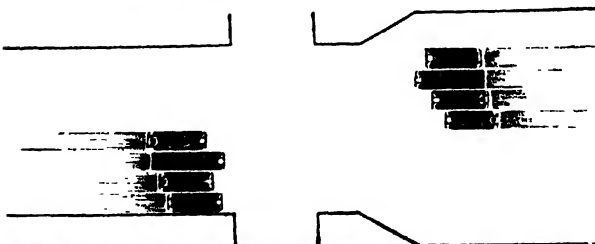
FUN WITH FIGURES

Think of a number, for example 7
Multiply it by 3 21
Add 2 23
Multiply by 3 69
Add 2 more than the number thought of 9

78
The number of tens in the last answer gives the number thought of - 7.

WILL THERE BE AN ACCIDENT?

Can the automobiles below pass safely if they keep going straight ahead? Prove your guess with a ruler.



THE CLEVER THIEF

No. 95

A man once had a servant who used to help herself to the ginger ale with great regularity. Determined to set a trap to catch her, he arranged the twenty-eight bottles he had on hand as shown in the diagram above. He knew he could tell if they were disturbed, for he had put nine on each side of the bin. But the servant saw his plan. So the next time she helped herself to four bottles, she rearranged the remainder so that there were still nine on each side. And later, when she took four bottles more, she again rearranged the remaining bottles so that there still were nine on each side. How did she place them each time?

PUZZLES



(THE SOLUTIONS TO THESE PUZZLES
WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 120 OF THIS
VOLUME.)

THE CLOCK STRIKES SIX

No. 97

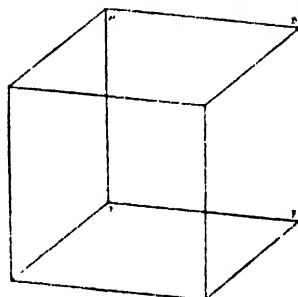
The clock in the old church tower has just struck six. Betty, who has an inquiring mind, remarked that it took exactly thirty seconds to strike six. Then she asked her brother how long it would take to strike twelve. Her brother's answer was wrong. Do you know the right one?



HOW SHALL WE LAY THESE PIPES?

No. 98

Here is a problem for the gas company. These three houses are putting in gas, to be piped from the tanks D, E, and F. The house at B must be connected with D, C with E, and F with A. Ordinarily the arrangements would give rise to no difficulties, but in this case there is a clause in the title deed which forbids laying one pipe across another, and owners of land around this plot refuse to allow the pipes on their land. How will the gas company lay the pipes?

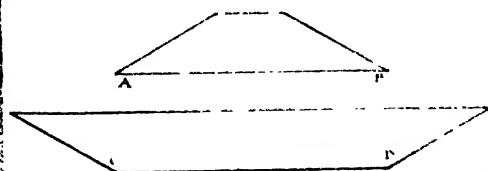


THE MAGIC CUBE

When you first glance at this cube the face GDCH appears to be at the front of the cube, with the top ABCD slanting up and to the right. But if you keep on looking, the cube will turn about. The face EABF will move to the front, and the top will slant down and to the left.

TO TEST YOUR EYE

Ask your friends where the top of a high hat would come if the hat were placed on the floor against the wall. Nearly everyone will guess the hat to be half again as high as it really is.



AN OPTICAL ILLUSION

Which is longer, the line AB or the line CD? Be sure to measure them after you decide.



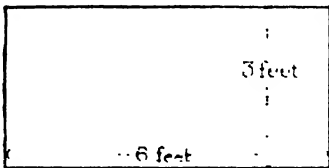
PUZZLES

(THE SOLUTIONS TO THESE PUZZLES WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 121 OF THIS VOLUME)

HOW MANY WERE GOING TO ST. IVES?

No. 99

As I was going to St. Ives
I met a man with seven wives.
Each wife had seven sacks,
Each sack had seven cats,
Each cat had seven kits;
Kits, cats, sacks, wives,
How many were going to St. Ives?



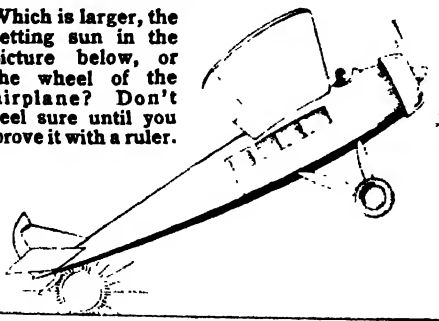
THE CARPENTER'S PROBLEM

No. 100

A carpenter has a board six feet long and three feet wide, as shown above. He wishes to cut it into two pieces which may be spliced together to make a board nine feet long and two feet wide. How can he do it?

CAN YOU MEASURE WITH YOUR EYE?

Which is larger, the setting sun in the picture below, or the wheel of the airplane? Don't feel sure until you prove it with a ruler.



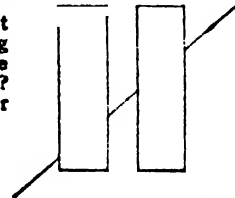
THE QUARRELSOME ISLANDERS

No. 101

Five quarrelsome families once lived on the same island, each family with a boat landing of its own. Here is a map of the island, with each boat landing marked with the letter of the house to which it belongs. Because these folk were so silly as to be always at odds, they had to lay their paths to their boat landings in such a way that no path crossed any other path at any point. Draw the paths that were laid out. Of course no path may leave the island.

IS THIS A STRAIGHT LINE?

Look carefully at the line crossing the two posts at the right. Is it straight? Prove your answer with a ruler.



PUZZLES

(THE SOLUTIONS TO THESE
PUZZLES WILL BE FOUND ON
PAGE 121 OF THIS VOLUME)





THE PUZZLED FARMER

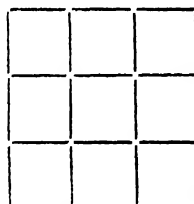
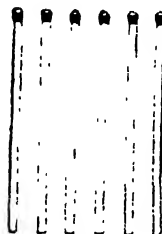
No. 102

Once upon a time a farmer set out to market with a goose, a fox, and a basket of wheat. When he came to the river he found there only an empty tub, so small that he could carry but one of his articles across with him at a time. Now if the fox was left alone with the goose, he would surely devour her, and if the goose was left with the wheat, she would eat it up. How did the farmer get them all across safely?



THE DISAPPEARING DOT

Hold this book about a foot away from your eyes. Close your right eye and look at the X  with your left eye. Now move the book slowly toward your eyes. At first you will see the black dot too, though you are looking at the X , but at a certain point the black dot will disappear. This is because there is a blind spot in each one of our eyes, and the dot disappears when it is in focus with that spot. As you move the book toward your eyes, the dot will appear again.



THE MAGIC SQUARES

No. 103

Can you rub out eight lines of this figure and leave only two squares?

THE PUZZLING MATCHES

No. 104

Take six matches and break two of them into equal halves. Now by using the four unbroken matches and the four halves of the two broken ones, make three squares of equal area.

CAN YOU DO THIS TRICK?

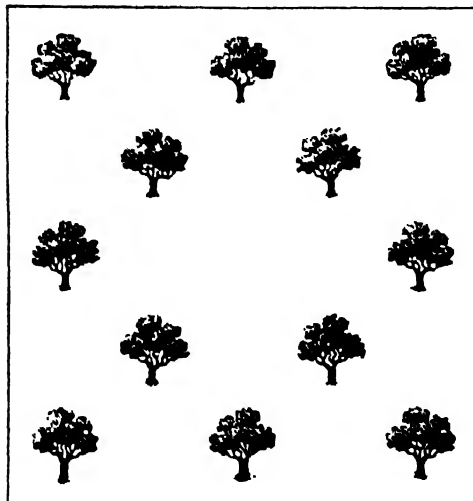
No. 105

With a pencil start at point A, above, and trace a route to point B without going over any line twice or lifting your pencil.

THE ORCHARD FENCE

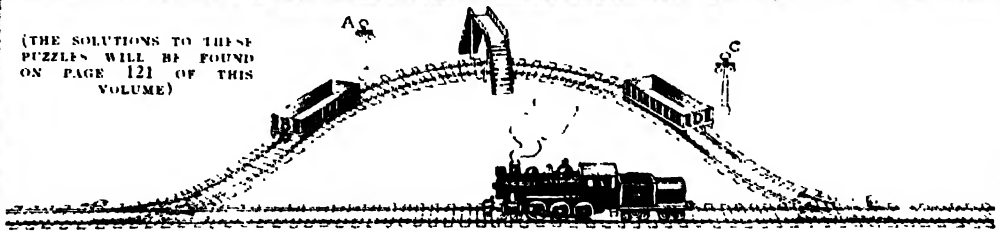
No. 106

Can you fence off this orchard by drawing six straight lines in such a way that there will be four plots all the same size and shape with three trees in a plot?



PUZZLES

(THE SOLUTIONS TO THESE
PUZZLES WILL BE FOUND
ON PAGE 121 OF THIS
VOLUME)



THE CLEVER ENGINE DRIVER

No. 107

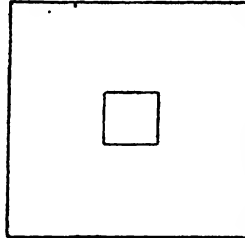
A railway engineer was ordered to move car B to lamp-post C and car D to lamp-post A, and then to bring his locomotive back to the point it started from. The picture shows the position of the engine and cars when he received the order. He thought about it quite a while, for though the cars would go under the bridge, the locomotive would not. How did he finally manage the transfer?



A TRICK WITH MATCHES

No. 109

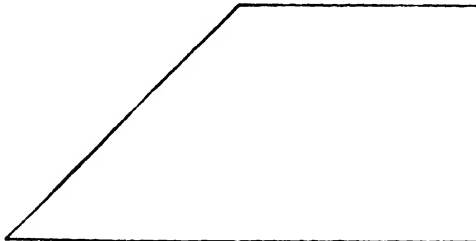
Can you place six matches in such a way that every match touches every other match? None of them are to be cut or bent.



FUN WITH FIGURES

Think of a number, for example	8
Double it	16
Add 5	21
Add 12	33
Take away 3	30
Halve it	15
Take away the number first thought of	8
The answer will always be	7, no

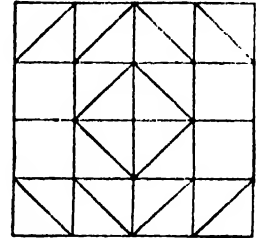
matter what number you start with.



THE FARMER'S WILL

No. 111

Once upon a time there lived a farmer who owned a tract of land shaped like the diagram above. When he died he left a will directing that the land be divided among his four sons in such a manner that each son should have a plot of the same shape and size as all the rest. How was the land divided?



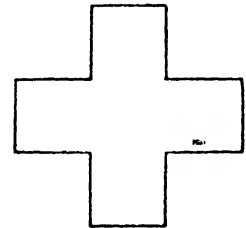
HOW MANY SQUARES?

No. 108

There are many squares of various sizes in the above diagram. How many can you count?

EYE MEASUREMENT

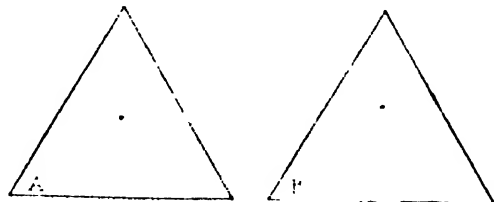
Which square is the larger? Is it the white square in the center of the large gray square above, or is it the white square with a narrow gray border?



SQUARING A CROSS

No. 110

Cut a cross like the one above into four pieces of such shapes that they may be put together into a perfect square. Every cut must be along a straight line.



TRICKY TRIANGLES

In which triangle does the dot come nearer to being at the center point between the top and bottom of the figure? Be sure to measure it.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES

DID YOU GET THE ANSWER?

The real fun in working puzzles comes from the sense of triumph you have when you finally get the answer. And as a rule, the harder you have had to work, the greater is your satisfaction when you solve the problem at last. So if you are about to look up the answer here without working the problem through, have another try and see if perhaps you cannot get it after all or if necessary, have several more tries! That is what the really successful person does whenever he finds himself face to face with any difficulty. He tries again and again—and over and over he finds that things have an almost miraculous way of straightening out for the man who refuses to give up and consider himself beaten. No real achievement was ever easy. The great things of the world have been attained only by the hardest effort, and by keeping right on in the face of every difficulty. So begin now to be the kind of person who never stops until he has succeeded. Try that knotty problem again before you look at the answer.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES ON PAGE 98

1 She first fills the five-gallon can with milk. From the five-gallon can, she fills the three-gallon can. She next empties the milk from the three-gallon can into the storage can, and then pours the remaining two gallons of milk from the five-gallon can into the three-gallon can. Next she fills the five-gallon can from the storage can. You will remember that she left the three-gallon can containing only two gallons of milk, so the wise milkmaid now fills it from the five-gallon can, and that leaves exactly four gallons of milk in the five-gallon can.

- 2 His daughter.
- 3 13 trains.
- 4 675 springs.
- 5 56 quarts; no difference; ten books.
- 6 Dozens; dozen.
- 7 The answer is not 30 days. On the 28th day it climbed the three feet as usual and reached the top. The answer is 28 days.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES ON PAGE 99

8—The clock shows ten o'clock, yet the sun is just setting. One of the legs on the chair is missing. The plant on the stand has an oak leaf, a fern leaf, and a lily all growing on it at the same time. The Persian rug on the floor is a bath mat turned upside down. The base board does not project to the right of the clock. The keyhole is above the door knob. There is an extra windowpane. The shadow of the tree in the distance is spread out toward the sun. The shadows inside the room are also wrong. There is only one cord on the picture on the wall. One of the knobs on the curtain rod is missing. The candles in the candlestick are tapering the wrong way. The picture of the ships on the screen shows the wind blowing them in opposite directions. The cracks in the floor are running in two directions.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES ON PAGE 100

9—The following table gives the cost of driving each of the thirty-two nails:

Nails	Cost
1st	1
2nd	2
3rd	4
4th	8
5th	16
6th	32
7th	64
8th	128
9th	256
10th	512
11th	1,024
12th	2,048
13th	4,096
14th	8,192
15th	16,384
16th	32,768
17th	65,536
18th	131,072
19th	262,144
20th	524,288
21st	1,048,576
22nd	2,097,152
23rd	4,194,304
24th	8,388,608
25th	16,777,216
26th	33,554,432
27th	67,108,864
28th	134,217,728
29th	268,435,456
30th	536,870,912
31st	1,073,741,824
32nd	2,147,483,648

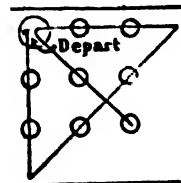
Total 4,294,967,295

10—If the farmer received all but 1/9 of his flour, he received 8/9 of it; 8/9 is therefore equal to 1 bushel, and 9/9, or the whole, is therefore equal to 1 bushel divided by eight and multiplied by 9, or 1 1/8 bushels.

11 Our man has walked 1 mile and ridden 7 miles. No part of the train has gone more than 7 miles, so no person in it could have been carried more than 7 miles. But the man, by walking the mile from the rear of the train, where he got on, to the locomotive in front, has traveled all of the 8 miles between the two stations. It is just as if he had stayed in the rear car until the train stopped and had then got off and walked the mile in to the station.

12 \$99.98.

13 She would have to make 16,384 trips, and the weight of the pins would be 737,270,995 long tons.



14

15—Ann is eighteen.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES ON PAGE 101

No. 16

Porcupine, caribou, panther, monkey, crocodile, lynx, fox, bats, badger, polecat, anteater.

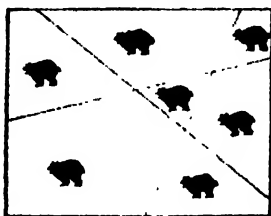
No. 17

Rose, morning-glory, buttercup, four o'clock, goldenrod, pansy, honeysuckle, tulips, dandelion, bleeding hearts, larkspur, phlox, mistletoe.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES ON PAGE 102

20—There is no reason why the two columns should produce the same total. The balances have nothing to do with the sums withdrawn.

21—Tom's uncle's sister was Tom's mother.



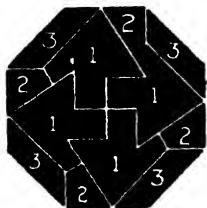
22

23—72 inches.

24—The corner trees will each count twice, for they will form part of two adjacent sides. The total is, therefore, 15 trees, not 18.

25—They were mother and son.

26—Berry.



27

28—

Mary	Jane	Sarah	Virginia	Betty	Janet	Ora
Mary	Sarah	Virginia	Jane	Ora	Betty	Janet
Mary	Virginia	Jane	Sarah	Janet	Ora	Betty
Mary	Ora	Jane	Janet	Betty	Sarah	Virginia
Mary	Janet	Sarah	Betty	Ora	Virginia	Jane
Mary	Betty	Virginia	Ora	Janet	Jane	Sarah
Mary	Sarah	Betty	Jane	Ora	Janet	Virginia
Mary	Virginia	Ora	Sarah	Janet	Betty	Jane
Mary	Jane	Janet	Virginia	Betty	Ora	Sarah
Mary	Betty	Janet	Virginia	Sarah	Ora	Jane
Mary	Ora	Betty	Jane	Virginia	Janet	Sarah
Mary	Janet	Ora	Sarah	Jane	Betty	Virginia
Mary	Betty	Jane	Janet	Sarah	Virginia	Ora
Mary	Ora	Sarah	Betty	Virginia	Jane	Janet
Mary	Janet	Virginia	Ora	Jane	Sarah	Betty

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES ON PAGE 103

29—Charlie knew the name of the village from which he had come. So by supposing the signpost to be so placed that the arm bearing the name of his village pointed down the road he had just traveled, he was able to tell what roads the other arms pointed to.

30—This is the solution:

```

L E V E L
E E   E E
V   V   V
E E   E E
L E V E L
    
```

31—From noon on Monday to 8 o'clock Wednesday morning is 44 hours. So the watch must have lost 3 minutes in 44 hours. Now the watch was just right when it had lost two minutes—and it must have lost two minutes in $\frac{2}{3}$ of 44 hours, or in 29 hours and 20 minutes. If you count ahead 29 hours, 20 minutes from noon on Monday, you will find that it brings you to 5:20 Tuesday afternoon, the hour when the watch was right.

32—160 acres.

33—Salesman A's fair share would be \$10.00, for he should pay only half the taxicab fare to and from his town, or half of \$20.00.

34—The brick weighed twelve pounds. For the weight of each of the halves would have to be equal, and if a brick weighs half its own weight plus six pounds, the six pounds must represent the other half.

35—Never risk a definite answer to this question. Just point out that if you walk *all the way round* a thing you must see it from all sides, and nothing but the monkey's face had been seen. Grant freely that of course the unhappy walker had gone all the way round the barrel. But *could* he have gone all the way round the monkey when he had seen nothing but its face?

36—The new price was four for a penny, and the old price three for a penny.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES ON PAGE 104

- 37—Good King Alfred
Commanded Skillful
Men That Could Stand
Weeks Without Rest,
Swords and Spears Were
Mightier Than the Gospel
In England's Youth.
Frayed And Starving
Armies Often Assassinated
Commanders. But No
Man Of Alfred's
Courage Would Order
Weaklings. God Save
Our Great King
Patriots Of Alfred

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES ON PAGE 105

38 - The answer is 3 inches. Your best plan is to turn to a bookcase and go over the problem with any three volumes. Note carefully where the first page of the first volume comes and still more carefully where the last page of the last volume comes, as the set stands on the shelf.

39 - Caesar entered; on his head his helmet, on his feet his sandals; in his hand his trusty sword.

40 The 70-yard roll required 69 cuts, for only one cut was necessary to divide the last two yards. The answer is, therefore 345 seconds, or 5 $\frac{3}{4}$ minutes.

41 I see you are a deceiver.

42 1 1'9 pounds.

43 The ingenious jeweler took one of the pieces, opened up the three links, slipped them into position so as to join the remaining four pieces, closed the links, and charged sixty cents.

44 - $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.

45 John received \$100 more than Charles.

First Year:

1st 6 mos.—John, \$500; Charles, \$500

2nd 6 mos.—John, \$525; Charles, \$500

Extra for John in first year, \$25.

Second Year:

1st 6 mos.—John, \$550; Charles, \$550

2nd 6 mos.—John, \$575; Charles, \$550

Extra for John in second year, \$25.

Third Year:

1st 6 mos.—John, \$600; Charles, \$600

2nd 6 mos.—John, \$625; Charles, \$600

Extra for John in third year, \$25.

Fourth Year:

1st 6 mos.—John, \$650; Charles, \$650

2nd 6 mos.—John, \$675; Charles, \$650

Extra for John in fourth year, \$25.

46 -By pushing in the cork.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES ON PAGE 106

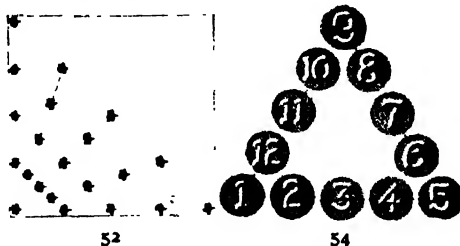
47—5 miles and 1,300 yards.

48— Watchman.
Well-come-welcome.

49—28 eggs.

50—The two boys went across and one brought the boat back. Then the wife rowed herself over. Next, the boy on the far side brought the boat back. At this point the two boys went over again. One remained and the other did the crossing once more. We now have the woman and a son on one side, and the man, a boy, and dog on the other. The man next goes across and the boy brings the boat back. One of the boys now takes the dog over and comes back and fetches his brother.

51 Straw-berry.



53—4 seconds.

55 -Horatio Nelson.

56—The boy has 5, the girl 7.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES ON PAGE 107

57—You will have to figure out for yourself how the old innkeeper managed his guests. The diagram below the picture may help you.

58 -The average speeds are not exactly equal. The "Snail" averages one mile in $\frac{5}{50}$ of an hour, and the "Clipper" averages one mile in $\frac{5}{48}$ of an hour.

59 1 2 3 hours.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES ON PAGE 108

No. 60. Drake. No. 61. Longfellow. No. 62. Jackson. No. 63. Caesar. No. 64. Wallace. No. 65. Washington. No. 66. Hamilton. No. 67. Cooper. No. 68. Webster. No. 69. Shakespeare. No. 70. Milton. No. 71. Caribbean. No. 72. Lamb. No. 73. Bell. No. 74. Canada. No. 75. Cabot.

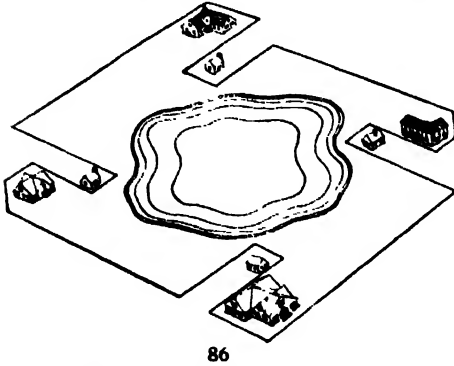
ANSWERS TO PUZZLES ON PAGE 109

76. Roosters do not lay eggs. 77. The bear's tail is too long. 78. Gorillas do not have tails. 79. The squirrel has a rabbit's tail. 80. The rabbit has a squirrel's tail. 81. This horse has a cow's hoofs and is minus a tail. Moreover, no horse has eyebrows. 82. Three of the fish's fins point in the wrong direction. 83. An eagle's foot has only three claws pointing forward. 84. The cow has a horse's tail.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES

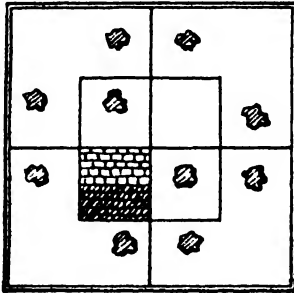
ANSWERS TO PUZZLES ON PAGE 110

85— The man is looking at the picture of his son.



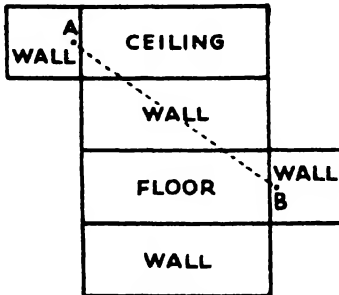
86

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES ON PAGE 111



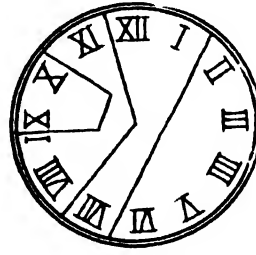
No. 87

No. 88—The first widow received 3 quart bottles of milk and one pint bottle of milk, and was given an empty quart bottle and 3 empty pint bottles. The other two women were each given 2 quart bottles of milk and 3 pint bottles of milk, together with 2 empty quart bottles and 1 empty pint bottle.



No. 89

Our ant, taking the shortest route, crawled only 40 feet. His path took him from A across one corner of the ceiling, then down across the side wall and a corner of the floor, and up the end wall to B.



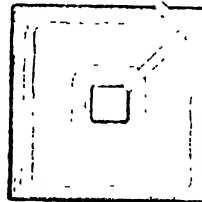
No. 90

No. 91—6 dozen dozen, or 864, pounds of feathers would weigh 6,048,000 grains; and one half dozen dozen, or 72, pounds of gold would weigh 414,720 grains.

No. 92 Since we returned in a shorter time than it took us to go, the average speed for the trip was not 17.5 miles, but $17\frac{1}{2}$ miles per hour.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES ON PAGE 112

93 - 400 pounds.



94

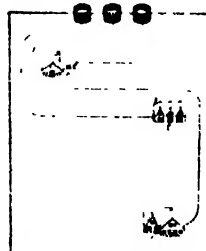
The first diagram shows how the servant arranged the bottles when there were 24 of them; and the second, when there were 20. Note that there were, in both arrangements, nine bottles along each side.



95

96—30 inches.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES ON PAGE 113



98

97—The answer is 66 seconds. Between the first and sixth strokes there were five intervals of time, each interval of 6 seconds duration. There were eleven intervals of 6 seconds each between the first and twelfth strokes.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES ON PAGE 114

99—Only the man speaking was going to St. Ives. The others were evidently returning from there.

100—The board was sawed as shown in Fig. 1 and spliced together as shown in Fig. 2.

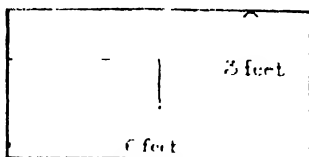


Fig. 1

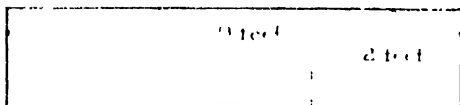


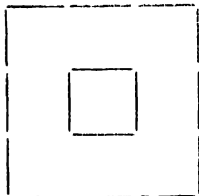
Fig. 2



101

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES ON PAGE 115

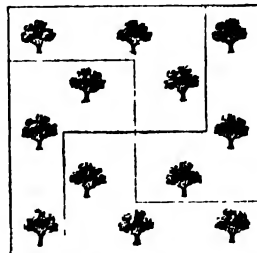
102—First he took the goose across. Then he went back and fetched the oats. But since the goose and the oats were undesirable companions to leave together, he took the goose back with him across the river and left her there while he took the fox across. Then he went back and got the goose.



103

104

105



106

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES ON PAGE 116

107—The locomotive goes forward on the main line, and then backs up and pushes car B under the bridge. Then the ingenious engineer comes back to the main track, backs eastward, and enters the right end of the sidetrack. He couples cars D and B together and returns with them to the main track, where he uncouples car B. Now he backs eastward, and pushes car D up the sidetrack at the right and under the bridge. The locomotive now returns to the main track, where it is coupled to car B. Again it backs eastward, enters the sidetrack, and leaves car B beside the lamp-post C. Now the engineer backs down to the main track, proceeds westward, backs up the sidetrack at the left, couples his engine to car B, and pulls the car to the lamp-post A, where he leaves it. Then he takes his locomotive back to the main track.

108—There are 16 small squares and 9 larger ones each one of which is composed of 4 small squares. Then there are 4 squares each one of which is composed of 9 small squares. And last of all there is 1 diamond square in the center and 1 large square inclosing the whole figure. That makes 31 squares in all.



109

110—Cut the cross as shown in Fig. 1 and the pieces will form a square when arranged as shown in Fig. 2.

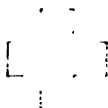
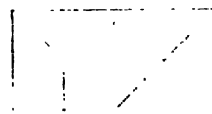


Fig. 1.



Fig. 2



111

PROJECTS *and* RECREATION

Reading Unit No. 9

MAGIC AS A LEISURE-TIME ACTIVITY

Note: For basic information not found on this page, consult the general Index, Vol. 15.

For statistical and current facts, consult the Richards Year Book Index.

Interesting Facts Explained

The disappearing coin, 14-123
How to make spirits talk, 14-124
The mysterious glass, 14-124
Melting money, 14-125
Reading from folded papers, 14-126
Magic figures, 14-126

How to make silk from ashes, 14-126
Fun with magic, 14-126
How to hang a key on a pictured nail, 14-128
A Chinese coin trick, 14-128

Things to Think About

What do we mean when we say that the hand is quicker than the eye?
What kind of atmosphere should you try to create for a spirit

séance?
Why is it necessary for the magician to know how to distract the attention of his audience?

Related Material

The origin of the word "magic," 5-102
Magic in Greek mythology, 14-443-48

The magicians of the American Indians, 7-96
The most famous stories of magic ever told, 14-361-66

Practical Applications

A great many things, like the radio and motion pictures, would have been considered magical by people who lived a hundred years ago. If you

make a list of such things you will be surprised to see how much the world has changed in the past century.

Leisure-time Activities

PROJECT NO. 1: With the help of one or two friends, put on a show consisting of magic tricks.

With a little practice you should be able to puzzle and entertain an audience.

Summary Statement

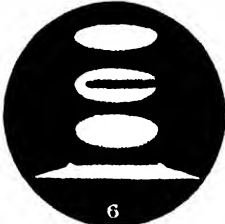
A magician is a person who seems to possess more than human powers. We know, however, that all the effects which the magician produces can be explained

in a very simple and natural way. Either his hand is quicker than our eyes, or he has arranged his trick beforehand. All of us can learn to perform tricks ourselves.



MAGIC THE DISAPPEARING COIN

The box for this trick (1) is about of the size to hold a pack of cards. But on the inside it is only $\frac{1}{4}$ inch deep, since it has a false bottom. Between the two bottoms is a flat piece of brass nearly as long as the box is wide but only an inch across. It is put in crosswise of the box. One end of the box is attached, not to the sides, but to the sliding cover. Ask someone to drop a marked coin in the box. It slides into your hand. Close your hand on it; pass the box to the other hand, shut it, and shake it endwise to make the brass rattle as though the coin were still there. Now secretly slip the coin into some hiding place. Make magic passes, open the box, to show that the coin is gone, and tell the owner where to find his money.



THE MULTIPLYING COIN PLATE

It is simplest to buy this magic plate from a dealer, but you can make one if you prefer. Get a plain white plate; cut two disks of heavy glazed cardboard to fit the bottom, and in a third, somewhat thicker than a coin, make a slot-shaped cut a little wider than a coin. Glue these to the bottom of the plate with the slot piece in the middle (6); finish the edges with white enamel. Put some coins in the slot. As you hold the plate out to a spectator, keep the slot toward you. He counts out coins on it (7). Pass it to the other hand, thus getting the slot in front while you ask him to hold out his hands or a hat for his coins. When you pour them back (8) the extra ones will come too.



THE COIN IN THE BALL OF YARN

When you learn this trick you will want to combine it with the trick of the disappearing coin. For it adds to the mystification if you can produce the marked coin from the very middle of a ball of yarn. To do it you must lay the coin box on a table conveniently near a ball of yarn prepared as follows: Get a flat tin tube (2) large enough to let a coin slip through it and with a handle at one end, as in the picture. Wind yarn around it until only the little handle projects (3). Lay the ball on your table so that the handle will now show, and while you are making passes over the coin box, secretly slip the coin into the slot and pull out the tube (4). Now drop the ball in a tumbler and let the owner of the coin unwind the yarn where all may see (5). At last the coin will appear at the very center of the ball, and the owner will take it out, wondering, and see his mark on it.



PRODUCING A HANDKERCHIEF FROM A MATCH BOX

All you need for this trick is a box of safety matches, a silk handkerchief—and an excuse to light a match. In preparation, open the safety-match box part way (9) and cram the handkerchief into the open space. Leave the box lying carelessly on the table, taking care of course that the handkerchief does not show. When you want to perform the trick take up the box casually with the handkerchief end hidden in your hand. Take out a match for some special purpose. Then suddenly offer to produce the handkerchief. Of course when you shut the box the handkerchief will be forced out into your hands (10) and you can produce it with an appropriate flourish.



MAGIC

THE MAGIC CORNUCOPIA

Cut a folded sheet of newspaper so that there will be two sheets about $10\frac{1}{2}$ " by $14\frac{1}{2}$ ". Paste the sheets together, but leave free the space to the left of the dotted line shown in the little picture. When the paste is dry the double paper will look like a single sheet, but there will be a pocket in it. Fill this pocket with several feet of very thin silk ribbon and lay the paper on your table. Before performing the trick hold up the paper, shaking and turning it so that the audience can see both sides of it. Now roll it into a cornucopia, or funnel. Show the empty cornucopia—and then begin pulling yards of ribbon from it. Now shake the paper out again, showing both sides. Again roll it up, and pulling a small silk handkerchief from your pocket, secretly tuck it into the pocket of the funnel. Unroll the cornucopia, and presto! the handkerchief has disappeared.



THE SPIRIT WHISTLE

You will need two whistles to do this trick. Fasten one to the end of a rubber tube, and attach the other end of the tube to a rubber ball. Now conceal the whistle in your cuff, let the tube run up your arm, and hold the ball in your armpit where you can press it—and thus blow the whistle—with a slight movement of your arm against your body. When about to perform the trick, pass the other whistle around for inspection. Then announce that you will not touch it to your lips, but that your spirit will blow it as you hold it in your hand. The spirit will answer questions: one toot for "Yes," two for "No," three for "I don't know." Of course you answer the questions with the concealed whistle. If the light is dim, the movement of your arm will not be seen.



THE MYSTERIOUS GLASS

The trick shown in the circles depends entirely on your making movements more quickly than the eye can follow them. Sit at one end of a table, with the spectators seated around it but toward the other end. Wrap a piece of paper around a tumbler, twisting the top into a funnel. Announce that you will make the glass drop through the table. Cover it with the funnel and slide it off the edge into your lap so quickly that when you crush the funnel no one will know where the glass has gone.

MAGIC



THE SPIRIT SEANCE

You will need a piece of cloth about 2 ft. square for this trick. Make a hem along one edge of it and run a small round dowel or slat through the hem so that you can hold the cloth up by one corner, as shown in the picture below. Paint or whittle some false fingers and fasten them at one end of the stiffened side of the curtain, so that, in a dim light, you will seem to be holding the curtain up with both hands, although really you are using only one. When doing the trick, step to a table and set a bell upon it. Announce that there is a friendly spirit present who will ring the bell at your command—or answer questions with it, as the spirit whistle does. Taking care that the audience does not see the false fingers till the right time, lift the curtain in front of the bell. Back of the curtain, you can of course ring the bell yourself.



MAGIC



HOW TO RUN A SEANCE

First of all you will need a dark room. Chairs should be placed in a semi-circle facing the spot where the medium sits. There should be a table, and a lamp fitted with one red bulb and one ordinary white bulb which can be turned on separately. There are all sorts of amusing things you can do. The medium may pretend to talk to departed spirits. To be convincing all he has to do is post various of his friends in closets or behind furniture and ask them to rattle chains and make low wailing and moaning sounds. It is all very shivery! When the room is completely dark, a very gruesome effect can be produced by putting your hand closely over a flashlight or by putting the flash inside your mouth. By carefully mixing red water color you can find a blend which you can use as ink white cards. It will show up when the white bulb is on but vanish in the red light. Write fortunes with this red ink and pass the cards out to the audience when the red light is on. Tell them that when the light goes out a spirit will come and write messages. Turn out the red light; wait a second; then turn on the white light. The messages in red ink will then be visible.



HOW TO MAKE CHANGE

If you can get hold of a small tin tube with a spring attachment and large enough to hold several coins, you will find this trick very simple. The tube should have at one end a rubber band which is attached inside the sleeve of the performer. At the other end is a thin hair which goes around the performer's thumb, is quite invisible, and allows him to pull out the tube at will. Now, the performer, after showing that he has nothing in his hands, asks for a dollar bill, which he proceeds to roll into the shape of the tube. Having pulled out the tube secretly by stretching his arm, he inserts the dollar, releases the spring that holds the coins, and lets the tube go. When he opens his hand the astonished audience finds that he has the correct change for a dollar instead of a dollar bill!

MAGIC



WHERE IS THE PENNY?

This will mystify your friends if you practice hard and do it well. Offer someone a penny, holding it between the thumb and middle finger, as you see above. Just as he reaches for it, flip the coin up your sleeve which should be wide and long and show him your empty hand. Lower your arm, and the penny will fall into your hand again.



MELTING MONEY

For this trick you need a coin, a glass disk the size of the coin, a handkerchief, and a glass of water. Put the coin in the handkerchief (1) and show it to everybody. Then, while you turn the handkerchief upside down, substitute the disk for the coin (2). The disk will tinkle as it falls into the glass (3) and sound like the coin; but when the handkerchief is removed, the coin will not be in the glass.

THIS IS SIMPLE

Pile several coins on your arm as you see above. Then bring your arm down quickly, holding your hand open. With a little practice you can catch every coin—even as many as six.

MAGIC FIGURES

Before anyone enters the room, write the number 35 on a slip of paper and hide it in a vase, a book, or any other odd place you think of. When the guests have entered, go around with a piece of paper, handing it to this person and that and asking each to write any figure smaller than 10 on it. As each figure is written, add it secretly to the sum of those that have gone before. When the sum reaches 26 or over, stop calling for more figures, and say importantly, "That will be enough, thank you; but I should like this gentleman's initial on the paper for identification." When he gives you his initial, write it down yourself, and while you are doing it quickly write down also whatever figure is needed to bring the sum of the column to 35. Now let him add the figures up, and pass the paper around for all to see. Let it be folded, and when it is passed back to you burn it up, still folded in the sight of all. Now ask one of the guests to open the Bible at page 407, or to look in such and such a vase—wherever you have hidden that paper. There he will find the answer to the sum, 35. This can be varied by choosing another two-figure number. Stop the sum at 9 or less below it.



MAGIC

READING FROM FOLDED PAPERS

Ask each guest to write a question on a slip of paper and fold it securely. Then collect the questions in a hat, promising to answer them without opening the folded papers. Now for this trick you must have a confederate. All he has to do is let you know beforehand what his question is going to be. Then when you are collecting the papers, you quietly slip his under the band inside the hat. Now take out one of the other slips, but answer your friend's question. Then open the slip you hold, as if to verify the question—and read silently what is really written there. Repeat your friend's question aloud. Next time take another slip, but answer the question on the first slip. When all are answered, mix the slips together, your friend's included, and pass the hat around for inspection.



SILK FROM PAPER

"I have three pieces of paper, red, white, and blue. I am going to burn them. From the ashes will come silk." As you make this boast, you have, rolled up under your right armpit, 4 yards each of red, white, and blue ribbon, sewed together at one end. With your right hand thrust the papers, tightly twisted, into a flame, and at the same time show that you have nothing in your left hand and only the papers in your right. As you draw up your right sleeve to show that it is empty, conceal the ribbon in your left hand. Pass the burning papers to your left hand, crush out the flame, and as you do it get the ribbons in your right hand and let them unfold.



THE MYSTERIOUS APPLE

Cover a table with a black cloth that reaches the floor and set the table in front of a black curtain in a doorway. Fasten one end of a long, strong black thread to the carpet behind the table, and loop the other end over a hook at the top of the door in the other room. Let the end hang down just far enough to touch the table; fasten a black pin bent like a fishhook to it. Pass around the audience 2 ft. of cord and an apple with a $\frac{1}{2}$ " hole cut through it. Now pass the cord through the hole, and with it the thread, catching the hook on the under side of the apple. At your command the apple will climb the cord when you push the thread with your knee.



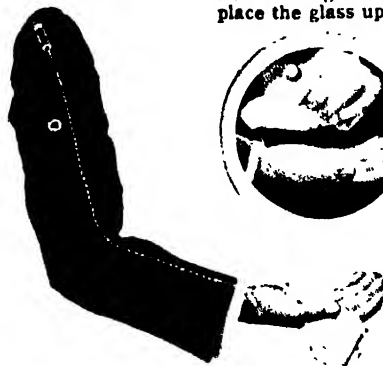


FUN WITH MAGIC

For this trick everything must be black—your coat, the table cover, and the curtain that you must hang just behind you. Place your table in a doorway, and in the inner room station your assistant, out of sight of the audience. Fasten one end of a long black thread to the wall of the inner room and give your assistant the other end. Borrow a handkerchief in the audience, and as you announce that with your wand you can make the handkerchief become a living, obedient creature, tie a number of knots in it, with one knot around the thread. Your assistant will do the rest by jerking the invisible thread. Your handkerchief will rise and dance at the command of your wand, and will even tell fortunes.



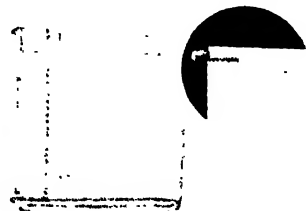
Cut through a rubber band and fasten one end of it to a pin whose point has been bent back to make a hook. Fasten the other end of the rubber to a safety pin which you will pin inside your sleeve near the shoulder. Now pull the loose end down to your cuff and hook the end of the pin over your cuff with the point projecting outward. When you rub a thin silk handkerchief down over your cuff, it catches hold of the pin and pulls it away from the cuff. Let the handkerchief go, and the whole thing will vanish up your sleeve.



In the middle of a handkerchief you have spread out on the table place a piece of money. Cover the coin with the four corners of the handkerchief and show plainly that the coin is still there. But see to it that you have placed a small piece of wax inside the first corner—as shown above. Press the wax down on the coin and then take up the handkerchief, first by one side and then by this corner, and shake the handkerchief vigorously, detaching the coin and wax meanwhile.

Slip a match into the hem of an ordinary handkerchief—as shown at the right. Draw the handkerchief carelessly from your pocket, spread it out, and ask a friend to lay a match on it. Fold up the handkerchief and let him seem to break the match up inside the folds—but let him really break the match in the seam. Then show him his match whole!

Put a little glue around the top of a tumbler and place the glass upside down on a sheet of white paper. When the glue has dried cut the paper away carefully around the outside of the tumbler. Now with a sheet of stiff paper make a cylinder a little larger than the glass and twice as high. Lay on the table a sheet of paper exactly like the kind you glued over the glass. Put a coin on the paper and say that you will make it disappear. Then pick up your cylinder with the glass inside it and invert both over the coin. Remove the cylinder, leaving the glass. The paper on the top of the glass will cover the coin. Put the cylinder back over the glass and lift both. The coin will reappear.





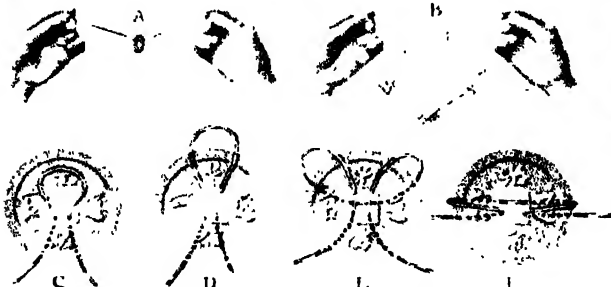
MAGICAL CUPS

For this trick, besides the quick hand a conjurer always needs, you must have two handleless cups, with straight sides and bottoms sunk about $\frac{1}{4}$ ". Turn them upside down, and on the sunken bottoms glue some birdseed. The cups will then look as if they were right side up and full. When doing the trick, have a bag of the same seed. Show your audience that the cups are empty, but do not let anyone come dangerously near you. Now dip one cup in the seed as if to fill it, but instead turn it upside down, so as to show the glued seed. Now put it under a hat, but as you do so dextrously turn it right side up again. Now place the other cup, which is empty, under another hat, but turn this one upside down, so it will look full. Finally say some magic words, remove the hats, and show the people that the cups have changed places.

MAGIC

THE PICTURED NAIL

This trick requires an extraordinarily strong magnet, a bit of preparation beforehand, and the faithful help of a friend. Make a large frame, taller than your friend is, and cover it with paper as you would a screen. Then set the screen up in such a way that your friend can hide behind it—with the magnet. When the audience has gathered together, draw on this screen a picture of a nail or hook. Then borrow a key or a key ring from someone—it must be something that a magnet will attract—and offer to hang it on your pictured nail. This will be easy enough to do, provided that your friend holds the magnet just back of the "nail," where it can attract the key through the paper.



CHINESE COIN TRICK

Any kind of coin with a hole in it will do, but you must have two exactly alike. Palm one coin, that is, conceal it in your hand. Pass the other, and a piece of string, around for inspection. Let some spectator slip the string through the hole and hold it, an end in each hand (A). You promise to take the coin off the string while he holds it so; but it is a dark Chinese trick and you must work under cover. So borrow a handkerchief and throw it over the string (B). Under it move the coin a little to the left. Then attach the palmed coin to the center of the string as shown in the pictures: draw a loop of string through the hole (C, D), slip the loop over the edge of the coin (E), and draw it taut (F). The string has to be rather slack for this. But now ask the spectator to tighten it, at the same time closing your hand over the first coin. Pretending that he is not doing it right, take the left end of the string, as if to show him, and as you hand it back slip your hand off the left end with the first coin in it. Now take off the handkerchief. The string across the coin will look like a knot you have been tying to make it all the harder to remove the coin. With a flourish, grasp the coin in one hand, slip the loop back over its edge—and the trick is done.



THE TRAVELING COIN

Find a hair from 10 inches to a foot in length. On each end put a dab of magician's wax and stick each dab to a separate button on your waistcoat—this is no trick, you see, for a girl! Borrow a coin from the audience, and secretly press it against one dab of wax so that the wax will come off the button and stick to the coin. Now drop the coin in a goblet. Making magical passes to distract attention, slowly move the goblet away so that the unseen hair draws the coin up the side.



PROJECTS *and* RECREATION

Reading Unit No. 10

CARD TRICKS FOR A RAINY DAY

Note: For basic information not found on this page, consult the general Index, Vol. 15.

For statistical and current facts, consult the Richards Year Book Index.

Interesting Facts Explained

How to slip a card from the deck, 14-130
Reading a card from its back, 14-130
Reading a card with your fingers, 14-131
How to force a person to pick the card you want, 14-131
Guessing the right card, 14-132
Mind reading, 14-132

How to weigh a card, 14-133
Finding a card in the pack, 14-133
How to pass a card through the deck, 14-133
Making a card fall from the deck, 14-134
The most puzzling of all card tricks, 14-134

Things to Think About

Is there any connection between magic and card tricks? Why does the person who performs card tricks need a quick hand and a glib tongue?
Why should the second trick on page 14-131 be performed with as much speed as possible?
Why is the trick just a matter

of "heads I win; tails you lose"?
Can a person who has a poor memory perform card tricks well?
Is the trick on page 14-134 genuine magic? Can you explain how it is done?

Leisure-time Activities

PROJECT NO. 1: Invent several card tricks which depend for their success upon your ability to distract the attention of your audience for a moment while you look at a card or change its position. Try these tricks on a group of your friends, and see if you can puzzle them

PROJECT NO. 2: Tell your friends you are going to give them an intelligence test. Then do the second trick on page 14-131 with one of your friends, while the others watch. Repeat the trick with each one of the group until someone finally sees through it.

Summary Statement

Card tricks, like magic, can be very puzzling until they have been explained. The person who performs card tricks must have the same qualities which are necessary to the magician. He must have skillful, trained hands;

he must have a clever tongue, and he must be able to direct the audience's attention away from himself. Very few things can be more puzzling than card tricks when they are well done.

CARD TRICKS

THE LOST ACE

The success of this trick will depend upon the apparent carelessness with which you will seem to lay down on the table the four aces out of a deck of cards. You will need to practice this a good deal, for there really are not four aces, but only three aces—of clubs, diamonds, and spades—together with the nine of hearts. But two cards are laid on top of the four spots along either side of the nine of hearts, so that it looks like the ace of hearts. The real ace of hearts you put in your pocket before you began to do the trick.

When everyone has seen your "four" aces, shuffle the four cards into the pack, and handing the deck to one of the spectators, ask him to shuffle it, too. Then tell him to find the four aces. Of course he will find only three. Then you will produce the fourth ace from your pocket!



CARD TRICKS

SLIPPING A CARD FROM THE DECK

To perform this trick smoothly and convincingly takes a little practice, for you must have your fingers trained to do just what you tell them. First, let someone in the audience take a card from the deck and show it to all the spectators. Then have him place it on the bottom of the deck. You will hold the deck up before the audience so that they may all see that the card he chose is on the bottom and nowhere else. Now pretend to take it off the bottom and put it somewhere in the middle of the deck—in reality you will remove the card next the bottom, as we have shown in Fig. 1. The card that was chosen will still be on the bottom. Now holding the deck between your thumb and first finger, in the manner which we have shown in Fig. 2, get someone to strike the cards a hard blow. All the cards will fly from your hand save one. That one will be left in your hand, as shown in Fig. 3, and it will be the card that was chosen.



FIG 1



FIG 2

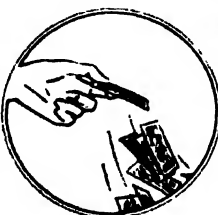


FIG 3

READING A CARD FROM ITS BACK

Many card tricks depend on the magician's ability to divert attention from himself at just the right moment. This is not hard to do, once you learn how. Make a joke at the expense of one of the members of the company—everybody will turn to see how he takes it. Speak to the cat or dog. Ask someone to raise a window shade. Anything will do, if it just gives you an instant when no one's eyes are upon you. To do the trick we are about to describe, you must find a chance to look at the top card in the deck. Then when everyone is

settled, divide the deck into four piles, which you lay along in a row. Of course the card you looked at will be on top of the first pile. Let us suppose that card is the ace of hearts. Now point to the top card of the pile at the other end of the row and say, "This is the ace of hearts." You will pick it up without exhibiting it, so no one will know that it is quite another card—say, the king of spades. Now point to the top card in the next pile and say, "This is the king of spades." You will pick it up and find that it is the seven of clubs, perhaps. Now point to the next pile and say, "This is the seven of clubs" and pick it up. Let us say that it is the eight of diamonds. Point to the first pile you laid down and say, "This is the eight of diamonds." You will, of course, pick up the ace of hearts. Hastily slip the ace of hearts into your hand next the king of spades and show the four cards to the audience. They will see the cards you named, in the order in which you picked them up.



FIG 1



FIG 2

A CLEVER SCOOP

Lay out the cards in a long row, as shown in the figure, so that only a fraction of each one shows. They should all be face up. A little practice will teach you how to pick them all up with a single gesture. Put your hand under the last card, the one that lies on the table, and bend it toward the right a little. Then, with a light, quick sweep of the arm, scoop them all up into your hand. All the cards will fall into place with a continuous, wavelike motion. This is one of the tricks that look quite amazing to spectators, though it is simple enough for anyone who has the patience to perfect himself in it.



CARD TRICKS

READING A CARD WITH YOUR FINGERS

Remove five or six cards from the top of a pack and turn the whole group so that their backs will be toward the backs of the rest of the pack. Now hold up the pack just an instant so that these five or six turned cards will be facing toward you and the other cards toward the audience. Note the card facing you. Now put the cards behind you, pretend to shuffle them, and place the card that was facing you on the other side of the pack, so that when you hold the deck up again it will be facing the audience. With all the hocus-pocus you like, feel this card as you hold it toward the audience, and finally tell them what it is. Meanwhile you have been taking note of the card facing you. Now put the cards behind you again, pretend to shuffle them, and as before, shift the card you just saw to the front of the pack. Feel its face carefully and then tell the audience what it is, while you note the card now facing you. Do this with each of the cards you have turned.

FORCING A CARD ON A SPECTATOR

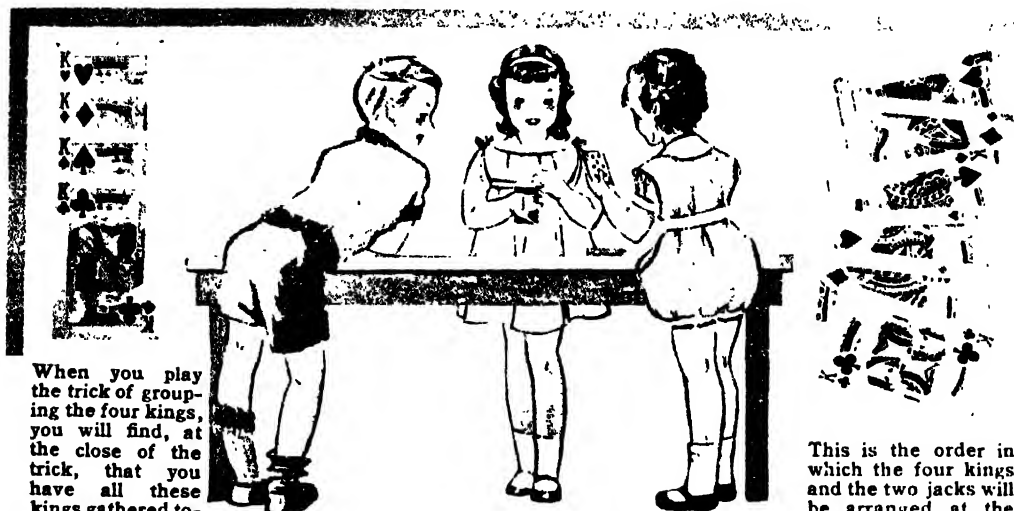
Never do this trick more than once at a time, and then rush it through as fast as you can. Occasionally your subterfuge will be seen through and exposed, but as a rule it will go off smoothly. You will see that it is just a matter of "heads I win; tails you lose." Take a card—let us say the ace of spades—from the deck, as if by accident, and handing it face down to one of your spectators, ask him to place it on the table without looking at it. Now tell him that you are going to force him to choose that card out of all the fifty-two cards in the deck. Begin by saying, "Now there are two colors in the deck, black and red. Which do you choose?" If he says, "Black," proceed at once to the next question, for he has chosen the right color. But if he says, "Red," then say, "That gives me the blacks, doesn't it?"

Of course he will agree. Then go on very quickly to your second question: "Now in the blacks there are two suits, spades and clubs. Which do you choose?" If he says spades, proceed to the third question at once. If he says clubs, say, "That gives me the spades, doesn't it?" And when he agrees, hurry on to the third question: "Now each suit has thirteen cards, but for convenience let us say there are sixteen. Which half of the spades would you then choose, the upper or the lower eight?" If he says the lower, hurry on. If he says the upper, say, "That gives me the lower eight," and then hurry on. "Now of the lower eight, which do you choose, the upper four or the lower four?" If he says the lower, hurry on. If he says the upper, make your little speech as above, and then say, "Of the lower four which do you choose, the upper two or the lower two?" When the upper two have been eliminated after the usual fashion, say, "Of the lower two, which do you choose, the upper one or the lower one?" If he says the lower, say, "See if you haven't it in your hand." If he says the upper, say, "Then that leaves the lower to me," and stretch out your hand for the card. Speed and a confident manner are everything in doing this trick—and you will probably find it easier with the ace of spades than with any other card.

DETECTING A TURNED CARD

You can perform this trick only with a deck in which the picture cards have a narrower margin at one end of the card than at the other. Place three or four of the picture cards so that all the broad margins point in the same direction. Now ask a spectator to turn one of the cards around while you are not looking. You can easily tell which card he turned by looking for the one that has a narrow margin at the end where the margins of all the other cards are broad. If your friends try to mystify you by not turning any cards, you will find that out, too. And if you have a good memory, you can place the borders in any position, memorize the direction of the narrow margin on each card, and note when one of the cards has been shifted.

CARD TRICKS



When you play the trick of grouping the four kings, you will find, at the close of the trick, that you have all these kings gathered together somewhere in the pack.

This is the order in which the four kings and the two jacks will be arranged at the opening of the trick of grouping the four kings.

CARD TRICKS

GUESSING THE RIGHT CARD

Get someone in your audience to deal out to one person all the spot cards in any suit. Then ask the person holding those ten cards to choose one of them, which shall be passed from hand to hand in the audience so that everyone may see it. Now announce that you will tell them the card if they will tell you the answer to a little sum in arithmetic. First let them secretly square the number of the card they have chosen. Suppose it was a five— $5 \times 5 = 25$. Then let them secretly square the number of the card just above it— $6 \times 6 = 36$ —and subtract the first square from the second— $36 - 25 = 11$. Then ask them to tell you the remainder. In your own mind subtract one from that number— $11 - 1 = 10$ —and divide the remainder by two— $10 \div 2 = 5$. The dividend will always give you the number of the card, no matter what the card was.

MIND READING

Ask someone in your audience to take twenty-one cards hit or miss out of the deck and deal them out one at a time into three piles, with their faces upward. Let him begin at the left, and when he has dealt out one card for the bottom card of each pile, let him begin at the left again and deal out a card on top of each of the first three, and so on, beginning over again at the left each time till he has dealt all the twenty-one cards into three piles. Ask someone else to choose a card while the first man is dealing, and to remember in which pile it lies. When the dealing is over ask the person who chose the card to point out to you the pile it is in. Now pick up the cards, placing the pile he pointed to in the middle of the stack, between the other two piles, and ask your first man to deal them again, in the same manner as before. Get the person who chose the card to notice again where it falls. When the dealing is over have him show you what pile it is in. Now pick them up again, putting the pile he pointed to in the center of the stack.

Do all this still a third time. Then turn the cards over, so that their backs are toward you, and deal off eleven cards. The eleventh card will always be the one that was chosen.

GROUPING THE FOUR KINGS

Remove the four kings from the pack and two jacks as well. Now arrange the four kings in your hand in the shape of a fan, but behind the topmost king place the two jacks carefully squared, so that only the king can be seen. Then hold the fan up to the audience, so that they may see that the four kings are really there. Now square the fan together; the little pack of six cards will have a king on top, then the two jacks underneath him, and then the three kings at the bottom. Now place these six cards on the top of the full deck, and holding the deck with its face to the audience, so that the spectators may see the king, say, "Ladies and gentlemen, I am now going to separate these kings. The first one I shall remove and place on the bottom of the pack." Turn the cards face toward you and put the top card at the bottom. "The next king," you now will say, "I shall put a little higher up in the pack"—and without showing the face of the card to the audience, you will remove the top jack and let the spectators see you insert it near the bottom of the deck. "The third king," you continue, "I will insert higher up in the pack." Whereupon, with the faces of the cards still toward you, you remove the second jack and insert it in the deck near the top. "The fourth king," you now say, "I will leave on top of the pack," and you turn the deck toward the audience for them to see the king that is really there. You now have, in reality, three kings at the top and one at the bottom of the deck. Now ask someone in the audience to cut the cards. That will bring the four kings together. Take the cards, work rather hard pressing the deck, and then hand it to someone with the remark that if he will look, he will find that you have gathered all the kings together into a group.

CARD TRICKS



CARD TRICKS

THE TURNED CARD

Let one of your spectators draw any card he chooses from the deck, which you will hold face down. While everyone is busy looking at the card he has drawn, you will turn the lowest card in the deck so that it faces in the opposite direction from the rest. Turn the deck over quickly, and it will still look as if the pack were held face down—but no one must see any of these maneuvers. Now let the person who drew the card put it back into the pack—face down, of course. Ask one of the audience to cover your hands with a large handkerchief for just a moment. Under the handkerchief the top card in the pack is turned in the right direction again and the pack is turned over. Now remove the handkerchief and let the spectators pass the cards about, so that they may marvel at the fact that the card one of them drew has turned quite over in the pack!

HOW TO WEIGH A CARD

Hand a deck of cards to someone in your audience and ask him to select a card and show it to the other spectators, though not to you. Then take the card from him and seem to weigh it face down in your hand; and as you do so, make a mark upon the edge of it with your thumb nail—not too deeply, but distinctly enough for you to see or feel it without too much trouble. Now give the card back to the person who holds the deck and let him shuffle it in with the rest of the cards. He will now hand the cards to you one at a time, and you will weigh each one in your hand with solemn face. When you see or feel the mark on the edge of the card, you will find that card of just the right weight, and will hold it up to the audience for verification.

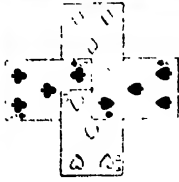
FINDING A CARD IN THE PACK

For this trick you should have two full packs of cards, both of the same pattern. Arrange them so that all the black cards are in one pack and the red ones in another. There will be nothing to show that the two packs are not perfect. Now while you conceal the black pack, let someone draw a card out of the red pack, but be careful not to exhibit the faces of the pack. While everyone is looking at the drawn card, quickly exchange the red for the black pack. Then have your friend insert the card in the black pack and let him shuffle them as much as he will, requiring only that he be professional about it and not exhibit any of the cards. When he has finished, you will take the deck, and without showing it, will lock it through and pick out his card, the only red one in the pack. This trick may be played with a single deck of cards by separating it into two halves, one half containing the black cards and the other the red, but of course two full packs are better for mystifying the audience.

PASSING A CARD THROUGH THE DECK

Hold up the seven and eight of hearts perfectly squared, so that you will seem to be holding only the eight of hearts (see cut). Now lay the seven and eight of hearts—which your audience believe to be only the eight—on top of the deck, which of course is held face down. In plain sight of everyone take the top card off the deck and without allowing its face to be seen, place it on the bottom of the pack. Say "abracadabra" or any other magic word that takes your fancy, and turn over the top card of the deck. It will be the eight of hearts, which has passed clear through the deck.

CARD TRICKS



THE FOUR FIVES

Get a friend to take the four "fives" out of a deck of cards, and then tell him to arrange them so that only four spots can be seen on each card. The picture will show you how he should do it.



CARD TRICKS

MAKING A CARD FALL FROM THE DECK

This trick may be combined with any trick in which a card is "guessed," and it may also be performed as a trick by itself. In that case you ask someone to choose a card, look at it and show it to the other spectators, and then hand it back to you. Without looking at it, you put it back in the center of the pack, letting them see you do so. But be careful not to push it all the way into the pack. Now stand up in front of your audience and holding the pack face down, pull the card halfway out of the pack, meanwhile shielding it from view behind your partly closed hand, which holds the cards. Then let the pack fall about three feet to the table or the floor. The card will fall clear of the rest—probably face up.

A CARD PUZZLE

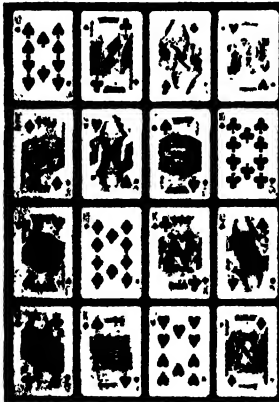
If you have a friend who likes to do puzzles, give him this one to work. Take all the kings, queens, jacks, and tens out of a deck of cards, and ask him to arrange them so that there will be a king, queen, jack, and ten of a different suit in each one of the horizontal and perpendicular rows of the square and in each one of the diagonals.

GENUINE MAGIC

Counting the ace as high, discard everything in the deck below the seven. Then lay out the remaining thirty-two cards face up in four piles, each pile containing, without regard to suit, an ace on the bottom, then a king on top of the ace, next a queen on top of the king, then a jack, then a ten, and so on down to the seven, which will be on the top of the pile. Now pick

up the packs, one on top of the other, beginning at the left; that is, put the left-hand pack on top of the one next to it, those two on top of the third, and all three on top of the fourth. Hand the deck to a spectator and ask him to cut it as many times as he likes, always keeping the cards face upward and making only one cut at a time or, in other words, always piling the cards after each cut before he makes the next cut. When he is satisfied that the cards are

properly cut, deal them out, one at a time, into eight piles, beginning at the right and dealing only one card to a pile at a time. If you have followed all these directions carefully, you will now have all the cards of the same value in the same pile; the aces will all be together, the kings together, the queens, the jacks, etc. The order in which the piles are arranged will always be the same, so if you memorize that order you can always pick up a card of any denomination your audience may ask for. That is, if they demand a seven or an ace or a ten, you will always know in just what pile to find it. One of the interesting things about this trick is that it seems as much like magic to the per-



former as it does to the audience.

A DELICATE SENSE OF TOUCH

Take a card from the deck, and without looking at it hold it up to the audience, with your thumb on the lower edge of the card and your finger on the top. Now, with your left hand, feel the card carefully all over; but meanwhile bend it with your right hand just enough for you to get a hasty glance at the lower corner where the suit and number are marked. Then name the card for your audience.

PROJECTS *and* RECREATION

Reading Unit No. 11

FUN WITH TRICKS

Note: For basic information not found on this page, consult the general Index, Vol. 15.

For statistical and current facts, consult the Richards Year Book Index.

Interesting Facts Explained

How to make water run uphill,
14-136
The enchanted ace, 14 137
How to squeeze an egg through
the neck of a bottle, 14 137
Lifting a bottle with a straw, 14-
137
The spirit calculator, 14 139
How to blow over a dictionary,

14-140
The floating sugar lump, 14-141
The vanishing spot, 14 142
Where the word "cryptography"
comes from, and what it means,
14-143
Simple kinds of secret writing,
14-146
Book ciphers, 14-148

Things to Think About

In the trick on page 14 137, why
does the egg pass through the
mouth of the bottle when the
bottle is heated? 1 476-83
In the trick on page 14 140, why
do the books tumble over when
you blow into the bag? 1 452

In the trick on page 14 137, why
do you seem to see the pin up-
side down? 10-446-52
In the trick on page 14-142, why
doesn't the water spill out when
you whirl the glass around
your head? 1-310-12

Picture Hunt

Defying the laws of gravity, 1-
312
How heat expansion is allowed
for when railroad tracks are

laid, 1-478
Why the image in the camera is
always upside down, 10-449

Leisure-time Activities

PROJECT NO. 1: Air pressure
can be used for many practical
purposes, as well as for tricks.
List some of the valuable devices
which make use of air pressure.
You will probably find some such
devices in your own home.
PROJECT NO. 2: Invent your

own code of secret writing and
send a letter in that code to one
of your friends.

PROJECT NO. 3: Make a pin-
hole camera. You will find, if
you read pages 10-446-52 care-
fully, that you can make such a
camera with very little trouble.

Summary Statement

We can all have a great deal of
fun with tricks. Though some
tricks may seem very startling,
you will find that they are all
based on certain natural "laws."

The same air pressure that we can
use to blow over a heavy dic-
tionary can also be used to oper-
ate a vacuum cleaner.

TRICKS



FUN WITH TRICKS

THE INVERTED TUMBLER

1. Fill a tumbler to the brim. 2. Hold a piece of paper over it and turn the tumbler upside down. 3. Take your hand off the paper and you will find that the paper stays in place—and so does the water!

THE WELL-BEHAVED MATCH

Secretly break off the tip of a match and press the slivered end firmly down on your finger. Everybody will think that you are very clever to be able to balance the match.



HOW TO MAKE WATER RUN UPHILL

Put a lighted candle about three inches long in a pan filled with three inches of water. Then put a glass over the candle, as you see in the picture above. The water will rise in the glass above the water line of the pan. As long as it has oxygen the candle will burn, and as long as the candle burns the water will rise.



BLOOD WILL TELL!

Stand with your back to a table and tell someone to put a penny and a dime in any position on the table, and to raise one arm above the head and let the other arm hang down. Then say, "Place the upraised hand over the dime and the other hand over the penny." You can always tell which is the dime hand and which is the penny hand, because the blood will be drained from the hand that was in the air, while the other will be as red as before. Naturally the longer you keep your man waiting with one hand up and one down, the more marked the difference in color will be and the easier it will be for you to guess.

A GOOD TRICK FOR APRIL FOOLS' DAY

Cut a piece of black paper to imitate spilled ink. Lay it flat on a white table cover and beside it place an upset dry ink bottle. Whoever owns the tablecloth will be greatly shocked!

THE WARNING BENEATH THE EGG SHELL

Mix an ounce of alum with a half pint of vinegar. Then with a fine brush, using the mixture as an ink, write a message—a joke, a prophecy, anything you like—on the shell of an egg. After the egg is boiled in water for about fifteen minutes, the writing will disappear, but your unsuspecting friend who removes the shell will find the message on the hard-boiled egg inside.



HERE, PENNY, PENNY, PENNY!

Did you know that pennies could walk? Place a penny on a table on which is a table cover. Above it place an inverted glass set on two lead pencils, as you see in the picture above. Now begin scratching toward you on the tablecloth just outside the glass and the penny will come creeping out!



THE CENT AND THE HOLE

In a stout piece of paper, cut a circle with a diameter three-sixteenths of an inch less than the diameter of a penny. Ask anyone to pass a penny through the hole without touching the penny or tearing the paper. When he has given it up, fold the paper exactly across the center of the hole. Ask someone to drop in the penny, and when it is resting just above the hole, bend the corners of the paper slightly upward and the penny will fall through.

TRICKS



THE ENCHANTED ACE

Put an ace of hearts on the table. Take a large piece of cardboard and put it on the left side of the ace, as you see the boy doing below. Let your nose touch the paper, so that the right eye sees the ace but the left eye cannot. Stare at the ace for two minutes; then close the eye which has been



looking at it and you will find that you can see the ace with the left eye even though you know that it is on the other side of the cardboard! Now remove the ace of hearts altogether and open your right eye. You can still see the card.



THE SERPENTINE DANCER

Allow a beam of sunlight to pass through a hole in a shutter or blind. Place a pan of water with a mirror in it where the beam falls, and direct the light on a "dancer" who is standing in front of a white background. If you stir the water the figure will begin to dance and will be lighted up by all the colors of the rainbow.



THE CANARY IN THE CAGE

Draw light diagonal lines on both sides of a piece of cardboard, and run a cord through each end of the cardboard at the center point. Draw a bird on one side of the cardboard, with its feet where the diagonals cross. On the other side draw a bird cage. Then spin the card rapidly and the bird will be in the cage!

A TIGHT SQUEEZE FOR ANY EGG

Take a hard-boiled egg and peel off the shell. Then take a vase or milk bottle which has a mouth slightly smaller than your egg, and put a flaming bit of paper at the bottom of it. Put your egg on top, and before you know it, the egg will be inside the bottle!

THE ACROBATIC PIN

Make a small hole in a card, and hold it up to the light with the hole level with the eye. Hold a pin, head up, in front of the hole and look at it steadily. You will see the head of a pin upside down on the other side of the card.

BUT NOT ON THE RUG!

Try to crush an egg held with the ends touching your hands in the position shown below. If the egg is solid with no cracks, it can't be done; but if you hold the egg long end up, the trick is very simple - and also very messy!



TRICKS



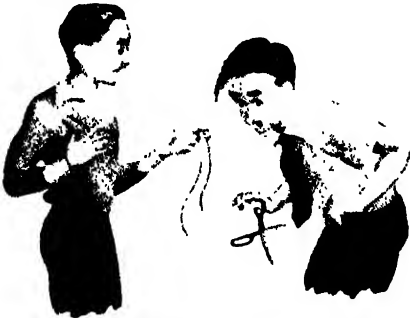
FUN WITH TRICKS

THE HERCULEAN STRAW

A straw is very frail, but if you use it properly it can lift a heavy bottle. To do this you will have to bend it into the position you see above; this makes it very strong. Engineers use this principle in constructing strong steel supports.

HOW TO BALANCE A TEACUP

This takes practice. Push a cork firmly into the cup handle and then place a fork with its prongs sticking into the cork and its handle under the cup. With patience you can balance all three on the point of a pencil.



HOW WELL CAN YOU CHEW?

To do this trick properly you must learn to arrange your string so quickly that your friends cannot catch you doing it. A string about three feet long should be looped as in Figure 1 and held, with loops concealed, as in Figure 2. Now ask someone to cut the string where your hands meet and then let the string drop, as in Figure 3, to show that it is indeed cut. What it really looks like, of course, is shown in Figure 4, but the loop is hidden by your finger. Now put the string in your mouth and chew and chew—then pull it out all chewed together again. You will have to keep the little piece in your mouth until nobody is looking.



THE ELUSIVE COIN

Set a coin on the edge of a table and placing your left hand over your right eye, try to knock the coin off with your right hand. If you keep your eye level with the table and get about an arm's length away from the coin, you will find that you are dabbing away at nothing but thin air.

KICK THE MATCH BOX

It sounds simple enough; you merely kick at a match box. Mark a line on the floor and place a match box in front of you exactly three lengths of your foot away from the line. Then, with one foot toeing the line, try to kick the match box. You may be able to do it and you may not! But remember that the rules for this game do not allow you to score if you lose your balance, or if you move the foot you are standing on.



APRIL FOOL!

Saw a stick on the bias and glue the two pieces on either side of a window-pane (see below). The cracks are streaks of soap.



UNDER THE BROOM

Place the end of a broom handle against the wall and, holding it as the boy is doing below, try to pass your head under the broom. It can be done, but it is not easy.



TRICKS



FUN WITH TRICKS



PLAYING HIDE-AND-SEEK WITH A PEA

You will need three walnut-shell halves and a small dried pea for this trick— and lots of practice. This is how it is done. Lay the pea on the table and ask someone to put a shell over it and to remember which shell it is. Place the fingers of the right hand on that shell and the fingers of the left on another shell, and move both shells over the table. Then reach for the third with your left hand and at the same time lift the first with the right just high enough to slide

out the pea, which you then conceal between your thumb and third finger (Fig. 2). Now shift the shell to the center of the table, reach for another, and lift it slightly, so that you can slide the pea under. Your audience will be surprised that the pea has changed shells.



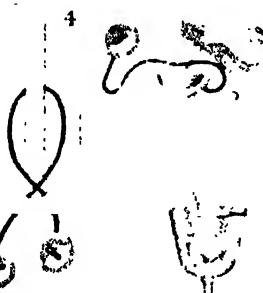
A MATCH-BOX VACUUM

Can you shift the match-box cover and drawer in Fig. 6 to the reversed position in Fig. 7 without separating them? Inhale sharply with your mouth over the drawer, throw your head back, and then pick them up.



TRICKY BUTTONS

Cut slits and a circle in a strong piece of paper, as you see in Fig. 4. Then insert a cord and to it attach buttons too large to go through the hole. Now detach the string from the paper without removing the buttons. The solution is to pull a part of the panel through the hole.



HOW IS IT DONE?

Place a coin on a folded handkerchief (see picture at the left) so that it will seem to be inside instead of in a fold. Hold the handkerchief between two fingers, as the boy is doing. Now ask someone to pull all its four corners. The coin will seem to pass through the material and fall into your hand.



THE SPIRIT CALCULATOR

A piece of paper and a pencil are passed around the audience with a request that four different persons will each write down a row of four figures, each row below the next. The performer then passes the paper to a fifth person to add, but before the result is called out, the performer writes it on the blackboard. The secret is that he already had a set of figures in different handwritings, the sum of which he had memorized. He gave the fifth player that sum to be added, instead of the one his audience had set down!



IT CAN'T BE DONE!

Stand with feet together and one foot and shoulder touching the wall. Now try to lean your head against the wall!



A CANDLE MOTOR

Heat the heads of two pins and force them into the middle of candle, one on each side. Balance the candle on two glasses, as you see below, with a pan on either side to catch the drip. Light the candle at both ends and it will rock back and forth as it melts, like a seesaw.

HEAVY, HEAVY HANGS OVER YOUR HEAD

Sit down on chair and lay your right hand flat upon the top of your head. Then challenge anybody to lift it off. He may use both hands, but jerking or pulling sideways is not allowed.



THE MAGIC KNOT

Ask someone to tie a knot in a handkerchief without letting go either of the opposite corners he is holding. It seems impossible, but is very simple. Fold your arms as the boy at the right is doing, and in that position take hold of the handkerchief. Then just unfold your arms!



FUN WITH TRICKS

A GOOD WAY TO BUMP YOUR HEAD



Take a stool and place it next a wall, you yourself standing two stool-widths away. Now bend over and try to pick the stool up.

A GOOD PRACTICAL JOKE

Fill two glasses with water and place them on the backs of a friend's hands, asking him to balance them. He will show you how easy it is to do, and may laugh at such a simple trick; but soon he will discover that he is a helpless prisoner and cannot set the glasses down without assistance.

A FOOT OF LEAD

Stand with the left foot touching the wall and the left arm extended, as you see at the right. Now try to lift the right foot.



A STOOL OF MATCHES

Ask anyone if he can lift thirteen matches with one match. The chances are that he can't. This is the way to do it. Put one match on the table, then set up the twelve others, pointing them in alternate directions, as you see above. Set the thirteenth match on top and lift them all with the match beneath.



A DIFFICULT TASK

It is easy to sit down after first crossing the legs below the knees. But try crossing the legs above the knees, and you will find that sitting down is about as hard as it would be if you had no knees at all.

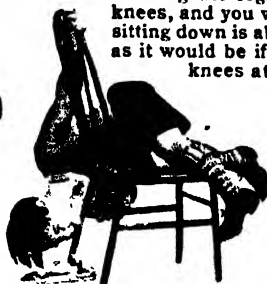
THE CONTRARY STOPPER

Try to blow a little cork inside a large bottle, first setting the cork inside the bottle neck. The silly cork comes out instead of going in! Now inhale instead of blowing, and the cork goes in with no trouble at all.



THE RESULT IS QUITE A BLOW

Place a paper bag flat upon the table so that the mouth projects over the edge. Now put some heavy books—dictionaries or reference books—on top of it. By blowing into the bag you can make the books tumble over.



PICKING UP THE HANDKERCHIEF

Put a handkerchief directly under the back of a kitchen chair. Lying lengthwise across the chair, try to pick the handkerchief up in your mouth. You may hang on to any part of the chair you like, but you must not tip it over.



THAT FUNNY FUNNEL

Blow straight at a candle with a funnel. The flame can't be made to move, because the air currents are evenly distributed and escape at the base of the candle. If you raise the funnel a little, the currents of air will hit the flame and it will bend.



A QUEER EGG

Put a thin cardboard on a glass of water and an egg on a plain ring on top of it. Tap the paper lightly at one corner and it will slide away, letting the egg and ring fall.

A GAME FOR HALLOWE'EN

Float a candle in a tub of water and try to seize it with your lips and teeth. This can be done only by taking a deep breath and holding it, then ducking into the water and seizing the elusive candle. Keep your hands behind your back!



FUN WITH TRICKS

THE CANE AND THE RING

Tie a curtain ring on a string and hang it in a doorway. Present one of your friends with a cane and tell him to run it through the ring as the boy in the picture is trying to do. It is not so easy as it looks.



LOOKING-GLASS DIFFICULTIES

Try writing or drawing pictures as the boy is doing below, keeping your eye on a mirror which reflects your hand and paper. It is a great temptation to look at the paper instead of the mirror, because everything is turned topsy-turvy, as you can see in picture No. 4.



CAN YOU BREAK A MATCH?

It sounds simple, but if you hold the match over the first joint of the second finger and under the first joint of the first and third fingers, as you see in picture No. 3, you will find it hard to do.



THE FLOATING SUGAR LUMP

Secretly place a lump of sugar on its end in a cup of coffee. Then announce that you are going to make a lump of sugar float.

All you have to do is to place a second lump as shown in Fig. 5.



THE MAGNETIC HAND

Tell your audience that you have a strange power, which you do not quite understand but which makes your hand magnetic whenever you squeeze your wrist. Then prove it to them by holding a cane as the boy in the left-hand corner is doing. Picture No. 6 will show you how it is done.



TRY IT

Ask someone to lay a coin in the palm of his hand and brush it off with a hairbrush.



MAGIC INK

Write on white paper with a clean steel pen dipped in lemon juice. When the lemon juice dries, the writing will be invisible, but will reappear if you press it with a hot iron.



SEE IT FLOAT

Put a piece of tissue paper on top of a glass of water. Place a needle on top of the paper, as in picture No. 2, without letting the needle get wet. The paper will sink but the needle will stay on top.



PUSHING THE TUMBLER

The boy at the left said that he could push a glass of water through a napkin ring or a tiny hole in a cardboard. And he is doing it too, although it is not quite what you expected.

TRY THESE TRICKS



A SURPRISING PENNY

A card about 2 inches square is balanced on the end of the first finger, and a penny is placed on top of it, as shown in the oval. To the utter amazement of the spectators, a flip of the finger sends the card sailing across the room, while the penny is left on the tip of the finger.



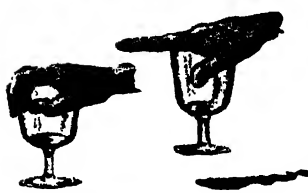
FREEDING THE PAPER

Turn a bottle upside down on a single sheet of paper. Pull the paper taut with the left hand, and strike the table a number of light blows with the fist of the right. At each blow the paper will slip toward you a half inch or so, and will gradually be removed from under the bottle.



THE JUMPING BALL

Place a light ball in a tapering glass goblet which you hold at an angle in your left hand, as shown in the picture. Announce to your audience that the ball is so sensitive that it will do anything to escape a draft. Then blow into the goblet containing the ball. The ball will jump out into the goblet you hold in your right hand. The French do this trick with an egg, which they save from breaking by putting water in the right-hand glass.



RAISING A GLASS

Press the palm of your hand over the top of a light tumbler or goblet. Then lower the fingers as shown and raise them again quickly but not abruptly. When you raise your hand the glass will stick to it.



THE MAGICAL GLASS

Hold a goblet of water as shown, and lifting it quickly and smoothly, swing it round as if it were empty. No water will spill.

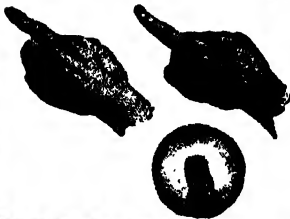
ONE BALL OR TWO

By crossing the fingers as shown in the oval and rubbing them over a ball or coin, you will be able almost to convince yourself that there are two balls—especially if you close your eyes. Aristotle is said to have invented this trick to amuse the little boy who became Alexander the Great.



THE VANISHING SPOT

Paste a small square of black court plaster on the back of your second finger. Tell your spectators that at your command the spot will vanish and reappear. Close your fist and say, "Go away, Jack." Then quickly extend your first finger, which has no court plaster. Then close your fingers and say, "Come back, Jack," and extend the second finger again. All this must be done very smoothly and quickly, with the fist held somewhat downward.



THE WALKING RING

Put a ring on a perfectly smooth cane and hold the stick quite still with the ring just touching the surface of a table. Entirely of its own accord the ring will move from one end of the stick to the other.



What fun to receive a letter which no one can read but you! The one this small girl is reading was probably written in lemon juice, since that sort of "invisible ink" will become visible when the paper is heated.



Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts

The MYSTERIES of SECRET WRITING

Have You Ever Tried to Write a Secret Letter? Have You Ever Tried to Puzzle Out One?

THE aim in secret writing is to send a message which no one can read except the man for whom it is meant. Usually one of three different ways is followed. The message may be written in "invisible ink," or in cipher, or in code words. Cipher writing is also called "cryptography" (krĭp-tŏg'râ-fl), which comes from two Greek words meaning to "conceal" and to "write."

Possibly you know that lemon juice can be used for invisible writing; it will not show until the paper is heated. One can also use milk, which leaves greasy lines that can be developed by rubbing dust over the paper. One can, in fact, write by dipping a clean pen into clear water; the writing will develop under iodine vapor. A great many special inks have been invented for invisible writing which will appear only when treated by the proper chemical. Secret messages of this sort are usually written either between or across the lines of a letter written in ordinary ink.

Cipher writing is not hard to read if one has the key, but without the key it takes both skill and patience to puzzle out the meaning. A few examples will here be given to illustrate various types of cipher and some methods of solution.

A message is hidden, although in plain view, in the following note, which, let us assume, a college football player has written on a postal card and sent home to his sister:

Well, here are the days of easy scoring--daring and doing! We are nearly through football. Our regular coach has resigned. I shall tell more after Saturday.

If you take the first letter of each word in this note and combine the letters to form new words, you will see that the young man is putting a question to his sister. He is asking, "What does dad want for Christmas?"

SECRET WRITING

The same question may be put into cipher in this way:

Text: What does dad want for
Cipher: ZKDW GRHV GDG ZDQW IRU
Christmas?

FKULVWPIV

Instead of each letter of the text we have gone onward in the alphabet to the third letter following, and used that letter in the cipher. It would work just as well to take the fourth or seventh letter, or any other order of letters, provided we have agreed with our correspondent as to which one we are using. Incidentally, the rule of taking the third letter was followed by Julius Caesar in secret messages two thousand years ago.

It is interesting to note that no matter what you call a letter, when using a substitution cipher, it will behave in its natural way. Let us look at the following cryptogram (krîp'tô-grâm):

RG RH MLG VZHB GL PVVK Z
HVXIVG

We see one letter standing by itself. It cannot really be a *z*, for that letter never makes a word by itself. Surely it must be either *l* or *a*. Now we notice three words made up of two consonants each, but we know that in each case one of those consonants must stand for a vowel, for every word must have a vowel. The first two of these words begin alike with an R, and one of them ends with a G; while the fifth word begins with a G.

Let us put our wits to work on these three words. Pretty soon we shall have the following pattern of all the possible combinations of letters to serve as a guide while we make our guesses:

RH: am as at if is it of or--am an at if in it up--am an as if in is

RG: an an an in in in on on--as as as is is is us--at at at it it it

GL: no no no no no no no no--so so so so so so so--to to to to to to

We see that the pattern can be fitted by many different arrangements of common words, but that they all require *no*, *so*, or *to* for the third word, GL. Now these two letters appear in reverse order in MLG, the third word in the cryptogram, which must therefore end with *on*, *os*, or *ol*. But what

three-letter word in English ends in *os*? We run down the whole alphabet and find none. Therefore we can eliminate all the groups ending in *so*. Our message begins RG RH. We try out *an am*, *an as*, etc., and discover that there are no likely beginnings of a sentence in the *no* groups. In the *to* groups *at an* and *it is* seem the only probable beginnings. Let us try them.

Cipher: RG RH MLG VZHB GL PVVK

Text: At an ot n to

Text: It is ot s to

Z HVXIVG

l n t

a s t

Next we try the three-letter word. We run down the alphabet: *cot*, *got*, *hot*, *jot*, *lot*, *not*, *pot*, *rot*, *sot*, *wot*. None of these fit *at an*. Only *hot* and *not* seem to fit *it is*. Let us try *not*. Next we observe that V occurs five times in this short sentence. We wonder if it stands for *e*, the letter that occurs most frequently in English. Our cipher and guesses now look like this:

Cipher: RG RH MLG VZHB GL PVVK

Text: It is not eas to ee

Z HVXIVG

a se et

We turn to the dictionary and look for four-letter words beginning *cas*. There are only three; *case*, *cast*, and *easy*. We also look for six-letter words beginning with *se* and ending with *et*. The first word we strike is *secret*. And by now we have the meaning: *it is not easy to keep a secret*.

If we put down in alphabetical order the letters used in the above text and the cipher letters underneath, it will appear that this particular cipher alphabet is just the reverse of the regular English alphabet.

Text: a c e i k n o p r s t y

Cipher: Z X V R P M L K I H G B

So all that the writer has done has been to use the alphabet backward.

But the methods of deciphering which we have just illustrated cannot easily be used in solving cryptograms that are not divided into words. When they are not divided in that way, we have to rely mainly on so-called "frequency tables." The letter which is used most often in ordinary English is *e*. Next comes *t*. The other letters are listed below

SECRET WRITING

in their usual order of frequency. In telegrams, where "the" is usually omitted and where we use various other short-cuts in language, the frequency is slightly different from that of ordinary English. Here are the two tables:

Ordinary English: E T O A N I R S H D L
U C M P F Y W G B V
K J X Z Q

Telegrams: E O T A I N R S L C H
D M U P F W G B V V
K J X Q Z

Suppose we are asked to solve the following cipher telegram:

QEKTf HEADB GYPKK GGWRB
KQIKP JBVWR QKJRK IBAJU
ARBHR KQTPf PAQBL WPRYO
KPWFA SBEBV BJREK GBFWQ
RJANE RWHHP BQQOA UBRVK
KJBLW PDWUB JTBjY SCWSD

The arrangement in groups of five letters is common in secret telegrams, since it is convenient when checking for accuracy. Our first step is to set down an alphabet on a piece of paper. Then count the number of times each letter occurs in the cipher. The result is as follows:

A	7	N	1
B	15	O	2
C	1	P	8
D	4	Q	8
E	4	R	10
F	4	S	3
G	4	T	3
H	4	U	3
I	2	V	3
J	8	W	9
K	12	X	
L	3	Y	3
M		Z	

Since the cipher letter B is the most frequent, we assume that it stands for *e* of the text. The next most frequent cipher letters are K, R, and W. We guess that they stand respectively for *a*, *t*, and *a*. Now we write down our first guesses under the cipher letters:

QEKTf HEADB GYPKK GGWRB
o e o o a t e
KQIKP JBVWR QKJRK IBAJU
o o e a t o t o e

ARBHR KQTPf PAQBL WPRYO
t e t o e a t
KPWFA SBEBV BJREK GBFWQ
o a e e e t o e a
RJANE RWHHP BQQOA UBRVK
t t a e e t o
KJBLW PDWUB JTBjY SCWSD
o e a a e e a

We now grow interested in the combination *ate*, especially because it is preceded by KKGg, a pair of double letters. Does the telegram inform us that somebody ate something? Or is *ate* merely the ending of another word? Here are some possibilities:

GYPKK GGWRB
o o a t e
d g o o d d a t e
m r o o m m a t e

We have reasoned like this: Cipher letter G comes at about the middle of the list of frequencies for this particular cryptogram. If we look at the middle of the frequency list for telegrams we shall find *d* and *m*. Trying both of these, we need *g* and *r* instead of cipher letter P in order to spell possible words. But P, occurring eight times, is comparatively frequent, and therefore is more likely to be *r*, which comes near the beginning of the normal frequency list. We decide to try *roommate*. This gives us two new letters, *r* and *m*, which we now set down wherever the corresponding cipher letters appear.

Next we attack two groups that come in the last line:

RWHHP BQQOA
t a r e

The combination *re* is very frequent in English, appearing in all positions, at beginnings or ends of words, or within words. We are much interested in the doubles on either side of *re*. After some experimentation we find that the word *address* fits the pattern. If that is the word, we should expect it to be followed by *is*, *him*, *her*, *us*, or *them*, or by a name or a street number. None of the five suggested words will fit the pattern OA UBRVK KJB, etc., because *s*, *m*, *e*, and *r* in those words would not be matched with the same cipher letters as elsewhere in the message. The only numeral that fits immediately after *address* is *five*. That gives,

SECRET WRITING

us *five* *tVoo*Je, which with some more trying becomes *five two one*. Now if we substitute all letters so far guessed at, and use hyphens for the remaining letters, the message looks like this:

*s-o--d-i-e m- roommate os-orne watson
to -e invited to s-r- rise- art- for a-i -e-e
went -ome -ast ni--t address 521 -ar-
aven-e n- --a--*

With very little more work we find that the message reads:

*Should like my roommate, Osborne Watson,
to be invited to surprise party for Alice.
He went home last night. Address: 521
Park Avenue, N. Y. C. Jack.*

How the cipher was constructed may be seen below:

Text: a b c d e f g h i j k l m n
Cipher: W I S H B O N E A C D F G J
 o p q r s t u v w x y z
 K L M P Q R T U V X Y Z

The key word *wishbone*, easily remembered, has first been written down under the first eight letters, and then the remaining letters of the alphabet have been taken in their regular order.

Simple Kinds of Secret Writing

There are many other ways of writing in cipher. For instance, the actual letters of a message may be used, but in such a disarranged order that they will make nonsense to anyone who does not know how to rearrange them. We may write a sentence in zigzag fashion, like this:

I i n t a y o e p s c e
t s o e s t k e a e r t

This may be put into cipher— or “enciphered”—by first taking all the letters in the upper line and then those in the lower line, like this:

I I N T A Y O E P S C E T S O E S T K E A E R T

Now, since the upper line was twelve letters long, it is obvious that the *i* of *it* and the *s* of *is* must each be just twelve letters away from its partner. All the pairs are, of course, broken in the same way. Any one who discovers this interval of twelve can rearrange the letters and read the message.

• Suppose that the same sentence had been

written downward to form a rectangle of six columns, like this:

I n a o p c
t o s k a r
i t y e s e
s e t e e t

The enciphering might have been done by taking the letters crosswise by lines, as before: INAOPCTO, etc. Again the letters which originally came together would be separated by a regular distance, this time an interval of six. Ciphers of the kind we are now describing are called transposition ciphers, because the letters are merely transposed. Let us illustrate a method of solving them.

Could You Read This Secret Message?

Assume that we have received the following cipher message:

H R I T O E R A L L O W U A
A E V I O G S N A I R N R Y
V C E P T G P T N Q D T S X
E E D B L E L O D U A H D Z

A count of the letters shows that *e* occurs most frequently, and *a* next, followed by *o* and *t* in the order of frequency. The whole list is so near the frequency in the plain text of English telegrams that we conclude we are dealing with a transposition cipher. There are 56 letters in all. How many different sizes of rectangle can they form? We find that the widths and heights may be as follows: 2×28 or 28×2 , 4×14 or 14×4 , 7×8 or 8×7 . Shall we write the letters out in all six different arrangements, or shall we look for a clue in order to save time? There is a *q* in the message. A peculiarity about *q* in English is that it is almost without exception followed by *u*. Let us count forward from *q* until we strike a *u*. It is the fourteenth letter. Now, since we have already learned that fourteen is one of the dimensions of a rectangle of 56 items, let us write the cryptogram in four lines of fourteen letters each.

H R I T O E R A L L O W U A
A E V I O G S N A I R N R Y
V C E P T G P T N Q D T S X
E E D B L E L O D U A H D Z

The word *have* can be read downward in column 1, and the word *received* in columns 2 and 3. The whole message is easily read.

[illegible]

SECRET WRITING

But what about the *x* and *z* in the last column? They are simply so-called "nulls," added to fill out the rectangle.

Transposition ciphers can be made very difficult by following unusual routes through the rectangle, as may be illustrated by the numbered places in these sample arrangements:

4 8 12 16	1 8 9 16
3 7 11 15	2 7 10 15
2 6 10 14	3 6 11 14
1 5 9 13	4 5 12 13
5 13 9 1	1 5 9 2
6 14 10 2	12 13 14 6
7 15 11 3	8 16 15 10
8 16 12 4	4 11 7 3

Whatever arrangement is agreed upon by the correspondents, it must be systematic in order to avoid errors. But the very fact that it is systematic enables the cipher expert in the end to pick the lock.

So far we have discussed comparatively simple ciphers. Our samples of substitution, for instance, used only one cipher alphabet each. But in so-called multiple substitution ciphers several different alphabets may be used in enciphering the same message. To illustrate how this may be done we shall construct a cipher square containing twenty-six alphabets, as given on page 147.

Using this cipher square and a key word we shall encipher a message as follows. Our message will be "*Hear enemy submarines operating near Cape Hatteras.*"

Text: h e a r e n e m y s u b m
 Key word: j o h n j o h n j o h n j
 Cipher: R T I F O C M A I H C P W
 a r i n e s o p e r a t i
 o h n j o h n j o h n j o
 P Z W X T A C Z T Z O D X
 n g n e a r c a p e h a t
 h n j o h n j o h n j o h
 V U X T I F M P X S R P B
 t e r a s
 n j o h n
 H O G I G

Any key word agreed upon is written under the plain text as many times as necessary. In this case the word is *John*. Then the first letter of the text, *h*, is noted at the top

of the cipher square, and the corresponding key letter, *j*, at either side of the square. Where the *h* column crosses the *j* line is an R, which is set down as the first letter of the cipher. By the same method *e* and *o* produce T, and so on throughout the message.

Observe that the cipher letters thus come out of four different alphabets, namely those that begin, in the left-hand margin of the square, with J, O, H, and N.

It might be supposed that such a cryptogram would be too complicated for solution by an enemy. But probably no secret writing ever invented remains secret for any great length of time. In the case of multiple substitution ciphers, like the one above, one can get a clue by counting the number of letters between repetitions of letter groups, as for instance, TIF and XT, which we have underlined above. Note that these repetitions are caused when a letter group in the text recurs over the same part of the key word. Necessarily the distance between them is equal to a given number of whole key words. Therefore the length of the key word must be a common factor in the various distances between repetitions. In the above case the distances are 28 and 12. The common factor is 4; 28 equals 4×7 , and 12 equals 4×3 . Thus the cipher expert discovers that the key word has four letters, which means that four different alphabets have been used. He then rewrites the cipher message downward in columns of four letters thus:

R O I etc
 T C H
 I M C
 F A P

Observe that all the letters from the J alphabet are now in the top line, those from the O alphabet in the next line, etc. Each line is now treated as a single substitution cipher.

During the Revolutionary War, and later during the early history of our nation, the use of a "book cipher" was common. For instance, two correspondents would each have a copy of some dictionary not well known to the public. They then communicated by simply writing numerals to indicate the page and the number of the desired word on the page.

PROJECTS *and* RECREATION

Reading Unit No. 12

INDOOR GAMES

Note: For basic information not found on this page, consult the general Index, Vol. 15.

For statistical and current facts, consult the Richards Year Book Index.

Interesting Facts Explained

Fun with words, 14 150
"Simon says," 14 151
How to tell fortunes, 14-152
Battledore and shuttlecock, 14-153
Passing the penny, 14 154
Going to Jerusalem 14 155
A dog of many parts, 14 156

"Button, button, who has the button?" 14 157
An indoor tug of war, 14 159
Ducking for apples, 14 160
How to play anagrams, 14-162
How to play coffeepot, 14 163
A new card game, 14-164

Things to Think About

Why do you need a quick and wide-awake mind for the game of "Simon says"?
Is there anything in common between the game of Milady's Gown and the game of observation?
Why do people like to have their

fortunes told, even though they may realize it is all a hoax?
What other game described in this unit does the game of Grand Mufti resemble?
Why would a good detective do well in the game of coffeepot?

Related Material

A good way to test your ability to observe things accurately, 14 99
The people who are famous as

fortune tellers, 5-389-92
How to make silhouettes, 14 156
The origin of Halloween, 7-614

Leisure-time Activities

PROJECT NO. 1: Gather together a group of your friends who are studying the same foreign language and play a game of ghosts in that language. You will find that you can have a great deal of fun and increase your knowledge of the foreign

language at the same time.
PROJECT NO. 2: The first section on page 14 158 tells you some of the things you can do with bean bags. Can you think of any other games you can play with bean bags?

Summary Statement

There are many sorts of fascinating games which we can play indoors. Most of them require no equipment except an active

mind. Many of these games not only entertain us, but also teach us a great deal and help to develop our minds.

INDOOR GAMES



In playing this game of Modernistic Art, do not be afraid to use your gayest colors, and give your imagination free play when it comes to retouching the first design.



You may vary the shape of your design by folding the paper a second time, as you would a sheet of note paper, and dropping your color at the point where the two folds cross.

INDOOR GAMES

MODERNISTIC ART

All you need to keep a group of people happy for an afternoon is some sheets of typewriter paper—or brown wrapping paper cut to the same size—and a bottle of black ink or a set of water-color paints. Fold a sheet of paper through the center, as shown by the dotted line in the illustration. Then open your page and put a drop of ink here and there on the paper on either side of the fold, or drop on it dabs of several colors. Fold the two halves of the paper together again and rub gently over the dabs with your fingernail or some other smooth object. When the sheet is opened you will have an interesting design, and occasionally quite a beautiful one. When several persons are playing, a prize may be given for the strangest, gayest, or prettiest result. Lines added here and there to the finished work will help to make enough fantastic designs to fill a picture book.

UP, JENKINS

This good old-fashioned game is as amusing to grown people as to children. All the players are seated around a bare table. One man is chosen to be "it," and the rest are given a coin which is rapidly passed from hand to hand under the table. When the person who is "it" says, "Up, Jenkins," every hand must instantly come above the table and the players must sit with their hands in the air and their elbows on the edge of the table. The person who is "it" will now say, "Down, Jenkins"; whereupon the hands must all be brought down upon the table with the palms down and the fingers outstretched. The man who is "it" now has three guesses as to what hand conceals the coin. His ear may have told him a good deal, and the awkward position of some hand may tell him even more. He proceeds to order up one hand at a time. If he locates the coin, the person who had it becomes "it." Otherwise

the first player must be "it" again. Of course the coin must never be left in anyone's lap under the table, but must always be concealed in some hand when the order "Up, Jenkins" is given.

GHOSTS

This is one of the most amusing and tantalizing of all indoor games, as good for grown people as for children. One person gives the first letter of some word—any English word that is not a proper name—but does not say what the word is. The next player adds a letter, having in mind some word beginning with those two letters. The next player adds another letter still always, of course, having in mind a word that begins with those three letters. So far everything has gone smoothly, but from now on the game grows dangerous, for each player must add a letter without completing any word and of course each player must have a definite word in mind when he adds his letter. If the player who adds the letter completes a word, he becomes a third of a ghost. He will also become a third of a ghost if, upon a challenge from some other player, he cannot name the word he is supposed to have in mind or if he is misspelling the word. But if he does name the word correctly, the player challenging him will become a third of a ghost. Whenever a player has been penalized three times he becomes a whole ghost and drops out of the spelling. Now he will devote all his efforts to trying to make the other players speak to him for of course, since he is a ghost, it is supposed that none of the living players can see or hear him. If one of the players does address him or answer his questions, that player proves himself to be more than human and at once becomes a whole ghost. The person who is left when all the other players have become whole ghosts wins the game.

Thumbs Up



Thumbs Down

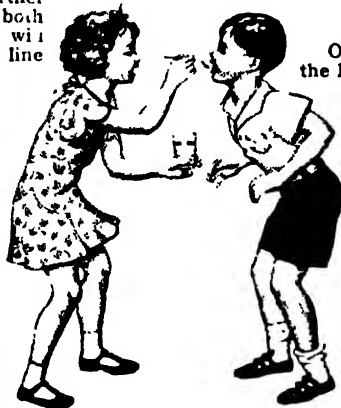


SIMON SAYS

The leader, who is called Simon, takes his place where all the other players can see him. The players then clench their fists, as shown in the picture, and Simon proceeds to give them commands, himself doing whatever he tells them to do. Now whenever he says, "Simon says, 'Thumbs wiggle waggle,'" or "Simon says, 'Thumbs up,'" or "Simon says, 'Thumbs down,'" they must all obey. But if he merely says, "Wiggle waggle," or "Thumbs down," they must not obey, for they must only follow a command that is introduced by the words "Simon says." Whoever makes a mistake of any kind must become Simon. Of course the person who is "it" gives the orders very fast, so that the players won't have time to think.

DRINKING CONTEST

Each player chooses a partner for this contest. If there are both boys and girls, each boy will choose a girl. The boys then line up on one side of the room, and the girls are each given a teaspoon and a glass half full of water. At a signal they run across the room and each begins to feed her partner with spoonfuls of water from the glass. The pair that empty their glass first get the prize—but of course the water must all go into the boy's mouth, not down his neck or upon the floor. Care often goes much farther than speed. The girl, for instance, will learn that brimming spoonfuls are hard to carry, and the boy will learn just how to hold his mouth.



CHRISTMAS CANDLE

In the days of Queen Elizabeth England was a merry place, especially at Christmas time, when children used to love to play this game to celebrate Christmas Eve. The player who is chosen to be candle bearer carries a tall fat lighted candle about the room. The rest, who are the "candle blowers," are blindfolded, turned about several times so that they may lose their bearing, and told to blow out the candle. They feel their way about with their hands stretched out ahead of them, blowing frantically meanwhile. The one who first succeeds becomes candle bearer, and so the game goes on till everyone is tired—or better still, till the Christmas tree is lighted.

THE JOKESMITH'S GAME

A player who does not know how the game is played is chosen to be "it." A dozen objects are then set in a row some two or three feet apart—vases, book ends, bottles, anything that is at hand. The person who is "it" is now led to one end of the row and told to notice carefully the position of the various objects. He is then blindfolded and told to step over each object without touching it with his feet. Now while one player is adjusting the blindfold, all the rest are speedily and noiselessly removing the articles that were set on the floor. The effect when the blindfolded player begins to step gingerly over glass vases that are nowhere in sight is all that could possibly be desired. Of course the onlookers will commend him loudly, warn him, urge him to make a given step a little higher, and be helpful in other ways.

HUNTING ANIMALS

One of the players is chosen to be the hunter, and each one of the rest thinks of an animal to represent. The hunter then walks around the room and "shoots" one of the animals by touching him with a stick. "What animal are you?" the hunter asks. The player must act out the part of the animal he has chosen; if he is a duck, for instance, he will quack and flap his wings. If the hunter can guess the animal, the player then takes the hunter's place as "it." Otherwise the hunter must keep on "shooting" animals until he bags one that he can guess.

MILADY'S GOWN

This is an excellent game to break the ice at a party. When the guests arrive, each boy is presented with a card on which is written the name of a girl. All the players are ushered into one room, and the boys are told that they must talk for five minutes to the girl whose name is on their card, but they are not told the reason for the conversation. At the end of the allotted time the girls withdraw and the boys are given pencil and paper on which they must write out as complete a description as possible of the girl they have just been talking to—her eyes, her hair, her dress, with all the details regarding it, etc. The girls are now called back, and each one of them stands while the description of herself is read aloud.

INDOOR GAMES



HOW TO TELL FORTUNES

People always like to have their fortunes told, no matter how thoroughly they may realize that it is all a hoax. Here are some directions which will make you an expert, provided that you will exercise a little imagination in making your predictions fit the person. And you may be perfectly sure that the fortunes you tell will be just as likely to come true as those told by a professional fortune teller!

CLUBS

Ace—Great success socially. **King**—A dark man will come into your life shortly. **Queen**—A dark woman will come into your life shortly. **Jack**—A popular young man you know is not to be trusted. **Ten**—A popular young woman you know is not to be trusted. **Nine**—Do not sacrifice business for social reasons; it will bring about failure in both. **Eight**—You will soon attend a party. **Seven**—If you receive an invitation within the next week, think it over before you accept. **Six**—Neglected correspondence should be attended to during the week. **Five**—An attempt will be made to bribe you to reveal gossip passed on to you; pretend you know nothing and save yourself a lot of trouble. **Four**—A cautious act will increase your popularity. **Three**—A letter which you expect is lost through carelessness of the writer. **Two**—You will shortly receive an invitation to join a secret society or club.

DIAMONDS

Ace—You will achieve wealth by hard and honest work. **King**—A wealthy man will take an interest in your work. **Queen**—A wealthy woman will take an interest in your work. **Jack**—A man will offer you a good business opening shortly. **Ten**—Financial gain as the result of a lucky investment. **Nine**—A rather expensive article which you will hesitate to buy will save you money. **Eight**—Do not be afraid to work hard now, even though you receive no immediate reward. **Seven**—You will sell something and make a large profit. **Six**—Business undertakings on the sixth day of the next month will be lucky. **Five**—You will inherit something of value. **Four**—Do not make purchases of value without expert advice. **Three**—An unexpected recovery of lost or stolen property. **Two**—Keep your ideals; they will bring you happiness and success in life.

But try to think up things that will sound true and will please your victim.

Deal out 13 cards face up and lay them down to form a circle. Then deal three cards face down inside the circle. Now proceed to interpret the thirteen cards; the suggestions below will be of help to you, but do not be tied to them. When the 13 cards have been read, turn up the other three and interpret them.

HEARTS

Ace—Lifelong happiness with the one you love. **King**—A blond man who secretly admires you will be a staunch and sincere friend. **Queen**—A blond woman who secretly admires you will be a staunch and sincere friend. **Jack**—A blond young man holds you as his ideal; be careful not to disillusion him. **Ten**—A gift of jewelry will be given to you soon. **Nine**—You will soon be able to do a service for someone, thereby gaining a loyal and sincere friend. **Eight**—You will soon meet or hear from an old friend. **Seven**—You will soon receive a letter from a friend you thought was lost. **Six**—Someone will do you a personal favor for which you must take care to express your appreciation. **Five**—You will take a long trip soon, probably by auto or train. **Four**—You will hear of the marriage of a close relative. **Three**—A situation will arise soon in which you will have to choose between sentiment and business. **Two**—Someone you dislike and distrust is wrongly judged; you should develop a feeling of friendliness toward that person.

SPADES

Ace—A severe loss. **King**—Death of a male acquaintance. **Queen**—Death of a female acquaintance. **Jack**—A dark person mistrusts you. **Ten**—You are doomed to work hard for a living. **Nine**—Your marriage will be unhappy unless you cultivate patience and unselfishness. **Eight**—Unless you are careful you will lose a friend through selfishness. **Seven**—You should be more cautious and save more money. **Six**—Your temper will get you into trouble very soon unless you are careful. **Five**—Be warned of an arrest. **Four**—You will lose a cherished gift unless you are careful. **Three**—Take better care of your health or you may suffer a severe illness. **Two**—Jealousy will lead you into a serious situation unless it is checked.

INDOOR GAMES



This is the shape of your battledore. The dimensions are given in inches.



When your shuttlecock is finished it will look much like the one above. The rubber ball should be just heavy enough to make it sail through the air.



BATTLEDORE AND SHUTTLECOCK

This pretty game has been known and loved by children for many a century. Over two thousand years ago boys and girls were playing it in China and Japan—and they had it in Greece even before that. Ever since then it has been a great favorite in Asia and Europe, where it was the earliest ancestor of tennis. But for some reason it never migrated to America—which is a pity, for it is one of the few lively games that can be played indoors, and the set is both cheap and easy to make.

The one we are showing you comes from Japan, where the sport is loved by children and grown people. The little rackets, or "battledores," are just paddles made of light wood; they could even be cut out of strong shingles. You may use butter paddles, but since they are small they make the game a good deal harder. Of course a coat or two of paint, and perhaps some pretty stenciled design, will make your battledores gayer. The feather contrivance, or "shuttlecock," requires a little more care in the making. Five small feathers are tied together at the bottom and then stuck into a very tiny hard rubber ball—even a large eraser from a lead pencil will do. Or they may be inserted, along with a little glue, in a cork cut to the right size. If the cork is not heavy enough to make the shuttlecock sail, force a small bird shot into the cork to weight it. A simpler shuttlecock may be made by sticking small feathers separately into the top of a cork all around the edge. The bottom of the cork is then rounded off, so that there may be no sharp angles. This is the shuttlecock of Europe. The Japanese insert the feathers into a hard black seed—the soap-berry seed—which is a little larger than a good-sized pea. If your first shuttlecock doesn't balance very well, experiment with others until you get one that satisfies you.

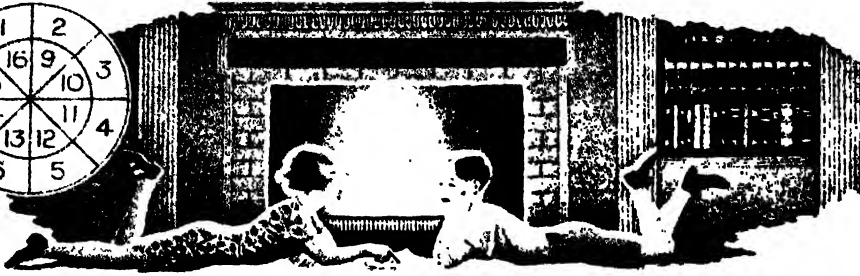
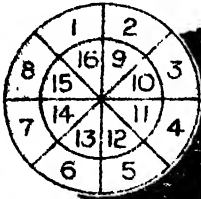
The rules governing the game are very simple. You and your opponent, each one with a battledore, stand facing each other about ten feet apart. It is a good plan to stand at either end of a rug, and to use its edges for lines. Of course, if you are playing outdoors you can mark off a space about ten feet square. One of you will begin by batting the shuttlecock to the other. He returns it to you if he can.

You send it back. He returns it again. And so it is kept in the air until someone misses. The person who hit it last then scores one point for himself, and starts the shuttlecock going again. The first person to score ten points wins the game. At the beginning of each new game the two players exchange sides. Of course the person who bats the shuttlecock must send it within reach of his opponent; that is why it is well to decide on lines at either side within which it must fall. Anyone who sends it outside those lines may be said to have failed to return it, and the other side may score a point.

PRINCE OF PARIS

For this lively game the players must be ranged along in a row, either seated or standing, and must be numbered in order—one, two, three, four, etc. with number one at the head of the row. The player who has been chosen to be Prince of Paris now takes up his position in front of the others and says, "The Prince of Paris lost his hat. Who's to blame but number —" and here he names the number of one of the players. Without waiting a fraction of a second the player named must say, "Who, sir? I, sir?" For if he fails to get his word in, the Prince of Paris will say, "Go to the foot," and the player must take his place at the foot of the line without debate. All the players who were below him will now move up one place and will change their numbers accordingly. Of course the Prince will try his best to say "Go to the foot" before the player called on can get a word out of his mouth. But if the accused one manages to speak up, the conversation will proceed as follows: "Who, sir? I, sir?" "Yes, sir! You, sir." "No, sir! Not I, sir." "Who, sir, then, sir?" "Number two, sir"—or the number of any other person whom the player decides to accuse. "Go to the foot," says the Prince of Paris instantly, unless the man now accused can say "Who, sir? I, sir?" in time. If he can, he accuses a new man, and so the game goes on. Of course everyone will try to work up to the head of the line, and with that end in view will be likely to accuse the players above him. And since people will often be caught napping or will have forgotten that their numbers have been changed, the game is likely to be fast and furious.

INDOOR GAMES



INDOOR GAMES

TICK-TACK-TOE

This game is a good one for two players. First draw the diagram that we have shown in the illustration. The first player then closes his eyes and says:

Tick-tack-toe,
Here I go.
Hit or miss,
I take this.

With each word of the rhyme he raises his finger and tries to put it down again in a different section of the circle. The figure within the space that his finger rests on when he pronounces the last word of the rhyme is the figure that he adds to his score. The player who first scores 500 is the winner.

WHO STOLE MY HORSE?

The owner of the stolen horse stands in the center of a circle formed by the other players, who are seated. One of the players holds a button, which represents the stolen horse. While the owner of the horse covers his eyes, the other players pass the button from hand to hand around the circle until a person who has been chosen as leader says "ready." At that signal, whoever happens to have the button holds it in one of his closed fists, and all the other players must close their fists, as if the button was in one of them. The owner watches the faces of the players and the position of their hands and decides who probably has the button. Let us suppose that he decides on Jane. What he says is, "I left my barn door unlocked and someone stole my horse. Did you steal my horse, Jane?" If his guess was right, Jane now becomes the owner. If he was wrong, he covers his eyes, the button is passed once more, and so the game goes on.

PASSING THE PENNY

This is a jolly old game that is good for parties. Sometimes it is played with one coin and sometimes with several, but the method of play is always the same. Two rows of chairs are arranged facing each other. In these the players take their seats. There must be a vacant chair at both ends of each row. The pennies for each group are then placed on the

chair at the right-hand end of the row, and at a signal the player in each row who sits next the pennies begins passing them, one at a time, down his row. The player at the other end of the row puts the pennies on the chair beside him as fast as he receives them, and when he has got them all, he starts them going back down the line again. The side that first passes all its pennies down the line and back wins the prize.

BIRD, BEAST, OR FISH

This is a good game to play when you are sitting round the fire of a long winter evening. The person who starts the game says, "Beast, Mary," and counts to ten as fast as possible. If Mary does not mention the name of some beast before he has finished counting, she is "it," and says to some other player, "Fish, John—" and then counts to ten. Of course John must mention a fish. Or Mary might have said, "Bird, John"; and in that case John would have to think of the name of a bird. Sometimes this game is called "Earth, Air, Fire, or Water." If the player who is "it" says, "Fire," the person called upon must keep silence. But if one of the other three substances is called out, the player named must think of either a land animal, a bird, or a fish, depending upon whether earth, air, or water has been mentioned.

WE HAVE A SECRET

The person who is "it" must leave the room while the other players choose some article in plain view in the room—such as the clock—and decide on the number of questions to be allowed the guesser. Seven is a good number. The first player is now called back, and the other players say, "We have a secret." "What is it like?" asks the guesser. "It is like you because it has a face," says the person addressed. "Does it have a nose?" another person is asked. "No." And so the questions go on until the guesser hits upon the article or else uses up the number of questions allowed him. If he guesses the article, the person who answered his last question must leave the room and be "it"; but if he fails to guess it, he must go out again.

INDOOR GAMES



INDOOR GAMES

FRUIT BASKET

All the players except the one who is "it" are seated on chairs in a circle. The man who is "it" stands in the center of the circle and assigns to each player the name of a fruit. When he has finished, he calls out the names of two fruits "apples" and "peaches," for instance. When the two players to whom those fruits have been assigned hear their names called, they must at once exchange chairs with all possible speed, for the man who is "it" will try to seat himself in one of the chairs. If he should succeed, the one who loses his seat becomes "it." Whenever the person who is "it" calls out "fruit basket," everyone must change his seat. After that there is almost certainly a new person to be "it" and go on with the game.

GOING TO JERUSALEM

Here is an old game your great-grandparents played --and it is just as good fun now! A row of chairs is arranged with chairs facing alternately in opposite directions. There must be one less chair than there are players. A leader is appointed and all the other players form in single file. When the leader shouts, "Jerusalem," everyone begins to march around the chairs, and when he shouts, "Halt," everyone sits down in the nearest chair. Of course one person finds himself without a chair. He drops out of the game, and a chair is removed from the row. The order to march is given again, and once again at the command to halt a player is left without a chair. He falls out, another chair is taken away, and so the game goes on till only two players are left to fight for one chair. The person who gets it wins. The game is more attractive if the leader, instead of calling out his commands, can play some instrument for the marching. Whenever he stops, the players will scurry to sit down.

THE TAIL AND THE DONKEY

Did you ever try to pin a tail on a donkey when you were blindfolded? Of course your donkey isn't walking about the drawing-room. Instead, he is drawn with black crayon on a large piece of white cloth—a towel or small sheet will do. The cloth is hung on the wall, and each player in turn is blindfolded, turned around three times, and left facing the donkey. Then he is handed the donkey's "tail," which consists of a piece of raveled rope with a bent pin in the end of it. He is told to hang the tail in the proper place on the donkey. That player wins who comes nearest the right spot.

MEMORY GAME

This is an excellent game for tiny tots to play. When they have all seated themselves in a row, the one at the end rises, touches some object, and calls its name. Then he sits down and the player next him rises, touches and names the same object, and then touches and names a second object. He sits down, and the third in the row rises, touches and names each of the first two objects, and adds a third. In this way each child touches and names all the objects in their proper order and then adds a new one. Any player who makes a mistake must drop out of the game. Of course the winner is the one who stays longest in the game.

BUZZ

Play this game sometime when you are all sitting around the fire. The player at one end of the row calls out, "One." The next player says, "Two"; the third says, "Three"; and so it goes, with each player adding a number in turn. When the last player in the row calls his number, the first player takes his turn, and the counting proceeds. But whenever the number "seven" or a multiple of it occurs, or whenever "seven" occurs in a number—as in "thirty-seven," for instance—the player pronouncing the number must say, "Buzz." For "seven" or a multiple, "buzz" is enough. But for a number in which "seven" occurs—as in "thirty-seven"—the player must say, "Thirty-buzz." For "seventy-one," he would say, "Buzz-one." Anyone who makes a mistake must drop out of the game. The one who remains in the game longest is the winner.

THE GRAND MUFTI

If your Grand Mufti is a lively and original person this game is full of fun. He stands in front of the other players and goes through all kinds of antics, from wabbling like a fat duck to walking bow-legged. Whatever he does, he must begin it each time by saying either "Thus says the Grand Mufti" or "So says the Grand Mufti." And right there the trick lies. For if he says, "Thus says the Grand Mufti," everyone must imitate him. But if he says, "So says the Grand Mufti," everyone must keep still. If anyone makes a mistake, he at once becomes Grand Mufti.





INDOOR GAMES

SILHOUETTES

King Louis XV of France was so extravagant that no minister of finance could think up plans for taxes that would raise enough money to suit His Majesty. But one minister, Etienne de Silhouette (sil'ōō-ēt'), came so near being successful that by his orders the people had to practice the most rigid economies. In revenge, they called anything that was incomplete or imperfect a "silhouette," and the word has come down to us to-day as the name for the little portraits in profile that are cut out of black paper and pasted on a white ground.

They are no end of fun to make, and the cutting of them can be turned into a capital game. There are different ways to go about it. One way is to choose a person with a clear, even profile for the "sitter" and to supply all the other players with scissors and a piece of black mounting paper about six inches square. Gummed black paper to be had at a stationer's is even better. Let each person, with such skill as he can command, cut the outline of the sitter's head out of the paper, and mount his silhouette on a separate piece of cardboard. A prize may be given for the best silhouette—and the sitter will certainly be vastly interested to see what he looks like!

If you want silhouettes of everyone present, let each person in turn seat himself in front of a piece of silhouette paper that has been pinned white side out to the wall or to a broad board. Now arrange a lamp or candle in such a way that it will throw a clear shadow of the sitter's profile against the paper, and turn off all the other lights in the room. The size of the shadow may be regulated by moving the sitter nearer to or farther away from the paper. When everything is ready have someone draw a firm, strong line along the edge of the shadow. When the profile is cut out, it may be pasted on a piece of cardboard.

If you find it hard to get silhouette paper, white paper may be used and then painted black. And if you find that certain of your silhouettes are especially lifelike and attractive, you can frame them with passe partout.

THE ADVERB GAME

A person is chosen to be "it" and sent from the room. During his absence the other players choose an adverb. Upon his return he asks a question—any question—of each player in turn, and it shall be the duty of each player to answer the question in such a manner that he will be acting out the adverb chosen. If the adverb was "joyfully," he will be joyful; if "crossly," he will be cross; if "ungrammatically," he will be ungrammatical; if "absurdly," he will be absurd. All sorts of amusing adverbs can be thought up. When the player who is "it" finally guesses an adverb, the last person to answer his question must become "it."

A DOG OF MANY PARTS

The player who begins this game says, "I have an awkward little dog." The next player says, "He is a bold little dog," and the third player, knowing that his adjective must begin with C, says, "He is a cunning little dog." And so the sentence is passed on, each player contributing an adjective that begins with the letter of the alphabet following the letter used by the person just ahead of him. Each player is allowed one minute to think of his adjective. If he fails, he must fall out of the game and sit on the floor till the game is over. The player who stays on his chair longest is winner.

I PACK MY TRUNK

The first player says, "I am packing my trunk to go to Paris, and I shall put in a toothbrush." But instead of "toothbrush," he of course may mention any article that comes into his head. The second player says, "I shall put in a toothbrush and a hat." The third player says, "I shall put in a toothbrush and a hat and a comb." And so the game proceeds, with each player repeating in order the articles that have already been mentioned and adding an article of his own. Whoever makes a mistake must drop out of the game, and the person who stays in longest is the winner.

INDOOR GAMES



INDOOR GAMES

THE FEATHER GAME

This is a jolly game for little tots on a rainy day. The players beg a fresh bed sheet from mother, and sitting around it on the floor, grasp it by the edges and keep it tightly stretched just under their chins. Then someone drops a small fluffy feather—a prettily colored one, if possible—into the center of the sheet. And at a given signal everyone begins to blow as hard as his lungs will let him. He tries to blow the feather off the sheet, over the heads of the players on the opposite side. The side that first blows the feather off the sheet wins the game or wins one point in the game, if the contest is to be a longer one.

THE DUNCECAP GAME

A number of duncecaps, one for each child, are set up in a row, and under each cap some object, such as a piece of candy, is hidden. Each child is then asked to guess what is under his cap. If he fails, he must put the cap on and wear it. If he has good luck with his guess, he is given a prize.

APPLE RACE

Each player is given an apple, and the players are lined up to run a race with the apples on their heads. It is against the rules to touch the apple while it is on your head, and if it rolls off, the unlucky player must start the race all over. There will be very few who will finish the race! But it will be the more fun for that reason.

A CARD-THROWING GAME

You may have a half hour of good fun by throwing cards into a hat or into a circle marked out on the floor with chalk. The cards in only one suit are used, and only the cards from one to ten in that suit. Place a chair from seven to twelve feet from the hat, depending upon the age and skill of the players, and let each player seat himself in the chair and try to throw the ten cards into the hat. The total number of spots on the cards that the player lands in the hat will give him his score.

SOLEMNITY

Either girls or boys may play this game, but it will be most amusing if the players are of both sexes. The girls will then line up in a

row and the boys will try by every means they can think of to make the girls laugh, though it is forbidden to touch a girl or to threaten to touch her. Whenever a girl laughs or even allows her lips to twitch, she must fall out of line and join the boys in their efforts to break down the solemnity of the rest of the girls. If a prize is offered, it will go to the girl who keeps a straight face longest. No party will be dull after this game is played.

DRAWING A PIG

Each player is given a piece of paper and a pencil, and at a given signal everyone will shut his eyes and draw a pig—eyes, ears, tail, and all. The players may then take a solemn vote as to which drawing is most artistic.

BUTTON, BUTTON

This good old game has been played by so many generations of children that it would

be a pity for anyone to miss it. The players are all seated in a circle, each child with the palms of his hands pressed together. In the center is the player who is "it," and to him has been given a button, which he holds pressed between the palms of his hands. He walks from player to player, pressing his two hands down between the palms of every

pair of hands in the circle, and in some one pair he leaves the button. When he has finished his tour of all the players he calls on some child to guess who has the button. If the guess is incorrect, the person guessed will open his hands to show that they are empty and then will make a guess as to where the button is. In this way the guess is passed on until the button is found. Then the person who has it goes around the circle and the game begins all over again.



INDOOR GAMES



FUN WITH BEAN BAGS

Do not think that because you played with bean bags in the kindergarten, they are not suited to more difficult games. They are the best sort of thing there is for all kinds of indoor throwing and tossing games, and the fun of it is that you can make up the game yourself, and have it as easy or as hard as you like.

The bags may be made of cretonne or any other stout material, and should be about six inches square. Make three of a color, so that each player may know his own bags. They should be only a little more than half full—of beans, corn, popcorn, or even chopped pine needles. And if you want them very light you may use puffed rice or puffed wheat as a filling.

Any amusement park will give you excellent ideas for "aiming-game" devices. You may cut holes in a large sheet of cardboard, binder's board, or, best of all, in plaster board, and lean your target against a chair or stool. You may sketch or paint some sort of figure on the board, and of course will devise a system of points for scoring hits in the various holes. A few embroidery hoops, which you may get for five or ten cents, make capital targets if you lay them on the floor or hang them on strings in a doorway. Chalk can be used to lay out a field—as you do for hop scotch—on the veranda or hall floor, and a damp cloth will take up every mark when the game is over.

If you and your friends have a little ingenuity, you will think up all sorts of bean-bag games to play.

THE PERILOUS RING

On a large dinner plate arrange a heap of flour in the shape of a high pyramid, and on the very tiptop of it place a ring. Give each player a teaspoon and let them in turn remove at least a level spoonful of flour from the pyramid; but warn them that the person who causes the ring to fall will suffer a terrible penalty. They must all take their turns until, after great suspense and excitement, someone finally dislodges the ring. The unlucky one is then obliged to pick the ring out of the plate with his teeth—and if his audience is merciful, they will warn him not to cough or sneeze while he is about it.

GUESSING CONTEST

To play this game you must have a pumpkin, a large ear of field corn, a pint of unshelled peanuts, a pound of unshelled pecans, a basket of apples, one chrysanthemum or some other many-petaled flower, a large bunch of grapes, and a bough of oak leaves. These articles will serve as attractive decorations for the room if you are giving a party. Each player is given a paper and pencil and is asked to write down his guess as to the number of grains in the ear of corn, the number of seeds in the pumpkin, the number of grapes in the bunch, the number of pecans in the pound, the number of petals in the flower, the number of peanuts in the pint, the number of leaves on the bough, and the number of apples in the basket. Of course these objects have all been counted beforehand except for the pumpkin seeds and the flower petals. They are counted in the presence of the players.

LIVING ALPHABET

After the party has been divided into two groups each player is given a good-sized piece of cardboard bearing a letter of the alphabet. The same letters should be given to each group. The two sides then line up facing each other, and the person who is managing the contest calls out a word. The players who hold the letters in the word immediately step forward, and as fast as they can, line up in the proper order to spell the word. The side whose players line themselves up first scores one point. If a letter appears more than once in a given word, the person holding that letter must go first to one place and then to the others, taking them in the order in which they occur in the word. The side that has the highest score when all the words have been read is the side to win. If there are less than fifty-two players, a list of words can be made up that will use only those letters which are given out.

THE PEANUT HUNT

At a signal the players will begin to hunt for the peanuts that have previously been hidden in every conceivable place in the room. The finder of the greatest number of peanuts wins the race.

INDOOR GAMES



THE YARD DASH

For this exciting relay race the players are divided into two teams, and each man in one team is matched against a man in the other team. Two yardsticks are then laid on the floor, and a dime is placed at one end of each stick. The first pair of contestants now take their places, each man beside his dime, and with a toothpick they proceed to urge the dime along the yardstick. The coin must be pushed from behind with the point of the toothpick, and the toothpick may not be placed on top of the coin. If the dime should fall off the "track," it must be coaxed back into place only by manipulating it with the toothpick. The winners of the relay race compete in further series for the championship.

THE THREADING CONTEST

This race is not for the girls alone; boys will find it very amusing to try their luck at it. Each contestant is given four needles, all of the same size, and four lengths of thread. The person who first threads a needle on each of the four threads is the winner.

TELEGRAMS

The players choose any ten letters from the alphabet and each player writes them down on a piece of paper in the order in which they have been chosen. It shall now be the duty of every player to compose a ten-word telegram to convey an idea that everyone shall agree upon such, for instance, as a message explaining why the writer could not get to the church for his or her own wedding. Each one of the letters decided upon shall be the first letter of one of the words of the telegram—and the order of the letters may not be changed. When the messages are read aloud, the players may vote as to which is best.

INDOOR TUG OF WAR

A raisin or a prune is tied in the exact center of a slender cord three feet long. A pair of players then is chosen to run the race, and they take their stand at either end of the cord. At the signal each one puts his end of the cord in his mouth and begins to chew as rapidly as possible toward the center. The one who gets there first will naturally help himself to the raisin or prune as his reward. Perhaps it will be just as well to avoid all misunderstanding by announcing at the opening of the race that the competitors are not expected to swallow the cord they take into their mouths.

INDOOR GAMES

POOR PUSSY

Pussy of course is "it." The other players remain seated while pussy goes to each one in turn, kneels down, and begins to purr, mew, scratch, and do anything else he can think of that a lonesome pussy would be likely to do. The seated player must fondly stroke pussy's head and must say three times, "Poor pussy, poor pussy, poor pussy." If he can do this without laughing or smiling, pussy moves on to the next person. But if the player's lips so much as twitch, he must then take pussy's place.

CRACKER RACE

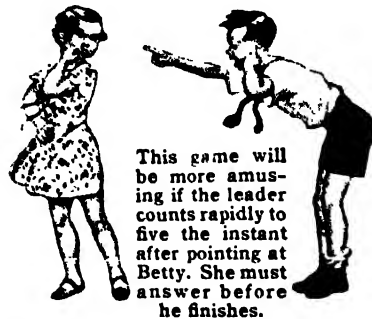
This is an excellent game for a boys' party. Each boy is given four crackers, and at the word "go" he begins to eat them as fast as possible. The boy who first finishes his crackers and gives a whistle is the boy who wins. No one may have a drink of water while the race is in progress.

THE APPLE CONTEST

Apples are suspended by threads from a clothesline stretched across the room at just the right height to bring the apples on a level with the players' mouths. Each player chooses his apple and with his hands behind him stands beside it in readiness for the signal. At the word "go," each man tries to sink his teeth into the apple and break the thread that holds it. Of course the successful contestants hold their prizes right in their mouths.

WHERE IS MY NOSE?

The leader suddenly points a finger at Betty Brown, and touching his ear with a finger of his other hand, he says, "This is my nose." Betty is too polite to argue about it. What she does is to touch her nose and say, "This is my eye"—or "my mouth," or "my cheek." She must always touch the feature that the leader mentioned, but she must call it by the wrong name. If Betty fails in this, she becomes "it."



INDOOR GAMES



INDOOR GAMES

PEANUT ROLLING

Place peanuts along one side of the room at intervals of about three feet. Then give each player a toothpick, and at a given signal let them all begin to roll the peanuts across the room with the toothpicks. The one who first gets his peanut across the room wins. If there are a good many players, you may have a series of races and then let the winners compete for the championship.

PASSING THE CARDS

Divide the players into two equal groups and seat them in two rows facing each other. The first player in each row is now given a deck of playing cards, and at a signal he passes one card to the player next him, who in turn passes it on—and so it goes to the last player in the row, who drops it on the floor beside him. Every card in the deck is passed down the row in this way, and the side that is first to drop the last card on the floor wins the game.

DUCKING FOR APPLES

What would Hallowe'en be without this good old game? A tub or large pan is filled with water, and a number of apples are set afloat in it. Each player will then try to get one of the apples in his mouth. Of course, the apple will be his reward if he succeeds.

A HORSE RACE

Every boy in the party is given a little bag containing a hundred beans, and every girl adopts the name of some horse. Strips of tape or paper of even length and long enough to reach across the room, are then fastened by one end along a line at one side of the room. Each girl is then given a loose end of a strip, at the other side of the room, and is armed with a pair of scissors.

Meanwhile the boys stake their beans on the outcome of the race. At a given signal each girl begins to cut down the center of her strip. Of course the first one to reach the end of her strip is the horse that wins. If a girl cuts a piece off her strip she is disqualified. The boy who wins the most beans gets the prize, and the winning horse gets a handsome reward.

A COBWEB TANGLE

This game will have to be arranged beforehand—for as you know, a spider cannot spin its web in a few seconds. Provide as many balls of twine as there will be players. Fasten the end of each ball securely, all at the same point—to the leg of a table, perhaps. Then taking one ball at a time, walk through the house with it and wind the twine in it back and forth in every imaginable place to which you care to have the players go. Twist it around chair legs and doorknobs, under tables, over curtains and lighting fixtures, upstairs, downstairs, wherever the web can be spun without possible injury to the furniture and bric-a-brac. When a ball is all unwound, fasten the end of it to a small round stick about four inches long. Then, when the game is ready to begin, each player takes a stick and at a signal starts to wind. The person who first reaches the end of his twine wins the game.

PEANUT-SHELLING RACE

Give each contestant ten peanuts, and at a given signal let everyone begin to shell his peanuts, removing the inner skin as well as the shell. The one who finishes first without breaking a kernel wins. If any kernel is broken into more than its two natural divisions, a new peanut must be shelled in its place. If there is no player who has a clean record of unbroken nuts then the palm goes to the one who has broken the fewest.



BLINDMAN'S DINNER

Two players are blindfolded and are seated on the floor at arm's length. Each is then given a piece of custard pie, which he will proceed to feed to the other with more or less success—mostly less. It will be an act of wisdom to swathe each player in a large-sized bib, and if even then mother votes the game too "messy," doughnuts may be substituted for the pie.

INDOOR GAMES



INDOOR GAMES

PUSSY WANTS A CORNER

Our mothers, our grandmothers, and our great-grandmothers all played this game, which is one that has stood the test of many years. There can be only five players, one for each corner of the room and one to stand in the center and be pussy. By means of signs the players in the corners agree to trade places. As they scurry about, pussy tries to steal a corner. If he is successful, the player who finds himself without a corner becomes puss.

BUBBLES

A penny clay pipe is the only implement you will need for blowing bubbles. Fill a quart jar two-thirds full of boiling water and add three ounces of finely shaven Castile soap, a teaspoonful of sugar, and four tablespoonfuls of glycerin. Shake the mixture thoroughly and strain through a cheese cloth. You may make it any color you like by adding a little food dye. Even orange juice or cranberry juice will give a pretty color.

If you are going to have a bubble contest, place a woolen blanket over the dining table and set finger bowls of the mixture and a pipe in front of each boy. He will then choose a girl as his partner. She will take up her post behind him, and whenever her partner blows a bubble she will try to fan it through a wire wicket. A score is kept, and the pair that get the most bubbles through the wicket win the prize.

WHAT DID I SEE?

Arrange on a table some two dozen small objects—a penknife, a bottle, a pencil, a necklace, etc. Cover the table with a cloth, and after the players have been ranged around the table, remove the cloth and allow the players to look at the objects for two minutes. Then replace the cloth and let each player make a list of the objects. The longest list wins.

MY AUNT IS BACK FROM PARIS

All the players kneel on the floor in a circle. The leader then says to the person on his right, "My aunt is back from Paris." "What did she bring you?" asks the second player. "A pair of scissors," says the first player, and at once imitates with two of his fingers the opening and closing of the scissors. This same conversation now takes place between the second player and the man on his right, and so it is passed around the circle, until everyone is opening and closing his fingers like a pair of scissors.

Then the leader again says, "My aunt is back from Paris," and again the person at his right says, "What did she bring you?" "A fan," says the leader, and while still keeping up the scissors motion, he begins to fan with the other hand. This conversation too goes around the circle.

When the leader's turn comes again he will add still another article, perhaps a cuckoo clock this time. And so the game goes on, with as many articles added as the players can work in. The person who holds out longest wins.

EMPTY HANDS

A playing card is given to every one of the players save four; these have no cards. At a signal the players who have cards begin to try to get rid of them by passing them to another player. No player may refuse the gift of a card if he has none; he must take it and try at once to pass it to someone else. But any player who already has a card may refuse the generous offer! From time to time, at irregular intervals, a bell is rung. The four players who at that instant have no card in their hands score one point. The player who has the highest score at the end of ten minutes is the one who wins the game.





INDOOR GAMES

STOREKEEPER

If you ever, when you were little, felt that it would be great fun to keep a store and measure out beans and cheese and molasses, or if now that you are older you find it diverting to go marketing, you will probably enjoy this game. The person who is chosen to be storekeeper takes his place in the center of the room, with the other players ranged in a circle round him. In his hand he holds a knotted handkerchief, a soft rubber ball, or some other light, soft object. He announces the kind of store he will keep and then tosses the ball at one of the players, beginning at the same time to count aloud to ten as fast as he can. The player he has thrown to must catch the ball, call out the name of some article sold in the store, and throw the ball back to the storekeeper. If he fails to do this before the storekeeper reaches ten, he must himself become storekeeper. This particular store will probably have a rapid succession of proprietors, for no article may be mentioned twice—and though its keepers change, it always remains the same kind of store.

ANAGRAMS

You will always find it fun to play this game of jumbled letters. The player who is "it" chooses the name of some common animal or thing, and rearranges the letters in as confusing an order as possible. For instance, if he has chosen the word "toad," he will perhaps make it into "dato." He will write "dato" in large letters on a piece of paper, which is then put up in plain view of everyone, and will announce that it is the name of a common four-footed animal. Whoever guesses the word first becomes "it."

PLAYING STORE

One of the players is chosen to be storekeeper. He thinks of an article sold at a shop and then announces his business and gives the initials of the article he sells. For instance, if he has chosen "Castile soap" he will say, "I am a grocer and sell C.S." "Canned soup," says one player. "No." "Canned squash," says another. "No." The person who makes the right guess becomes "it."

THE MAGIC RING

The players sit in a circle, with the person who is "it" standing in the center. A ring is strung on a cord which is just long enough to be taut when each player holds it with both hands directly over his lap. The ends of the cord are tied, so that the ring may be slid over it from one player to another all the way round the circle. The person in the center must try to guess who has the ring as the players keep busily passing it from person to person. Of course all the players will keep their hands in motion along the cord, as if each one of them were actually passing the ring, and the person who has it will try to pass it on with as little fuss as possible. When the person who is "it" finally locates the ring, the person who has it must become "it."

A WORD HUNT

The players are given some fairly long word containing a good assortment of vowels and consonants and are told to make a list of all the words that can be made out of the letters in the word assigned. They may not use any letters not contained in the word, but they need not use all the letters in it. No letter may be repeated unless it occurs twice in the word assigned. Let us say, for instance, that the players have been given the word "orphanage." They will find the words "or," "pen," "nag," "hag," "horn," "organ," "argan," but may not include the words "sang" or "nagger." The person who gets the longest list in the time allotted is the winner. It is said that over three hundred words may be made out of "orphanage." The game will be much more exciting if the players are allowed to use an unabridged dictionary.

SMELLING CONTEST

Fill about twenty small bottles with common liquids that have a strong odor—kerosene, oil of peppermint, white vinegar, witch-hazel, oil of wintergreen, oil of cloves, etc. Number each bottle and let the contestants, by earnest and concentrated sniffing, decide what the contents are. No honest player will take a taste of anything in any bottle. That person wins who has the highest number of correct guesses.

INDOOR GAMES



INDOOR GAMES

COFFEEPOT

The player chosen to be "it" thinks of a verb—"fall," for example. It now becomes the duty of the other players to find out what this verb is. They begin by asking all sorts of questions about it, but instead of using the verb itself, they use the word "coffee-pot." So the game would go somewhat like this: "Where does one coffee-pot?" "On the floor or the ground, as a rule." "Can anyone coffee-pot?" "Oh, yes." "Do many people coffee-pot?" "Pretty much everybody, I should think." "Do people earn their living coffee-potting?" "No." "Do people like to coffee-pot?" "No." "Does it hurt to coffee-pot?" "Very often it does." "Does one ever get killed coffee-potting?" "Yes." "Do you coffee-pot in any particular kind of weather?" "Often in cold or rainy weather." "Is the word 'slipping?'" "No." "Is it falling?" "Yes."

Each player may have three guesses as to what the word is, but he may ask any number of questions. The first one to guess the word is the next one to be "it." If you have a good detective among your players he will be certain to guess the word.

POETS

The person who is "it" chooses a poem—one not more than eight or twelve lines long is best—and without announcing its name, he tells the other players how many lines the poem has and gives them the last word in the first line. Each player must now write a line of poetry ending with the word that was given them. At the end of three minutes the person who is "it" announces the last word in the second line of the poem he has in mind, and each of the players must now write a second line to his own poem, using the word just given as the last word of his line. In this way, the players will be given the end words of the lines of the original poem, and will make them, one at a time, the end words in the lines of their own poems. The "masterpieces" resulting will be funny beyond belief, and the despair of the poets, as they try to make the new word fit into their poems, will be one of the best parts

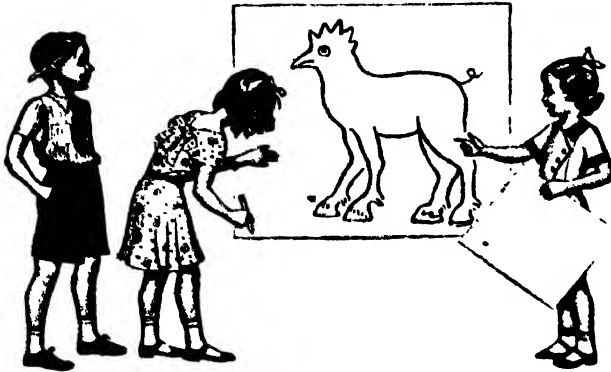
of the game. Everyone should keep his poem a secret during its composition. When the last lines are all written, the player who is "it" collects all the poems and reads them aloud, together with the name of the writer. A vote is taken as to which one should have the prize.

THE CONTINUED STORY

The first player begins to tell a story, but stops in the middle of the first sentence. The next player must finish the sentence in five words and begin another sentence which he, too, stops in the middle of. The story will be passed on in this way from person to person, and anyone who fails to finish the sentence in five words must fall out of the game. No matter how absurd the unfinished sentence may be, it must be made to come out sensibly in five words. For instance, the first player may say, "We met a man without a head—" but the next player will add, "to his cane or umbrella." Then he continues, "He said he came from Mars—" and the third adds, "a small town in France." The clever player will pass on sentences that it is nearly impossible to complete sensibly in five words. The person who remains when everyone else has fallen out is the winner. Some time limit—such as two minutes—should be set for completing a sentence.

GUESSING RHYMES

The first player says, "I am thinking of something that rhymes with 'main.'" "Is it something that hurts?" asks the second player. "No, it isn't a pain." "Is it something that is wet?" asks the third player. "No, it isn't rain." "Is it something that turns when the wind blows?" "No, it isn't a vane." "Is it something you walk with?" "No, it's not a cane." "Is it something you walk in?" "Yes, it's a lane." The player who guesses correctly chooses the next word to be guessed. But if one player asks a question that the first player cannot answer—as, for instance, if the first player had not known what it is that turns in the wind—then the person asking that question is "it" the next time.



PROGRESSIVE ART

Every fourth player draws on a piece of paper the head and neck of some animal, such as a duck, horse, or cow. When he has finished, he covers the head with a piece of paper, but allows the lines of the neck to show. Without uncovering the head, the next "artist" adds a body. He covers it up with the paper, but marks a place for the legs. A third artist now adds the legs and feet. When the paper masks are removed, you will find that you have the queerest menagerie the world ever saw.

MERCHANT

One of the players is chosen to be merchant. After deciding what he is going to sell, he begins to explain to the other players what a wonderful article they can buy of him—but of course he is careful not to name it. Let us suppose that he has decided upon pens. He may say that his article is capable of doing much good or great harm, that by using it wisely many men have become famous but that its unwise use has landed many men in jail, that it is something that many men always carry, that it is found in banks, post offices, and all places of business—and if he wants to give the answer away, he will add that it is "mightier than the sword." In the same way he may describe how a fruit tastes, or of what material a garment is made. The player who first guesses his article becomes the merchant.

RAMBLING THROUGH STORY BOOKS

The player chosen to be the rambler chooses a character from a fairy tale, a nursery rhyme, or some book that everyone will have read. Then, without giving away the name of the character, he begins a description of him or her. He will say, for instance, "I met a cheerful little girl with a red bonnet. We had a long talk while she gathered flowers that she was taking to her grandmother. She said that her father was a woodcutter, and that her mother had warned her not to loiter along the way."

The child who guesses that it was Little Red Riding-hood becomes the rambler.

OBSERVATION

If you have an ambition to be a detective, test yourself with this game. It will help to show you whether you have the necessary powers of observation. All the players stand in line, each one holding some object that has been picked up in the room. The player who is "it"—let us call him John—carefully notes where each player is standing in the line and what he holds in his hand. Then John leaves the room. While he is gone one of the players changes his place in the line, and exchanges objects with one of the other players. Now John is called back to tell what changes have been made in his absence. If he succeeds, the player who changed his place becomes "it"; otherwise John must try again.

INDOOR GAMES

A NEW CARD GAME

Using thin cardboard cut out enough cards to make a deck of about the same size as a deck of playing cards. On each card write a problem in multiplication, such as $9 \times 12 = 108$. Shuffle the cards and deal an equal number to each player, who will put them in a pile face downward. The dealer now picks up his top card, and turning to the player at his left reads the first part of what he sees on the card, but omits the answer; that is, he would say, "Seven nines equal —?" The player addressed must at once give the right answer. If he does, the card is handed him and he lays it on the table by itself. It is the first card in his score pile. If he fails in his answer, the card is thrown into the "bone pile" in the center of the table. The player at the dealer's left now turns to the left and reads the question on his card—perhaps "Fourteen eights equal —?" And so the game goes on. Of course the player who accumulates the most cards in his score pile wins the game. For young players the numbers multiplied should be small. For older players the numbers may be larger.

MY SHIP IS IN

The person who is "it" says, "My ship is in." The rest of the players ask, "Where does she come from?" The first player then says, "Guess." The rest of the players say, "What is her cargo?" The first player has to name some important product that we import from the country he has chosen—tea, for instance, if he has chosen China. The first one who guesses the right country becomes "it."

WHO IS IT?

This is an old game, and is always fun. First of all, some one of the players is chosen to be "it." He now thinks of a great man who lived at some time or other in the world's history—it doesn't matter when. Then the other players begin to ask questions, such as: Is he still living? What country did he live in? Was he a soldier? A statesman? A hero? At about what time did he live? etc. The one who guesses the name first becomes "it."

PROJECTS *and* RECREATION

Reading Unit

No. 13

OUTDOOR GAMES

Note: For basic information not found on this page, consult the general Index, Vol. 15.

For statistical and current facts, consult the Richards Year Book Index.

Interesting Facts Explained

How to play prisoner's base, 14-166
Three deep, 14 166
A favorite Chinese game, 14 166
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The grandfather of baseball, 14-167
How tag is played in Spain, 14-167
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How to arrange an obstacle race, 14-168
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The old English game of hop scotch, 14 170
Two games which are played to music, 14-171-72
A game of thrills and suspense, 14 173
The game of barley break, 14-173
Follow the leader, 14 174
A game that is thousands of years old, 14-174

Things to Think About

Do we still play most of the games that our grandparents played when they were children?
Are the children's games of one country very different from those of other countries?
What indoor game, described in the preceding unit, does the

game of "Caesar commands" resemble?
Why was England once known as "Merrie England"?
Why is it necessary for the leader in the game of follow the leader to be an inventive and clever person?

Leisure-time Activities

PROJECT NO. 1: The next time you and your friends go on a picnic, arrange an obstacle race and give prizes to the winners. If you do not have the equipment suggested on page 14-168, you can substitute other things. In fact, you can add to your enjoyment by selecting strange and un-

expected obstacles.

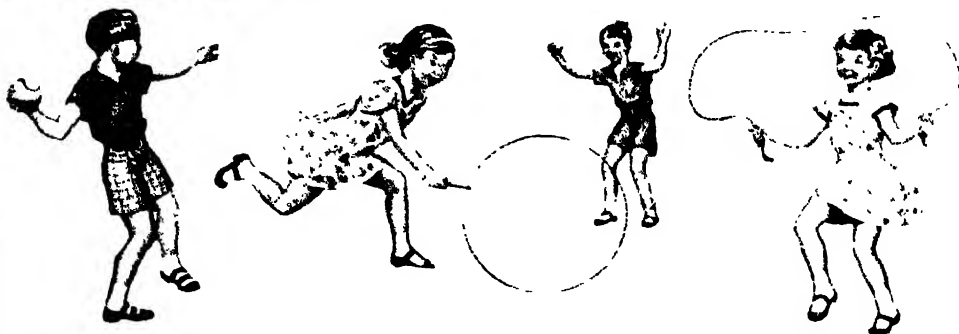
PROJECT NO. 2: You will find five different versions of the game of tag described on page 14 172. Can you think up any other variations on this game? Even the most familiar game can be made new and exciting by a slight change.

Summary Statement

The children of all countries play much the same games. The game of tag, for example, is played by children all over the world. Outdoor games demand

a keen mind as well as an active body. Though most outdoor games are very simple, they never lose their appeal.

OUTDOOR GAMES



OUTDOOR GAMES

PRISONER'S BASE

Like many other "chase" and "tag" games, prisoner's base is very old—and it is one of the best of them all. It can be played by any number of persons, and goes as well in a city street as on a playground or a vacant lot. If you are playing it in a large open space draw two parallel lines some fifty feet apart. Your "battlefield" will lie between them. But if you are playing it in a street, the street itself will be the battlefield, and the curb or sidewalks will be the safety zones.

The players divide into two teams, and each team lines up on one side of the battlefield. Some daring player then ventures across his base line into the field, and instantly a player from the other side dashes out to tag him and so take him captive. The first player may dodge about as much as he pleases, and may always seek safety in his own territory behind the base line. And meanwhile the player chasing him must be on the watch, since at any moment a member of the first player's team may dash out to chase the enemy. For it is the chief rule of the game that the last man off the base line is the only one who has the right to tag. You see, an ability to run and dodge is not enough to make a good player of prisoner's base. You must have sharp wits as well, in order to keep track of the other players and know who the tagger is.

When a player is captured he is taken to the enemy's base line and must stay there until freed by someone on his own side. The prisoner usually stands with one foot on the base line and one in the field. If one of his comrades can manage to touch him he is set free and may go back to play on his own side.

THREE DEEP

This is a fine old game that may be played outdoors or in a gymnasium, and the more players there are, the better it goes. First, two players are chosen to act as "runner" and "catcher." Then the other men line up in two circles, one circle inside the other, with everyone facing the center. The players on the inner circle should be directly in front of those on the outer circle and each player should be about fifteen feet from the men on either side of him.

Both runner and catcher take up a position in the center of the circle. Then suddenly the

runner darts away, and quickly doubling and dodging, dashes around and in and out of the circle, weaving his way back and forth among the couples in his effort to keep away from the catcher, who tries to tag him. If the catcher succeeds in doing so, the runner then becomes the catcher and the catcher becomes the runner. But at any time the runner, if hard pressed or tired of his rôle, may suddenly stop in front of one of the couples, with his face toward the center of the ring. Then the rear member of that couple is forced to become the runner, for the players may never stand "three deep." And so the game goes on, with rapid shifts of runners as one of them after another takes up his place in front of a couple. With strong, quick players "three deep" can be a very fast game.

HOP STICKS

For some reason or other Chinese children dearly love kicking games. Nobody knows just why—perhaps it is because their shoes are of a kind to make such games very hard to play. "Hop sticks" is one of their favorites. To play it you must first get ten light sticks of wood each about an inch thick and a foot and a half long. Pieces of cornstalk cut to length will do very well—or even firm rolls of newspaper.

Lay your sticks along in a row parallel to one another and about eighteen inches apart. Then, on one foot, hop over each stick without touching it and without putting your other foot to the ground. At the end of the row pick up the last stick and, still on one foot, hop back to the beginning of the row. When you reach your starting place give the last stick there a good kick as you make your last hop—but you must do it with the foot you are hopping on! In this way you continue back and forth across the row of sticks until you have disposed of all the sticks by picking up five of them and by kicking five of them out of the way. And in all this time you have never let your other foot down once.

If you can get enough sticks to lay out several rows at a time, a number of players may race to see who will finish his row first. If a player fails to pick up a stick or to kick one when he should, or if he kicks one of the sticks without meaning to, he must drop out of the game. If you think hop sticks is easy, just try it!

OUTDOOR GAMES



OUTDOOR GAMES

DUCK ON A ROCK

Sometime when you feel lively enough to burst, start this game. You'll find it a relief for the highest spirits. It can be played by any number of persons, and all the equipment you need will be a few smooth rocks of a size to be thrown easily and a larger stone or slab of rock some two feet across. This will be the "duck rock." At a distance of twenty or thirty feet from the duck rock mark off your throwing line and then choose a player to act as "guard." He will select one of the stones to serve as his "duck," and placing it on top of the duck rock, will take up his position beside it to guard it from attack.

From behind the throwing line each player in turn now proceeds to throw a rock, or "duck," at the guard's duck in an attempt to knock it off the slab. But as soon as a player throws he must at once recover his duck and get back behind the throwing line before he is tagged by the guard. If he is tagged, he must take the place of the guard, who is no longer "it." When the guard's duck is knocked off by some lucky strike, he must put it back on the duck rock before he may tag the thrower.

Now if a thrower sees that he cannot pick up his duck and get back behind the throwing line without being tagged, he may run out to his duck and then "play safe" by standing on it. So long as he has a foot on the duck he cannot be tagged. His chance to escape will come when another player throws and takes up the guard's attention. The more untagged players there are standing on their ducks, the wilder the game becomes. Of course when a guard succeeds in tagging a thrower, he must hurry back to the throwing line, for the instant the new guard places his duck on the rock, he is ready to tag anyone who isn't safe behind the throwing line.

TIPCAT

This game is the grandfather of the great game of baseball, so you will probably like to try your hand at it. Besides, it is a good game in itself, and does not require either a ball or a bat. All you need is a fair-sized stick to serve as bat—a narrow barrel stave is best of all—and a knife with which to whittle the "cat." This is a block of wood about four inches long

and an inch in diameter, and tapered for about an inch at the ends. Any number of persons may play.

The base is a shallow hole or a circle some twenty inches across. Here the batter takes his stand. If only two are playing, the other is the pitcher. He stands twenty or thirty feet away from the base and tries to toss the cat into the hole—or circle. And the batter tries to strike it to keep it from going in. If the cat falls into the hole the batter is "out." If it does not fall into the hole, or if the batter hits it, the batter is then entitled to what is called a "stroke." He places the cat inside the circle and sharply strikes one of the tapering ends with his bat. As the cat flies into the air he bats it as far as ever he can. The tosser must now try to catch the cat. If he succeeds, the batter is out; if not, the batter proceeds to count up his score. He wins a point for every bat length between the base and the cat.

If there are several other players they will take up positions as catcher, basemen, and fielders, just as in baseball, and will decide where the other bases are to be. Of course if there is one baseman there will be only one other base; if two basemen, two other bases. The batter scores an 1 is put out just as when there are two players. Any player may catch the cat on a fly. Whenever the batter is put out, the catcher goes to bat and the first baseman becomes catcher, while the rest of the players all advance one position. The batter must then take the lowest place on the team, but the pitcher remains at his post throughout the game. The player with the highest batting score wins.

MOON TAG

The moon is always bright in Spain, and in the cloudless Spanish sky the morning stars sparkle like fireflies. Perhaps that is why Spanish children have a game of tag in which the person who is "it" is called the moon, while all the other players are "morning stars." The "moon" stands in a patch of shadow cast by a house, and the other players run about in the sunshine. But from time to time a "star" will dash into the shadow, and then the moon tries to tag it. When a star is tagged, it must stay in the shadow with the moon till all the morning stars have been caught.



OUTDOOR GAMES

CAESAR COMMANDS

The players line up side by side in a row, and Caesar, who is "it," takes his place facing them at the center of the row. Then he proceeds to give commands, such as "Caesar says, 'Run,'" "Caesar says, 'March,'" "Caesar says, 'Halt,'" "Caesar says, 'Lie down,'" "Caesar says, 'Stand on one leg,'" etc. Caesar himself acts out the commands as he gives them, but from time to time he does not obey his own commands, but does something else instead. For instance, though he may call out, "Caesar says, 'Hop on one leg,'" he will himself wave his arms. Any player who fails to follow Caesar's commands and imitates his action instead, must be "it" in Caesar's place. Or if Caesar should give a command without saying that Caesar says to do so—as, for instance, "Halt," instead of "Caesar says, 'Halt,'"—the person who obeys that command must become "it."

THE POTATO RACE

Each of the runners is given a basket and is stationed at the end of a row of potatoes. The rows may be as long as you like, but all of them should have the same number of potatoes, which are placed about two yards apart. When the referee shouts "go" each racer starts down his row of potatoes, picking them up as fast as he can and putting them in his basket. The one who first gets to the end of his row is the winner. Of course you may use small stones or blocks of wood instead of potatoes, but it will be called a "potato race" just the same, and everyone, from onlookers to runners, will find it capital sport.

THE WHEELBARROW RACE

For this race the players are divided into pairs. One boy in each pair places his hands on the ground as if he were going to crawl on his hands and knees, and the other boy clasps the first boy's ankles and holds his legs up just as if they were the handles of a wheelbarrow. At the starter's signal the race begins. Of course that pair wins whose "wheelbarrow" is

first over the line. The boy acting as wheelbarrow should be allowed to set his own pace—it's not fair to push him faster than his arms can carry him.

THE OBSTACLE RACE

This game takes a good deal of equipment, but fortunately all of it can be got together without expense, and the little necessary trouble is more than made up for by the fun you will have. First of all, you must get two barrels, one without a head or bottom and the other with a head only. Then you will need a large dry-goods box, several smaller boxes such as canned goods are packed in, a carpenter's sawhorse to use as a hurdle—or anything else that will serve the purpose—and a basket of potatoes.

The players divide themselves into two teams, and each team selects a captain. The captains then arrange the obstacles over the field in any way they prefer—various suggestions are given in the picture—and also decide on all the rules as to how the race shall be run. When everything is ready each captain selects a man who shall be the first to run for his side. Let us say that the two men chosen are Jack Brown and Henry Jones. One



A SEAT FOR ALL

Here is a way by which everyone may have a seat and, we hope, be quite comfortable.

of the captains will act as starter and give the signal for Jack to be off. Jack will jump over the hurdle, crawl through the barrel, carry a lighted candle from one point to another, carry the potatoes one at a time from the basket to the second barrel, and do anything else that the captains have decided upon. Meanwhile they will time him and set down his record when he has completed the race. Then the word "go" is given to Henry Jones, and his time is recorded. In this way the players on the two teams are paired, and the team whose combined records add up to the smallest total is the team that wins. Or the winners out of each pair of racers may be matched again in two teams, and the races be continued till two final winners take the field. It is a jolly game that all boys and girls like, and strange as it may seem, it is a game in which skill plays quite an important part.

OUTDOOR GAMES



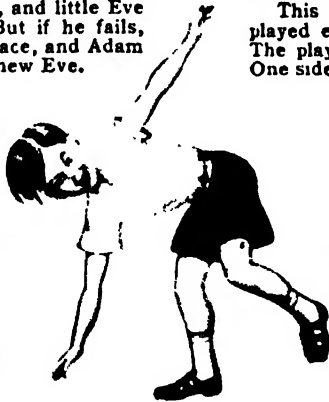
OUTDOOR GAMES

ADAM AND EVE

A boy and a girl—"Adam" and "Eve"—are blindfolded and placed inside a circle formed by the other players, who join hands. Adam must try to catch Eve, and Eve must try to keep out of his reach. Whenever he calls, "Where are you, Eve?" she must reply, "Here I am, Adam." Of course the instant she has said it she will run to some other part of the circle, so that her voice may not betray her. If Adam succeeds in catching Eve inside five minutes, he chooses another boy to be Adam and takes his place in the circle, and little Eve is pursued by a new Adam. But if he fails, Eve chooses a girl to take her place, and Adam must continue to search for the new Eve.

LIVING STATUES

One person is chosen to be the "sculptor." It will be his duty to swing each one of the other players around him by the hand and then suddenly to let go, at the same time pronouncing the words "still water." When the player who has just been swung hears those words, he suddenly freezes into the posture in which they happen to find him. When all the statues have been "cast" in this way the sculptor chooses the one he thinks most artistic. The player chosen becomes the next sculptor.



SERIOUS DUCKS

Two players are chosen who shall be the "customer" and the "farmer." The other players all squat on their heels and clasp their hands firmly under their knees—for they are supposed to be squatting ducks! The customer now comes to the duck farm to buy a nice solemn duck, and the farmer leads him to a squatting boy or girl. Then the bargaining begins. The customer finds every sort of fault with the duck—its bill is too long, its legs are too short, and its ears are set on upside down. A lively customer can think up any number of ridiculous comments. Then the farmer and the customer weigh the fowl by catching hold

of its arms, one on each side, and swinging it back and forth, clear of the ground. Now if the duck can stand all this nonsense without a smile and without uttering a syllable, he may take his place on the side lines—or the "roost"—and join in the laughter as the game goes on. But if he smiles or makes a sound, he must keep squatting and remain a duck until the round of all the fowls has been made. Then he will have another chance to come up for sale.

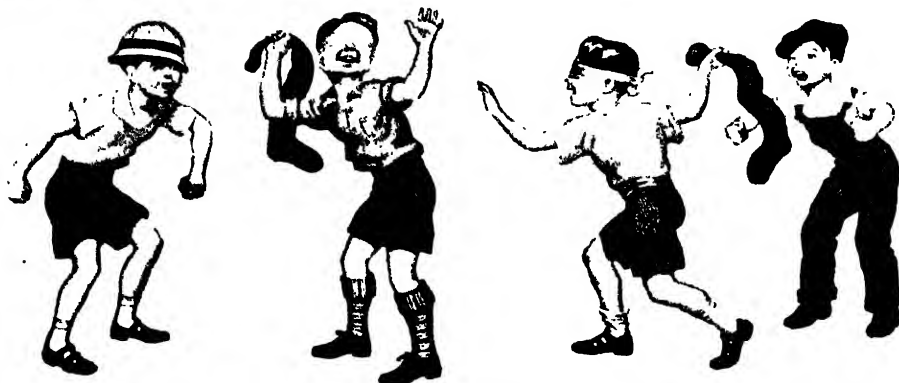
THE BELLES OF FAIRYLAND

This is a girls' game, and may be played either in the house or outdoors. The players are divided into two sides. One side goes into another room or walks out of earshot of the other players and proceeds to choose an occupation which the members of the team are all to act out as vividly as possible. Then they come back and face the players on the other side, who ask in unison, "Who are you, fair maidens, and from what strange land do you come?" The reply is, "We are the belles of fairyland." Again the other players ask, "Is it true that it is all play and no work in fairyland?" Then the actors begin to act out their occupation, meanwhile repeating the following rhyme:

We work and play
The livelong day,
We belles of fairyland.
The name we leave to you,
But this is the work we do,
We belles of fairyland.

Such occupations as sewing, washing, ironing, etc., are easily acted out—but easily guessed, too. So it is well to choose something a little less simple. Sometimes quite simple occupations can be made mystifying if they are acted out in great detail. So simple a thing as making cocoa may open with your going to the cupboard for a saucepan, to the pantry for cocoa and sugar, and to the ice box for milk. When the occupation has been guessed, the other side become the fairy actors.

OUTDOOR GAMES



OUTDOOR GAMES

BLINDMAN'S BATTLE

Stuff two old stockings full of cotton. Then blindfold two boys and give a stocking to each. After each one has been turned around three or four times, the referee announces that "the battle is on." Their efforts to locate and belabor each other are as funny as their attempts to protect themselves. Whenever one says, "Hello, Mike, are you there?" his adversary must answer, "Yes, here I am." Of course each one instantly tries to get at the other, with the result that they frequently run into each other's arms. The one who in a given five minutes deals the most blows wins the battle.

1	3	6	9
	4	7	
2	5	8	10

HOP SCOTCH

There are a great many ways of playing this old English game, and here is one. The field is drawn with chalk on the sidewalk or is marked out with a stick on the bare ground. It should be of the shape and proportions shown in the diagram. The first player throws a block of wood about two inches square into space number 1. Then he hops into the space on one foot and with that same foot kicks the block into space number 2. Then he hops into space number 2 and kicks the block into space number 3—and so on, from space to space until he has reached space number 10. Now he changes feet and kicks the block back into space number 9, and so retraces his route back to space number 1. Whenever the player's foot or the block touches a line, the player is out and the next player begins. After all the players have had a turn, player number 1 begins again by throwing his block into the space where he "went out" before; then he hops from space number 1 to that space and begins kicking his block ahead on its journey. The player who first makes the complete round is the winner.

THE SHEEP AND WOLF

This is a capital game to play in the woods or in a park—or even on a lawn that has a number of trees. First of all a wolf is chosen to be "it," and a shepherd who shall take charge of the sheep. Together they mark off a space that shall serve as the fold. Then while the wolf covers his eyes and counts to fifty, the sheep all scatter and hide in any spot convenient to the fold. When he has finished counting, the wolf hides behind a tree at some point that he thinks the sheep are likely to pass on their way to the fold. Then the shepherd calls to the sheep, saying: "Come home, for the night is falling." The sheep must then answer, "We are afraid of the wolf." "The wolf is away," the shepherd cries. Then as the sheep make a dash for the fold, out jumps the wolf and catches as many as he can. The game ends when all the sheep and the shepherd have been caught.

BEAN TOSS

Chinese children like games that call for only a few players—four or five or six. One of their favorites is a good deal like our "chucks" or "jackstones." It is played with a handful of large beans or small pebbles or nuts. The players seat themselves in a circle around a hard, smooth piece of ground—of course the floor will do. One then takes the handful of beans and tosses them into the air. As they come down he catches as many of them as he can on the back of his hand. Every bean he catches counts him one point. Then he draws his finger between any two beans on the ground—he tries to choose two that are close together—and after he has pointed them out in this way, he tries to snap one against the other by pressing the first one between his thumb and forefinger. His thumb should rest on the ground at the spot where the bean lay. If he hits the second bean, he lays these two beans aside and adds two points to his score. Then he tries to snap two other beans together. When he misses, another player takes all the beans, tosses them, catches them, and snaps them until he too misses. The winner is the one with the largest score.

OUTDOOR GAMES



OUTDOOR GAMES

THE WITCH OF ENDOR

In this game it is the object of the witch to fill every one of her jars with children. Several circles are marked off to serve as the jars. Then the witch proceeds to chase and tag the children; and every time a child is tagged she may put him in a jar. There he must stay unless one of the other players succeeds in tagging him and so releasing him from the jar. But if the witch can stow two children in the jar, it then is "sealed" and the children cannot get out. When every jar has been filled with two children the witch has won. She then has the right to name the next witch, and so the game goes on.

THE JOLLY OLD MILLER

If you are going to play this game you must first learn the tune of the old song that goes with it. Here is the music, which you can pick out for yourself on the piano or can ask someone to teach you:



The players all choose partners, but there must be one person left over, to take the part of the miller. The couples then march arm in arm in a circle around him, singing meanwhile the words of "The Jolly Old Miller":

Jolly is the miller who lives by the mill,
The wheel goes round with a right good will;

One hand on the hopper and the other on the sack,
The right steps forward and the left steps back.

As the words in the last line are sung the right-hand player in each couple steps forward, and the left-hand player in each couple steps back, each taking the arm of his new partner. During this change the miller does his best to slip in and catch a partner. If he succeeds, the odd player must then become the miller. The game will be a good deal more fun if the players move at a lively pace, keeping strict time both in marching and in shifting their places in the line.

STOOL BALL

Four times a year dairymaids and farm laborers used to come to the hiring fairs that were held in many of the English towns. There they hoped to find new employers for the coming quarter, and there they knew they would find merry sport playing the good old games. One of the favorites was "stool ball."

A number of stones, logs, shocks of grain, or any other convenient objects are arranged in a circle to serve as stools for the players. At the center of the circle stands a player who holds a soft yarn or rubber ball. Whenever he throws his ball into the air the other players must all change stools. If the thrower can catch his ball and then throw it at and hit a player who has not yet sat down on his stool, the two must exchange places. Then the game goes on as before, with the new thrower in the ring. If the thrower fails to make a catch or to hit a player he throws at, he must pick up his ball and throw again. Of course he must throw it high enough into the air to give the players a good chance to change seats.

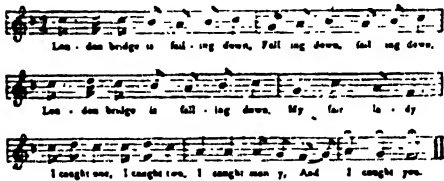
OUTDOOR GAMES



OUTDOOR GAMES

LONDON BRIDGE

Your great-great-grandparents played London Bridge, and perhaps their grandparents did, too. So we may be sure that any game that has lasted such a long time must be a good one, which you ought certainly to know. The "bridge" is made by two players who stand face to face and clasp each other's hands high above their heads, in this way making an arch. The other players join hands in a circle and pass one by one under the arch, singing:



When the singers come to the words "my fair lady," the bridge "falls" over the head of the person who happens to be beneath it. Now before the singing began the two players who form the bridge decided upon two things to eat, such as "honey" and "sugar," or "apples" and "plums," and each of them chose one of the two eatables to represent him. As soon as the bridge has fallen they ask the person caught which he likes better of the two articles they have decided upon. When he chooses, the person to whom his choice belongs steps back into the circle, and the person caught must then help make the bridge. For instance, if the choice decided on has been "cake" or "bread," and "bread" belongs to Jane, when the person caught chooses bread, Jane may go back into the circle and the person caught must take her place. The two who now form the bridge decide on another pair of eatables to represent them, the song begins again, the circle marches on, and the game is played all over again.

CHINESE TAG

The game of tag is about the same the world over except in China. There the player who is "it" must put his hand over that spot on his body on which he was tagged, and must keep it there until he has tagged someone else. Since a player may be tagged on the heel, between the shoulders, or in some other place that is inconvenient for him to reach, the game may be very amusing.

CROSS TAG

This game is another version of the familiar game of tag. Let us say that Joe, who is "it," is chasing Ann. Now if Ted should run between them, Joe must give up chasing Ann and follow Ted. Then if John should run between Joe and Ted, Joe must follow after John and so on until Joe succeeds in tagging the last person to cross his path.

WOOD TAG

This too is a form of tag. It will be the duty of the player who is "it" to tag one of the other players. But no one may be tagged who is standing on wood, clinging to a tree, or hanging over a wooden fence.

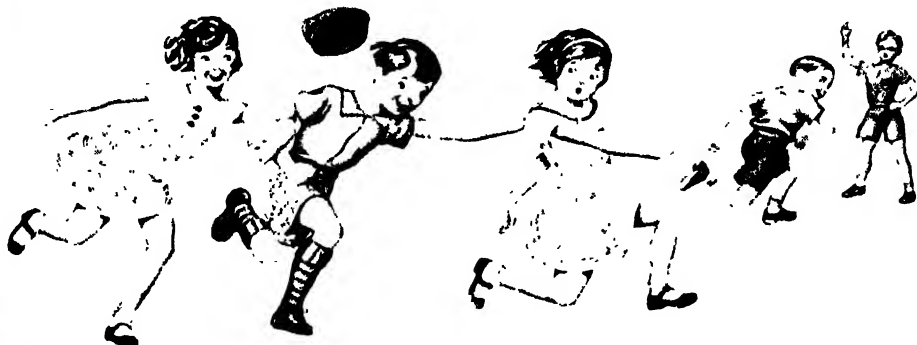
MIMIC TAG

The person who is "it" starts out after one of the other players, whereupon the person being chased begins to perform various antics. He turns a somersault, lies down and rolls over, or does anything else he can think of. The player chasing him must mimic each action, for if he does not, his tag will not count.

SHADOW TAG

In this form of tag the person who is "it" must step on the shadow of the person he tags, or else his tag doesn't count. You can have a great deal of fun playing this game in the moonlight, or on a day when the sun comes and goes behind the clouds.

OUTDOOR GAMES



OUTDOOR GAMES

RUN, SHEEP, RUN!

If you are looking for a game that is full of thrills and suspense you cannot do better than "Run, sheep, run!" It is ideal for long summer evenings, when the whole neighborhood gathers to play until dark. But in order to make it a success you must have two skillful leaders older boys with quick wits and an instinct for generalship. On them the excitement of the game largely depends.

The two captains select their teams, choosing alternately, and then toss up to see which side shall be the first to have their "outs." These are the "sheep," and the side that stays "in" are the wolves. A goal is decided on, and the wolves take up their stand by it while the leader, or "shepherd," of the sheep proceeds to lead his flock away. Now is the time for him to exercise all his foresight and ingenuity, for he must devise a system of strategy and a set of signals which will cover every emergency and bring his flock safe back to the goal. So together he and his sheep lay their plans. He "hides" them somewhere within a radius of a hundred or a hundred and fifty yards in a place that is fairly out of the way but yet easy to get in and out of, and he arranges with them what the signals are to be. Let us say that he stations them behind a garage in the next block. "Methuselah" will mean that they are to creep cautiously up the alley to the street and wait there for further signals. "Chicago" will mean that they are to skirt the garage and work their way along the fence toward the goal. "Water" will mean that they are to run north and "milk" south. "Grapevine" will mean to lie low, and "cave man" to go back to their hiding place. "Run, sheep, run" will be the signal for them to run with all speed to the goal.

When everything has been arranged, the shepherd goes back to the wolves, who start out on the hunt, with the shepherd following them. The pack doubles back and forth and noses here and there, but always stays together, and meanwhile the shepherd is calling out his signals, trying to maneuver his sheep toward the goal. He will call out false signals in order to conceal the real ones, and will seem to get excited when he wants the leader of the pack to think he is near the hiding place. In short, he will use every trick he can think of. If

one of the wolves should sight a sheep, he must shout, "Run, sheep, run," and dash for the goal. And of course when the shepherd gives the command the wolves and sheep will all run full tilt. If a sheep should reach the goal first, his team will have the right to hide again; but if a wolf should get there first, the teams must exchange sides. The sheep will now become the wolves and keep the goal.

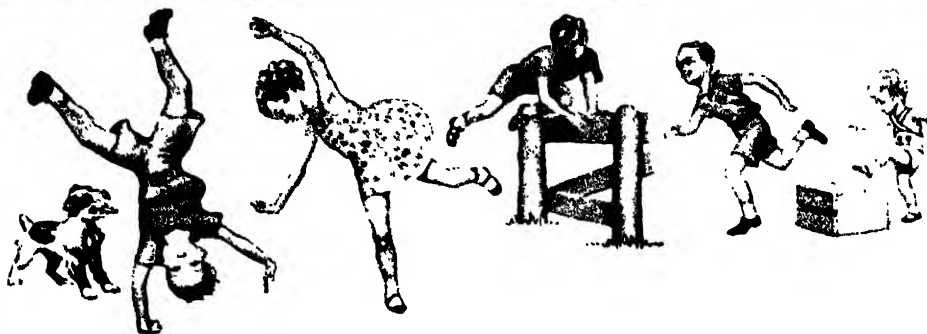
BARLEY BREAK

The English people have always loved sport, and were the inventors of some of the best games that we have to-day. In fact they used to love fun so much that their country came to be known as "Merrie England." Many of those old games are now forgotten, but of those that are still played one of the best is "barley break"—which may very well have been invented at the time when farmers had to guard their crops against trespassers who trampled down the uncut grain.

On a level piece of ground an area about twenty-five feet square is marked out for the "barley field." The players then divide themselves into two groups, which take up their positions on opposite sides of the square. Two players who are known as the "owners" link arms and stand inside the square. They may not unlink their arms, and must try to keep their field free of all trespassers. The trespassers too move about in couples, but they do not have to link arms, and when they are in danger of being tagged by the owners they may separate and flee. But a trespasser may take refuge only on his own side of the field; he must not run to the other team's side.

At the signal for the game to begin, the trespassers enter the field, dancing and prancing and shouting, "Barley break! Barley break!" Linked arm in arm, the owners try their best to tag someone. When one of a trespassing couple is tagged, he must remain quietly inside the field until his partner is tagged. Then the pair of them become the owners, and the former owners join the tormenting trespassers. If both boys and girls are playing, the pairs of owners and trespassers should consist of a boy and a girl. That makes it a very rollicking game. It is for the owners to detect any trespasser trying to take flight to the wrong side of the field.

OUTDOOR GAMES



OUTDOOR GAMES

LAME GOOSE

A space about ten feet square is marked off for the goose pen, and in it the player chosen to be the goose is confined. Then the other players, who are not allowed to enter the pen, run up to it and taunt the goose by shouting:

Goose in a pen, like an old hen,
Come out and catch us if you can.

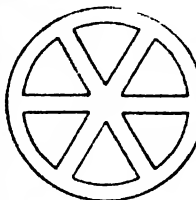
Now the goose in his effort to tag someone is allowed to run only three steps outside the pen; after that he must hop on one foot, and then must hop back to his pen. But some of the more daring players will soon be tagged by him, and then they too will have to enter the pen and become lame geese. In catching the other players they will have to obey the same rules that the first lame goose obeyed. The game ends when all the players have been made lame geese. The last player caught wins the game, and becomes lame goose for the next game.

FOLLOW MY LEADER

Choose your liveliest and most resourceful player to be the leader. If he is inventive this can be one of the most amusing of all outdoor games. The players form a line, standing five feet apart, and the leader takes his position directly in front of the center. Whatever he does, everyone else must do. He may crow like a cock, scratch like a hen, turn handsprings or somersaults, dance, make faces, vault a fence, climb a tree, or do even more daring or skillful things. Anyone who cannot follow him must drop out of the game. A clever leader will think up any number of funny antics—and those who can ape him, no matter what he sets them to do, are the winners in the game.

FOX AND GEESE

When the lawn is well covered with snow, mark off a large wheel, with spokes and a hub, as shown in the diagram. Then choose one player to be the fox. The rest of the players are the geese. The fox must try to catch a goose; and when he succeeds, the player caught becomes the fox. All players must keep to the paths that have been made in the snow. Any goose who breaks this rule must at once become the fox. If the fox breaks the rule, he must catch two



geese instead of one before he can cease to be the fox. The "hub," or center of the ring, is a safety zone where not more than two players may rest at one time. Players and fox are all free to run on any of the paths in any direction.

BLINDMAN'S BUFF

Here is a game that was played along the banks of the Nile many centuries before Christ was born. One of the players is blindfolded, turned round three times, and then told to catch anyone he can. The other players begin to brush up against him, to jostle him lightly, to tap him on the shoulder or the cheek, and he in turn tries to grab them. When he succeeds in catching someone, the player who is caught then becomes "it." Sometimes there is a rule added which allows the blindman to command the other players to stand still while he takes three steps in any direction he chooses. The command is "Stand!"

THE TUG OF WAR

A tug of war is great fun and takes a good deal of skill if it is properly played. There should be several players—the more the merrier—and the leaders of the two teams should choose their sides carefully, so that the weight and strength of the teams may be as nearly equal as possible. Then each side lines up along its end of a long rope, one player in front of another and each side facing toward the center of the rope. A dead line is marked off on the ground halfway between the two sides. At a given signal the two sides begin to pull backward on the rope. The team that succeeds in pulling the rope across the dead line wins.

SLAP JACK

The players join hands in a circle, except for one player, who is "it." He runs around the circle and tags another player, who must immediately start running around the circle in the opposite direction. Each runner tries to be the first to reach the vacant place. The one who succeeds steps into the place and the other runner is then "it." He must dart around the circle and slap another Jack without an instant's loss of time. And so the game goes on, as swiftly as possible.

CLASSICAL NURSERY RHYMES

Reading Unit

No. 14

MOTHER GOOSE RHYMES

Note: For basic information not found on this page, consult the general Index, Vol. 15

For statistical and current facts, consult the Richards Year Book Index.

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Things to Think About

Why do we find it easy to remember nursery rhymes?
What was the original purpose of nursery rhymes?
How did Tom's gift of music bring both good and harm?
What was the advice that Little Bo Peep disregarded?
Why did Mary's lamb follow her

about wherever she went?
Did Jack Sprat and his wife get along well together? Why?
In the rhyme of the three wise men of Gotham, why would the song have been longer if the bowl had been stronger?
In what ways did Simon show his simplicity?

Summary Statement

It is possible that the original Mother Goose was a woman who lived in Boston. Whoever she was, however, she has left the world some of its best-known poems. All of us learn nursery

rhymes as children, and very few of us ever forget them. Though nursery rhymes seem very simple and even nonsensical, many of them have a great deal of meaning.

NURSERY RHYMES

TOM, TOM, THE PIPER'S SON

Tom he was the piper's son,
He learn'd to play when he was
young,
But the only tune that he could
play
Was, "Over the hills and far
away."

Now Tom with his pipe made such
noise,
That he pleased both the girls and
the boys,
And then stopp'd to hear him play
"Over the hills and far away."

Tom with his pipe did play with
such skill,
That those who heard him could
never keep still
Whenever they heard they began
for to dance,
Even pigs on their hind legs would
after him prance.

As Dolly was milking her cow one
day,
Tom took out his pipe and began
for to play:
So Dolly and the cow danced "The
Cheshire round,"
Till the pail was broke and the
milk ran on the ground.



He met old Dame Trot with a
basket of eggs,
He used his pipe and she used her
legs,
She danced about till the eggs were
all broke,
She began for to fret, but he
laughed at the joke.

He saw a cross fellow was beating
an ass,
Heavy laden with pots, pans,
dishes, and glass,
He took out his pipe and played
them a tune,
And the jackass's load was light-
ened full soon.



GOOSEY, GOOSEY, GANDER

*Goosey, Goosey, Gander,
Whither shall I wander?
Upstairs and downstairs
And in my lady's chamber,
There I met an old man
Who wouldn't say his prayers,
I took him by the left leg
And threw him down the stairs.*



SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE

*Sing a song of sixpence,
A pocket full of rye,
Four-and-twenty blackbirds
Bak'd in a pie.*

*When the pie was open'd,
The birds began to sing;
Was not that a fine old dish,
To eat before a king?*

*The king was in his counting-
house
Counting out his money;
The queen was in the parlor
Eating bread and honey.*

*The maid was in the garden
Hanging out the clothes,
Down came a blackbird
And snapped off her nose.*



NURSERY RHYMES



A MAN OF THESSALY

*There was a man of Thessaly,
And he was wondrous wise;
He jumped into a quickset hedge,
And scratched out both his eyes.*

*But when he saw his eyes were out,
With all his might and main
He jumped into another hedge,
And scratched them back again.*

BARBER, BARBER, SHAVE A PIG

*"Barber, barber, shave a pig,
How many hairs will make a wig?
"Four and three'th, that's enough,
Give the barber a pinch of snuff."*



HICKETY, PICKETY

<i>Hickety, pickety, My black hen, She lays eggs For gentlemen</i>	<i>Sometimes nine, And sometimes ten, Hickety, pickety, My black hen.</i>
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FIDDLE-DEE-DEE

*Fiddle-dee-dee, fiddle-dee-dee, the fly has
married the humblybee.
They went to church, and married was
she.
The fly has married the humblybee.*



LITTLE BO-PEEP HAS LOST HER SHEEP

*Little Bo-peep has lost her sheep,
And can't tell where to find them;
Leave them alone, and they'll come home,
And bring their tails behind them.*

*Little Bo-peep fell fast asleep,
And dreamt she heard them bleating;
And when she awoke she found it a joke,
For still they all were fleeing.*



*Then up she took her little crook,
Determined for to find them;
She found them, indeed, but it made her heart
bleed,
For they'd left all their tails behind them.*

*It happened one day, as Bo-peep did stray
Into a meadow land by,
There she espied their tails side by side,
All hanging on a tree to dry.*



*She heaved a sigh, and wiped her eye,
Then went o'er hill and dale, oh;
And tried what she could, as a shep-
herdess should,
To tack to each sheep its tail, oh.*

NURSERY RHYMES



CAT AND THE FIDDLE

*Hi! diddle diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon.*

*The little dog barked
To see such sport,
While the dish ran after the spoon.*

HICKORY, DICKORY, DOCK

*Hickory, Dickory, Dock,
The mouse ran up the clock,
The clock struck one,
The mouse ran down,
Hickory, Dickory, Dock.*

TO MARKET, TO MARKET, TO BUY A PIG

*To market, to market, to buy a fat pig,
Home again, home again, Jiggity Jig
To market, to market, to buy a fat hog,
Home again, home again, Jiggity Jig*

PETER, THE PUMPKIN EATER

*Peter, Peter, pumpkin-eater,
Had a wife and couldn't keep her;
He put her in a pumpkin shell,
And there he kept her very well.*

BYE, BABY BUNTING

*Bye, Baby Bunting,
Daddy's gone a-hunting
To get a little rabbit skin
To wrap a Baby Bunting
in.*

LITTLE JACK HORNER

*Little Jack Horner sat in a corner
Eating a Christmas pie;
He put in his thumb, and he took out a
plum,
And said, "What a good boy am I!"*



NURSERY RHYMES



MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB

*Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow;
And everywhere that Mary went,
The lamb was sure to go.*

*He followed her to school one day
That was against the rule;
It made the children laugh and play,
To see the lamb at school.*

*So the teacher turned him on
But still he lingered near,
And waited patiently about,
Till Mary did appear.*

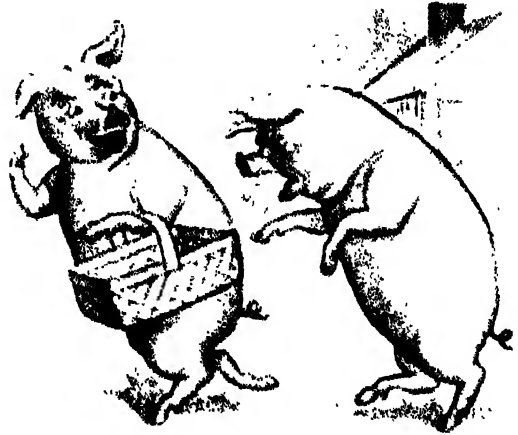
*Then he ran to her, and laid
His head upon her arm,
As if he said, "I'm not
afraid,
You'll keep me from all
harm!"*



*"What makes the lamb love Mary so?"
The eager children cry.
"Oh, Mary loves the lamb, you know,"
The teacher did reply.*

**THIS LITTLE PIG WENT
TO MARKET**

*This little pig went to market,
This little pig stayed at home,
This little pig got roast beef,
This little pig got none;
This little pig cried "Wee, wee"
all the way home.*



PETER PIPER

*Peter Piper picked a peck of
pickled pepper;
A peck of pickled pepper Peter
Piper picked;
If Peter Piper picked a peck of
pickled pepper,
Where's the peck of pickled pepper
Peter Piper picked?*

*Says Jack: "She'll be drowned,
But Joan did it ply.
"I don't think I shall,
For the ditch is quite dry."*

*Joan Sprat went to brewing
A barrel of ale,
She put in some hops
That it might not turn stale.*

*But as for the malt,
She forgot to put that;
"This is brave, sober liquor,"
Said little Jack Sprat.*



JACK SPRAT

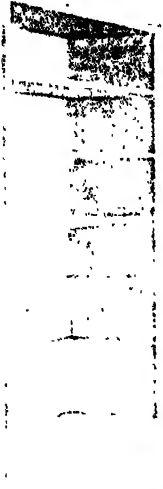
*Jack Sprat could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean,
So it came to pass, between them
both,
They licked the platter clean.*

*Jack ate all the lean,
Joan ate all the fat;
The bone they picked it clean,
Then gave it to the cat.*

*Jack Sprat was wheeling
His wife by the ditch;
The barrow turned over,
And in she did pitch.*



NURSERY RHYMES



*She went to the baker's
To buy him some bread,
But when she came back
The poor dog was dead.*

*She went to the joiner's
To buy him a coffin,
But when she came back
The dog was laughing*

*She took a clean dish
To get him some tripe,
But when she came back
He was smoking his pipe*



*She went to the fishmonger's
To buy him some fish,
And when she came back
He was licking the dish.*

*She went to the tailor's
To buy him a coat,
But when she came back
He was riding a goat.*

*She went to the cobbler's
To buy him some shoes,
But when she came back
He was reading the news.*

*She went to the sempster's
To buy him some linen,
But when she came back
The dog was spinning.*

*She went to the hosier's
To buy him some hose,
But when she came back
He was dress'd in his clothes*

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD

*Old Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard
To get her poor dog a bone,
But when she got there
The cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog had
none*



*She went to the butcher's
To buy him a hat,
And when she came back
He was feeding the cat.*

*She went to the barber's
To buy him a wig,
But when she came back
He was shaving his wig*

*The dame made a curlew,
The dog made a bow,
The dame said, "Your servant"
The dog said, "Bow-wow!"*



HUMPTY DUMPTY

*Humpty Dumpty sat on a
wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a
great fall,
All the King's horses and
all the King's men
Couldn't put Humpty
together again.*

LITTLE MISS MUFFET

*Little Miss Muffet
She sat on a tuffet,
Eating of curds and whey;
There came a big spider
And sat down beside her,
And frightened Miss Muffet away*

THREE WISE MEN OF GOTHAM

*Three wise men of Gotham
Went to sea in a bowl,
If the bowl had been stronger
My song would have been longer.*



NURSERY RHYMES



OLD KING COLE

*Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he.
He called for his pipe, and he called
for his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers three*

*For every fiddler had a fine fiddle,
And a very fine fiddle had he.
So old King Cole was a merry old
soul,
And a merry old soul was he.*

THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN

*There was an old woman who lived in a shoe
She had so many children she didn't know what to do.
She gave them some broth without any bread,
She whipped them all soundly,
And sent them to bed.*



NURSERY RHYMES

JACK AND JILL

*Jack and Jill went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water;
Jack fell down and broke his crown,
And Jill fell tumbling after.*



THREE BLIND MICE

*Three blind mice;
See how they run!
They all run after the farmer's
wife,*

*Who cut off their tails with the carving
knife.
Did ever you see such a sight in your life
As these three blind mice?*



LITTLE BOY BLUE

*Little Boy Blue, come blow your
horn;
The sheep's in the meadow, the
cow's in the corn,
But where is the boy that looks
after the sheep?
He's under a haystack, fast asleep.
Will you awake him? No, not I,
For if I do, he'll be sure to cry.*

NURSERY RHYMES

SIMPLE SIMON

Simple Simon met a piewman
Going to the fair;
Said Simple Simon to the piewman,
"Let me taste your ware."
Said the piewman unto Simon,
"First give me your penny!"
Said Simple Simon to the piewman,
"Indeed, I have not any."
He went to catch a dicky bird,
And thought he would not fail,
Because he had a little salt
To put upon its tail.
He went to ride a spotted cow
That had a little calf;
She threw him down upon the ground,
Which made the people laugh.
Then Simple Simon went a-hunting



For to catch a hare;
He rode a goat about the street,
But could not find one there.
Simple Simon went to town
To buy a piece of meat;
He tied it to his horse's tail
To keep it clean and sweet.
Simple Simon went a-fishing
For to catch a whale,
And all the water he had got
Was in his mother's pail.
He went to take a bird's nest—



He laid it down upon the fire,
And soon the ball was lost.
He went to slide upon the ice,
Before the ice would bear;
Then he plunged in above his knees,
Which made poor Simon stare.
Simple Simon went to look
If plums grew on a thistle;
He pricked his finger very much,
Which made poor Simon whistle.
He washed himself with blacking ball,
Because he had no soap;
And then said to his mother,
"I'm a beauty now, I hope."
He went for water in a sieve,
But soon it all ran through.
And now poor Simple Simon
Bids you all adieu.



'Twas built upon a bough;
A branch gave way, and Simon fell
Into a dirty slough.
He went to shoot a wild duck,
But the wild duck flew away.
Said Simon, "I can't let him
Because he will not stay."
Once Simon made a great snowball,
And brought it in to roast;



FAIRY TALES RETOLD

Reading Unit No. 15

STORIES THAT NEVER GROW OLD

Note: For basic information not found on this page, consult the general Index, Vol. 15.

For statistical and current facts, consult the Richards Year Book Index.

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Things to Think About

How is it possible to turn a beast into a handsome prince?

What do we mean when we call someone a Cinderella?

Related Material

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The most famous writer of stories

for children, 13-83-86
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Summary Statement

All the world loves fairy tales. Many hundreds of years ago, people began to tell the stories which we still read and enjoy to-day. Fairy tales can never grow old,

for though they may seem strange and fantastic, they contain more truth and wisdom than many realistic stories.

SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS



This is the wicked queen who did not realize that by changing her proud and envious thoughts for gentle and kindly ones she might still remain the most beautiful woman in all the world.

SNOW WHITE *and* the SEVEN DWARFS

ONCE upon a time a beautiful queen sat at a window doing fine needlework on an ebony frame. Her infant daughter lay in a cradle by her side. The snow was falling in gentle flakes; and as the Queen worked she pricked her finger and let three drops of blood fall on the snow on the window sill. Then the Queen smiled as she looked down at her baby and said softly, "Ah, my sweet babe, I hope thy skin will be as white as snow, thy lips and thy cheeks as red as blood, and thy hair as black as ebony. I will call thee Snow White."

But, alas, when Snow White was seven years old the Queen died, and soon afterwards the King married again. The new Queen hated the sight of her stepdaughter, for she saw that she was very beautiful.

Now the Queen wished to be the most beautiful woman in the world, and every morning she said to her magic looking-glass:

"Looking-glass, looking-glass, on the wall,
Who is the loveliest woman of all?"

And every morning the glass answered:
"Thou, Queen, art the loveliest woman of all."

But on the morning of Snow White's eighth birthday, the Queen received a different reply.

"Great Queen, thou art lovely and fair to see,

But a thousand times fairer is Snow White than thee."

In an instant the Queen had made up her mind. She called a servant and told him to take Snow White into the forest, kill her, and tell the King that the child had run off and been devoured by a wild beast.

So Snow White was taken away. But she pleaded so pitifully for her life that the servant left her, and returning, told the Queen that Snow White was dead.

SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS



Eagerly the seven dwarfs crowded around the bed where Snow White lay. It seemed to them that they had never seen a sight so beautiful. All day long for

years on end they had toiled in the heart of the mountain, without rest or diversion. But here was a playmate come to brighten their lonely lives.

SNOW-WHITE AND ROSE-RED



Now one day as Snow-white and Rose-red returned from the market, they came suddenly upon the dwarf, who was counting out his treasures. He turned upon

them furiously and might have killed them, had not the bear appeared just at that moment. With one stroke of his paw he left the dwarf quite dead.

SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS

Alone in the forest Snow White wandered on and on; but she was so lovely that no wild beast touched her.

When night came she saw a tiny cottage and peeped in. A table was spread with seven plates, each with a little loaf and a glass of wine beside it.

Snow White went in, ate a little bread from each plate, and sipped a little wine from each glass. Then she looked about her and saw seven beds. She tried them all in turn, and when she lay down on the seventh she fell fast asleep.

The cottage belonged to seven dwarfs, or gnomes, who dug for gold in the mountains. On their return that night they lighted their seven lamps and stared about them.

"Who's been sitting on my stool?" cried the first dwarf.

"Who's been picking at my bread?" cried the second.

"Who's been meddling with my spoon?" cried the third.

"Who's been cutting with my knife?" cried the fourth.

"Who's been drinking my wine?" cried the fifth.

"Who's been handling my fork?" cried the sixth.

Snow White Is Discovered

But the seventh dwarf had been noticing the disordered beds, and he cried out, "Here she is, in my bed!"

Then the seven dwarfs stood round and gazed at Snow White in great delight. They

determined not to wake her; so the seventh dwarf took an hour's sleep in the bed of each brother in turn, through the whole night.

When Snow White awoke she found the seven dwarfs so kind and generous that she told them all her story. The dwarfs then invited her to remain in the cottage and be their house-keeper.

"Only," said the first dwarf, "you must be careful never to let anyone in while we are away."

"No, indeed!" said the others.

Now in the palace the Queen had had a dreadful shock, for when she questioned her glass, it had replied: "Great Queen, thou art lovely and fair to see, But away in the dell Where seven dwarfs dwell A thousand times fairer is Snow White than thee."

And so it came to pass that one morning Snow

White heard a tap at the door, and found a woman offering staylaces for sale.

Remembering what the dwarfs had said, Snow White was about to close the door, when the woman cried, "Nay, child, I'm sure you don't know how to lace your stays properly. Let me show you." As the woman looked so kind, Snow White let her in.

Then the wicked Queen made haste and laced up Snow White so tightly that she fell down for dead.

But when the dwarfs came home they cut the laces and Snow White revived.



Into Snow White's hair the wicked peddler slipped one of her deadly combs; and as if a light had suddenly gone out, Snow White fell down lifeless.

SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS



Sadly the faithful dwarfs have watched over their beautiful Princess for ten long years, and now at last the

Prince has chanced to come riding by. Will his youth and love be able to break that deathlike spell?

That night, to the Queen's fury, the glass made her the same answer as before.

So it happened that a little later a woman came to the door of the house in the dell offering combs for sale.

Snow White did not see how a comb could hurt her, so she let the woman come in and try a comb in her hair—and straightway she fell down as one dead.

The Dwarfs to the Rescue

But when the dwarfs came home they took out the comb, and Snow White revived.

In the palace the glass gave the Queen the old answer, and she was more furious than ever.

It happened one day that Snow White saw a peasant woman coming to the door with apples for sale.

But Snow White would not open the door, and refused to buy.

"Come," laughed the woman, "perhaps you fear poison. I will cut this apple in half, and I will eat the one side and you shall eat the other."

So Snow White, laughing at her own fears, took the poisoned side of the apple—and at the first bite she fell down as dead.

That night at the palace the Queen was satisfied, for the glass replied to her:

"Thou, Queen, art the loveliest woman of all."

The dwarfs were in terrible woe at the death of their darling Princess. They made a glass coffin for her and set it on a hill, and one or another of the dwarfs watched it day and night for ten years. And all this time Snow White's cheeks and lips were as rosy as when she was alive.

Snow White and the Prince

One day a prince came riding by, and looking through the glass lid he fell desperately in love with Snow White. He begged that he might take her in her coffin, dead though she was, back to his palace.

The dwarfs would not agree at first, but at last they gave way. As they were helping the Prince to lift the coffin, they jolted it suddenly, and a piece of apple fell from

THE BABES IN THE WOODS

Snow White's lips. She opened her eyes, smiled, and tried to rise.

Instantly they flung off the lid, and Snow White rose up, alive and well.

The dwarfs were transported with joy, and the Prince implored Snow White to let him take her off to his father's palace.

"I think I have been dreaming of you, O Prince!" said Snow White shyly.

Now some time later the wicked Queen received an invitation to a wedding. Having dressed herself very grandly, she went to her glass and asked the old question. And her glass answered:

"Ah, Queen, thou art lovely, as all may see,
But the young Queen is lovelier far than thee."

This terrible answer made the Queen determined to go to the wedding to see her rival with her own eyes.

When she arrived, lo, this young Queen was none other than Snow White, her hated step-daughter. The Queen fell into such a rage that she had to be taken away, and shortly died.

But Snow White and her husband lived happily for years and years; and every year they paid a visit to the dwarfs and took them presents.



Off go the two
hapless orphans
-to London
town, as they
think. But be-
fore the night is
passed they will
reach a lovelier
city -in a green
land farther
away!

The BABES in the WOODS

ONCE upon a time there lived in Norfolk a gentleman and his wife who fell ill of a pestilence; and knowing that they must shortly leave their children orphans, the father hurriedly sent for his brother.

When the brother arrived, the father implored him to take charge of his little boy and girl, and explained that he was leaving the money by will to the children, but that if they died, the money was to go to the uncle.

The uncle agreed to take the children and assured the dying parents that he would look after them as though they were his own.

"Oh, my good brother," said the father, "you have lifted a load off our minds. In your charge my babes will be safe and happy; and their mother and I will obey the will of Heaven in peace."

Just then the boy and girl ran eagerly into the room, and climbed on the bed to kiss their parents affectionately.

THE BABES IN THE WOODS

"My darlings," said their father, "your mother and I are going on a long journey. Until you see us again your good uncle here is going to take charge of you."

"Yes, yes, indeed," said the uncle, "and at my house you will find plenty of toys and books, and you shall ride on ponies and play with the dogs."

"So farewell, my dear children," said the father.

"Farewell, my darlings," said the mother, hiding her pain under a bright smile. "Be good children, and one day we shall meet again."

So the children rode off with their uncle in high spirits, thinking of the toys and the ponies and the dogs, for they were so young that they had no idea that they would see their parents no more.

For twelve months the children were very happy. Their aunt was kind to them, and it was only now and then that

the uncle let a terrible idea come to him.

"If those children were dead," he thought to himself, "their money would be mine."

Now he dared not say a word to his wife, for he knew she would be greatly distressed; but at last he found two wicked men who were ready for a handsome reward to put the children to death.

So one day, when his wife was away, he sent the children off to London town to see the sights. The boy rode in front of one of the wicked men, and the girl rode in front of the other. The children laughed and

waved good-by, expecting to have a wonderful time in the great city.

But the men rode their horses into the depths of a wood, and presently, taking out their swords, they told the children that their uncle wished them to be slain.

The terrified children wept and implored the men to save them. Their cries were so piteous that at last one of the men decided that he could not do such a wicked deed, but the other man was determined to kill the children and get the reward.

The argument ended by the men fighting each other, while the frightened children hid behind the trees. The kind-hearted man killed the cruel one; but now he was filled with terror lest he should be caught and hanged. So he spoke kindly to the children and said, "My little dears, pray run along that path, and at

the end of it you will find a cottage, where a good woman will give you food and a bed for the night."

Then without more ado he rode off, taking the second horse with him.

But the man had lied to the children, for there was no cottage at the end of the path and no kind woman.

The Babes Go to Find Their Parents

All that day the children wandered about, and ate nuts and blackberries, and drank of the stream. At night they kneeled



Lost in the depths of the woods, with solemn night descending, the two helpless babes looked fearfully about before they decided to say their prayers and go quietly to sleep.

SNOW-WHITE AND ROSE-RED

and said their prayers and then lay down to sleep.

The next day they wandered on and on, finding but little to eat, and as they wandered, they talked of their father and mother and wondered why they had gone on such a long journey.

"You can rest here, sister," said the brother, "while I go farther and see if I can find some fruit."

So the sister lay down, and before she slept she prayed to the good God to take her to her father and mother. When the brother returned without any fruit, he was

glad to find that she was asleep. So he said his prayers and then lay down beside her.

When the brother and sister woke, they found themselves in Heaven, with the arms of their father and mother around them.

In the morning the robins found the poor little bodies, and covering them over with autumn leaves, buried them under a pile of gold and glory.

As for the wicked uncle, the children's money did him no good. His wife died, his sons were drowned, and he lived the rest of his life in pain and sadness.



In the lovely land where Snow-white and Rose-red lived with their widowed mother, the little forest folk had never had reason to learn that men were their

enemies. So when the little girls walked through the forest, they were welcomed on every hand by gentle and trusted friends, who hurried up to pass the time of day.

SNOW-WHITE *and* ROSE-RED

ONCE upon a time a mother had two daughters, and they were the happiest family in the world. Two rose trees grew in the garden. One bore white roses and the other red; so the mother named her children Snow-white and Rose-red. Rose-

red was lively and always longed to be in the open air, but Snow-white was more quiet and gentle and helped her mother with the housework.

As the children roamed in the woods, no animal or bird hurt them. When it grew

SNOW-WHITE AND ROSE-RED

late and they slept on the moss under some tree, their mother knew that they were quite safe with the wild things. One day, indeed, when they waked, they saw a beautiful angel standing close to them, and looking down they beheld a fearful precipice, from which the angel had guarded them as they wandered the night before.

Each morning in summer they brought their mother a bunch of flowers. And in winter Snow-white lighted the fire and rubbed the brass kettle till it shone like gold. Oh, how delightful it was to bolt the door when the snow fell and sit by the hearth, while their mother read to them and a pet lamb lay contentedly by and a dove perched near with her head under her wing.

One winter's night there was a knock, and when Rose-red opened the loor, she was alarmed at sight of a huge brown bear, his coat thick with snow.

"I will do you no harm," he said gently. "But I am nearly frozen and I have come for shelter."

"Oh, you poor bear!" cried the kind-hearted mother. "Sit down by the fire; only be careful your fur doesn't get singed."

The Bear Tells His Tale

So the bear lay down, and asked Snow-white to beat off the snow from his coat.

By the end of the evening they were all great friends, and the mother told the bear that he could sleep in the kitchen.

So it came to pass that the bear came every night; and they grew so used to his coming that they did not bolt the door until he had arrived.

But when the spring came the bear wished them farewell.

"I cannot come in the summer," he said.

"I must go and protect my treasure from the wicked dwarf. In the winter he cannot get about because the ground is frozen."

But as the bear wished them good-by, he caught his fur on the latch and tore it, and Snow-white was almost sure that she saw shining gold under the skin.

Now one day when Snow-white and Rose-red were out in the woods, they saw a dwarf with his beard caught in the cleft of a log; and as he cried to them for help Snow-white took out her scissors and snipped off his beard and set him free. But the dwarf was furious, and darting after a bag of gold that lay under the leaves, he made off at a run.

Another time Snow-white and Rose-red were fishing, when alas, their line caught accidentally in the dwarf's beard. Again they cut his beard to release him. But he was very angry, and stooping, he seized a bag of pearls and disappeared into the wood.

A third time Snow-white and Rose-red were surprised to see an eagle clinging to the dwarf. It

seemed about to carry him off. Forgetting the dwarf's rudeness, they ran and clung to the little fellow so tightly that the eagle had to let go. But now the dwarf was ruder than ever and told them that they had spoiled his clothes. Then he crept toward a bag of diamonds, and carried them away.

The Bear Kills the Dwarf

Now one day as Snow-white and Rose-red returned from the market they came suddenly upon the dwarf, who was counting out his treasures. He turned upon them furiously and might have hurt them, had not the bear appeared and killed him with one stroke of his paw.



The two sisters had not gone far when they came on a funny sight—a strange little dwarf in a terrible temper, with his beard caught fast in a log.

THE TINDER BOX

But instantly the bear vanished, and in his place there stood a handsome Prince.

"Ah, Snow-white and Rose-red!" he cried. "Do not be afraid. That cruel dwarf bewitched me, that he might steal my treasure. But now I am free!"

"We are not in the least afraid!" said Snow-white gently. "Do please come back with us to the cottage."

The Prince readily went back with his beautiful friends to the cottage, and did not lose a moment in asking the mother if

he might marry Snow-white and take her to his father's castle. The mother agreed, and Rose-red was very, very glad that her sister should become a princess.

It soon came about that the Prince's brother wished to marry Rose-red; so they brought their mother to live near them, and she was happy to the end of her days. And all she took with her to her new home were the two rose trees, which she transplanted very, very carefully, and tended as long as she lived.



Suppose on some fine day this leering witch, with her cat, should stop you and ask you to go down into her hollow tree. What do you think would be the answer of any timid man when he heard her ridiculous offer of all the money he wanted for nothing more than an old tinder box?

The TINDER BOX

ONCE upon a time, so the story goes, there was a gay soldier tramping home from the wars, "Left, right! Left, right!"

An old witch stopped him, and told him he might have as much money as he wanted if he would bring her her tinder box, which her grandmother had left down in the hollow of a tree.

"That's a very fine idea!" said the soldier.

So the old witch gave him her apron and told him exactly what he was to do, and let him down by a rope into the hollow tree.

He found himself in a brilliantly lighted passage. Opening the first door he cried, "Ho!"—for there on a chest sat a dog with eyes as big as teacups.

The soldier spread the apron, lifted the dog down, opened the chest, and found it full of copper coins.

"Ho! This is fine!" and the soldier filled his pockets and knapsack with copper, shut down the lid, replaced the dog, and went to the next door.

"Ho! Ho!" he cried. There on a chest sat a dog with eyes as big as mill wheels.

THE TINDER BOX

So the soldier spread the apron, lifted down the dog, opened the chest, and found it full of silver.

Eyes as Big as Towers

"Ho! Ho! This is finer!" and he threw away the copper and filled his pockets and his knapsack with silver. Then he shut down the lid, replaced the dog, and knocked at the next door.

"Ho! Ho! Ho!" he cried. "Here is a dog indeed!"

There sat a dog with eyes as big as towers.

So the soldier spread the apron, lifted down the dog, opened the lid and looked into the chest—and found it full of gold!

"Ho! Ho! Ho! This is finest of all!" and he threw away the silver, filled his pockets and knapsack with gold, replaced the dog, and called to the witch to haul him up.

"Have you got the tinder box?" she called.

Then he darted back for it, and when he stood before her he began to think hard.

"Why did you want the tinder box so badly?" he asked.

"That's no concern of yours," she screamed.

"Oh, isn't it?" cried the soldier. "Tell me and let us remain friends. Don't tell me—and I'll leave you screaming!"

"I won't tell you! I won't tell you!" she screamed.

"Oh, very well," said the soldier, and pocketing the tinder box, he left the witch screaming.

He tramped on to the city and thought no more about the tinder box. He spent his gold in great splendor, made hosts of friends, and heard about the lovely Princess, whom the King and Queen had shut up in a copper tower of the palace because it had been prophesied that she would marry a common soldier.

But by and by the soldier's gold was

all gone, and with the gold, his friends—and he was sitting in an attic in the dark, wondering what to do next.

Not being able to afford a candle, he thought of the tinder box. So he pulled it out and struck the flint.

And presto! There stood the dog with eyes as big as teacups.

"What commands, my master?" said the dog.

"This is fine, indeed! Bring me money!" he cried.

The dog vanished, and the soldier struck the tinder box again.

Instantly the dog with eyes as big as mill wheels appeared.

"Bring me money!" he cried. And the dog vanished.

He struck again, and instantly the dog with eyes as big as towers appeared.

"Bring me money!" And the dog vanished.

In a few minutes the floor was piled with copper and silver and gold; and the soldier, gay and happy once more, deserted the attic and went back to his grand apartment.

Now one night it occurred to the soldier that it would be excellent if he could see the lovely Princess. So he struck his tinder



This extremely knowing little dog is even more remarkable than his goggle eyes would suggest. And if the soldier is brave enough not to be frightened off by the looks of his new pet, or by the other two that go to make up the strange trio, he will find that they are worth more to him than all the clever animals in all the circuses the world has ever seen.

THE TINDER BOX

box, gave his order, and the dog with eyes as big as teacups brought her swiftly on his back.

The Princess was sound asleep, and looked lovely indeed. The common soldier gazed at her for exactly one minute, as she lay there with her arms twined round the dog's neck. He decided that of course he must marry her, and then he sent her home to her tower.

The next morning the Princess told the Queen all about a strange dream she had had. So the Queen was alarmed and set a watch.

Sure enough, that evening the dog arrived, carried off the Princess, and brought her back as before. But the Queen followed, and put a chalk mark on the common soldier's door.

"Ah!" thought the dog. "This will never do." So he trotted round and put chalk marks on all the doors, and next morning the Queen was none the wiser.

That night the Queen tied a bag of meal round the Princess's neck, and cut a tiny hole in it. As the dog ran off, the meal fell from the bag. So next morning the soldier's house was discovered, and the soldier was arrested and condemned to be hanged.

There was wild excitement in the city when people learned that the common soldier who had dared to think of marrying the Princess was going to be hanged. Great crowds gathered, and even the King and Queen had seats reserved.

Just as the hangman was about to do his

duty, the common soldier asked the King if he might smoke one pipe before he died.

The King did not like to refuse such a small request, so the common soldier took out his tinder box and struck it.

And presto! There was the dog with eyes as big as teacups, sitting on the scaffold.

He struck again.

Horrors! Horrors! There was the dog with eyes as big as mill wheels, sitting on the scaffold.

He struck again.

Horrors upon horrors! There was the dog with eyes as big as towers, sitting on the scaffold.

The King leaped up, the Queen screamed, the crowd stampeded, the hangman clambered up the gallows, and the dogs stood glaring and rolled their eyes.

The King whispered something to the trembling Queen, and they both decided that it would be the very thing they had always wished for, to see a common soldier, with three such handsome companions, married to their daughter.

So the common soldier was invited to the castle, the lovely Princess was brought down from her tower, and the wedding feast was ordered.

The three dogs were invited as the principal guests, and when the health of the bride and bridegroom was drunk, they rolled and rolled and rolled their eyes in great contentment. So the prophecy was fulfilled, for a common soldier did marry the Princess!



BROTHER AND SISTER



Sister fed her gentle roe on the tenderest shoots, which she gathered fresh each day in the garden.

And when night came she always made him a bed of sweet-smelling hay and meadow flowers.

BROTHER *and* SISTER

OH, SISTER," said Brother, "since our mother died we have had no happy times. Our stepmother beats us and kicks us about, and gives us hard crusts to eat. Indeed, the puppies under the table are better fed than we."

"Let us go out into the wide world!" said Sister.

So away they went; and when it rained Sister said, "See, Brother. God and our hearts weep together!"

The first night they slept in a hollow tree. In the morning Brother was very thirsty, and hearing a stream he rushed to drink. But alas, their stepmother was a witch, and had enchanted the streams so that Brother and Sister might die of thirst.

As Brother stooped, the stream whispered, "Who drinks from me becomes a tiger!"

"Oh, don't drink, Brother!" cried Sister. "If you do, you will devour me!"

At the next stream Brother was still more thirsty; but as he stooped, the stream said, "Who drinks from me becomes a wolf!"

"Oh, don't drink, dear, dear Brother!" cried Sister.

But at the third stream, before Sister could stop him, Brother kneeled and drank; and instantly he turned into a roe.

How they both cried! Sister took off her golden garter and put it on the roe's neck as a collar, and cried, "I will never leave thee!"

Then she braided rushes for a leash, and together they went farther into the wood.

The Roe and the Chase

At last they reached an empty house. There they lived as happily as might be, and Sister did everything she could to keep the roe contentedly by her side. But one day the roe heard the huntsman's horn, and nothing would content him but to gallop off.

Never had the huntsmen and their King had such a chase. The roe led them on and on—and just as they thought they had caught him, he leaped a bush and was gone.

BROTHER AND SISTER



But at the third stream, before Sister could stop him, Brother kneeled and drank; and instantly he turned into a roe. How they both cried! Sister took off her

golden garter and put it on the roe's neck as a collar, and cried, "I will never leave thee!" Then she braided rushes for a leash, and led him on into the woods.

KING THROSTLEBEARD



Poor princess! What would her beggar husband say? She had done her other tasks so very badly—and now, just as all seemed to be going well with the pottery trade, the foolish horseman had come and had tram-

pled all her pretty ware to bits. "If I had only had sense enough to marry King Thristlebeard," she said to herself, "my life would never have been so unhappy as this!"

BROTHER AND SISTER

In next day's chase he was wounded slightly in the foot, and when the huntsmen came after him, he could not go quite so fast. So a huntsman, following, saw that he stopped at a cottage door and spoke, saying, "Open the door, Sister. It is I!"

The door opened and the roe went in. The huntsman was so astounded that he went and told his master.

The next day the King commanded that if the roe appeared again, they must hunt him hard but must on no account injure him. As evening fell and the sunset glowed through the wood, the King, in hot pursuit of the roe, reached the cottage and knocked, saying, "Open the door, Sister. It is I!"

But when Sister opened the door, she was astounded to see the King; and he was astounded to see the most beautiful maiden he had ever beheld.

"Loveliest and fairest of maidens!" cried the King. "I pray you to come to my castle and be my queen."

"I would right willingly," said Sister, "but wherever I go my roe must come with me."

"By all means!" said the King. "The roe shall also come to the royal castle and have all that he can desire."

So the King set Sister on his horse and led the way to the castle, while the roe followed faithfully.

All's Well That Ends Well

There was a great wedding, and some time afterwards a beautiful prince was born, to the great delight of all the kingdom. But the witch stepmother was not delighted. She determined to ruin the royal happiness; and as she had an ugly daughter of her own, who had only one eye, she planned that the daughter should be queen.

So pretending to be a chambermaid, she went to the castle with her daughter. And when the young Queen went in for her bath, she locked the bathroom door and put on so much heat that the young Queen was killed. Then the wicked woman laid her ugly daughter in the bed, and when the King came to visit his Queen, she drew the curtains and said that the Queen was too tired to see him.

Now that night, while everyone slept in the castle except a good old nurse, the Queen entered, took up the baby from his cradle, gave him milk from her breast, kissed the roe, and then vanished.

The old nurse asked the porter if he had seen anyone come in. But he had seen nothing, and the old nurse was afraid to speak, in case she had dreamed all she thought she had seen.

Night after night the Queen came and did just the same things. And then one night she spoke.

"But one night more, I ease my pain.

"Then I vanish, and never return again!"

The old nurse rushed off to the King and told

her strange story. The King was amazed, and decided that the next night he would watch with the nurse beside the cradle of his son.

Sure enough, at midnight the door opened and the real queen entered.

"Why," cried the King, "thou canst be no other than my own sweet wife!"

"Yes, yes, I am!" cried the Queen. Then in an instant she was alive again, fresh and rosy and glad.

It took but little time to bring the stepmother and her daughter to justice for their malice; and to the Queen's great joy her brother was restored to his own shape, a strong, handsome young man. He soon married a beautiful maiden of the court.



So the King set Sister on his horse and led the way to the castle, while the roe followed faithfully.

PUSS IN BOOTS

Because he looked so innocent and seemed so purring and harmless, no one, much less his master, realized that this clever pussy would do great deeds, and finally rid his neighbors of one of the greatest terrors a countryside can endure.



PUSS *in* BOOTS

ONCE upon a time a young man was sitting by a stream, looking very miserable.

"Oh, Puss," he said to a cat on his knee, "my father has died and left the mill to one of my brothers, the donkey to another, and you to me! But what use are you to bring me a fortune?"

"Why, master, give me but a pair of high boots, a sack, and some corn, and I will make your fortune."

The miller's youngest son, amazed that the cat could talk, gave a merry laugh and got Puss what he wanted. Puss went to a meadow, spread out the sack, propped open the mouth, scattered some oats inside it, and then lay down behind, pretending to be dead.

Very soon a pair of fat young rabbits came along and ran into the sack. Puss pulled the string and they were caught.

Highly delighted, Puss ran off to the King's palace. Luckily the King and his daughter were taking a walk on the terrace. So Puss bowed, and showed the two dead rabbits.

"Sire!" he cried. "My master, the Marquis of Carabas, presents you his humble duty and asks you to accept these rabbits."

"Oh, rabbits!" cried the Princess. "We never, never have rabbits to eat."

So the King sent a message of thanks to the Marquis, and Puss trotted off.

For some time Puss arrived daily at the palace, bringing presents of game; and every day the Princess ran up to him and stroked his fur. But a great scheme had entered Puss's head. One day he told his master to go and bathe in a pool which was by the highroad.

The miller's son was surprised, but Puss implored him to do what he advised. So the miller's son went down to bathe. And as soon as he was in the water Puss seized his clothes and hid them.

Just then the King's coach came past, with the King and the Princess inside. The miller's son sank down deep into the water, but Puss ran boldly forward.

"Help! Help!" cried Puss. "My master, the noble Marquis of Carabas, was bathing in the pool, and some wretch has stolen his clothes."

"Dreadful! Dreadful!" cried the King.

Instantly the King ordered an outrider to gallop to the palace and bring a suit of clothes such as he himself had worn when young.

PUSS IN BOOTS

The coach drove on, and when the clothes arrived Puss helped his master to dress. And very fine he looked when the King's coach reappeared.

"Get in, get in!" cried the King. "Come for a drive with my daughter and me, Marquis."

So the miller's son, having fallen in love with the Princess, stepped up into the chariot.

But Puss darted forward and told all the peasants along the route to tell the King, if he made inquiry, that the land he saw belonged to the Marquis of Carabas. The peasants knew that the land belonged to a dreadful ogre. But Puss said that if they did not do as he told them, they would never sleep in peace again. So whenever the King stopped the coach to ask to whom the land belonged, he got the same answer.

"You have indeed a noble estate, Marquis," said the King graciously.

"I am proud that Your Majesty should think so," said the miller's son. But, indeed, he was too busy falling in love with the Princess to take much notice of what was happening.

Puss Outwits the Ogre

Meanwhile Puss darted on to the ogre's castle, and was lucky enough to find him out on the terrace.

"Good day," said Puss, bowing.

"Who are you?" demanded the ogre.

"I am a poor traveler who has heard that you are the cleverest ogre in the world. Is it true that you can turn yourself at will into any shape?"

"Why, yes," cried the ogre—and Puss started back at sight of a terrible lion.

The ogre returned to his shape and laughed.

"I will make you more afraid, stranger!" and suddenly he turned into a bear. Only this bear had terrific horns. Puss pretended to be very much afraid.

When the ogre returned to his shape, Puss said, "Of course, I suppose it's not to be expected that you could turn yourself into something quite small."

"See for yourself!" roared the ogre.

Puss watched and saw a mouse running along the path. He pounced upon it and caught it—and suddenly all the

trees began to clap their hands and the flowers to smile and the birds to sing, for Puss had gobbled up the ogre.

They Lived Happily Ever After

At that instant the King's coach arrived, and Puss came to the door.

"If Your Majesty will but honor the castle of the Marquis of Carabas," he said.

"If the Princess will but honor me also!" cried the miller's son.

The Princess alighted from the coach, and the Marquis bent low to kiss her hand.



"Help! Help!" cried artful Puss. "My master, the noble Marquis of Carabas, was bathing in the pool, and some wretch has stolen his clothes."

JACK AND THE BEAN STALK

It took just a month to prepare for the magnificent royal wedding; and all the country rejoiced as the bride and bridegroom drove off.

Puss rode beside the coachman, and became head gamekeeper at the castle, and thanks to his quick wits, they all lived happily forever after.

JACK *and the* BEAN STALK

JACK was an idle lad, the son of a poor widow. Every year they had less and less money, till at last, in great distress, Jack's mother told him to take the cow and sell her. On the way to the market Jack met a butcher who persuaded him to exchange the cow for three bright beans; but when he brought them home his mother, broken-hearted at the complete loss of her cow, threw them out of the window into the garden.

Next morning Jack found that the beans had grown into a mighty bean stalk which reached right into the clouds. He was greatly excited and started at once to climb it.

He climbed for six hours, until at last, quite exhausted, he reached a stony and barren land with no dwelling in sight except a grim castle.

But even as he was getting his breath, a beautiful fairy came toward him. Jack doffed his cap.

"Jack," she said solemnly, "I know that you are an idle lad, but I will give you one last chance to do better. You ought to know that your mother was once a great lady. But the giant in yonder castle murdered your father and your brothers and sisters, and only your mother and her babe escaped.

"All in that castle is yours. Use your wits; slay the giant. It was I who, in the shape of a butcher, persuaded you to buy

the beans, and I will help you so long as you are brave."

The fairy disappeared, and Jack, greatly ashamed, was fired to do his duty. So going up to the castle, he knocked boldly at the door.

It was opened by a terrified woman, who begged him to go away.

"No, no," cried Jack. "Let me come in and give me some supper, I beg of you."

At last the woman was persuaded. She gave Jack some supper and then hid him in a bin.

Presently there was a terrible hammering, the door burst open, and the giant came in, calling:

"Fee! fi! fo! fum!

I smell the blood of an Englishman. Be he alive or be he dead, I'll grind his bones to make my bread!"

He threw himself into a chair and said, "Wife, where is he?"

"Indeed," cried the wife, "all you smell is the roasting ox."

The Hen That Laid Golden Eggs

The giant, having eaten all the ox, called for his hen, and his wife brought it.

"Lay! Lay!" he cried. And each time he cried, "Lay," the hen laid a golden egg.

And presently the giant fell fast asleep.

Jack crept out, seized the hen, made for the door, and clambered down the bean



The giant had an unnatural appetite for Englishmen, and his table manners would seem to have been not of the best. And when you add to those failings his overbearing manner and heartless behavior in a number of matters, you will quite understand why he was considered a most undesirable person.

JACK AND THE BEAN STALK

stalk. He gave the hen to his mother, but refused to tell her anything of his danger.

Soon afterwards Jack climbed the bean stalk again, having first disguised himself with brown stain. Things happened much as before; and this time he returned with great bags of gold.

Jack Kills the Giant

The third time, though further disguised, Jack had great difficulty in persuading the wife to let him in. But she could not resist Jack's persuasive ways, and opened the door at last.

After supper the giant called for his harp. It played such beautiful music that the giant soon fell asleep. Jack crept out, determined to own the wonderful instrument; but just as he was snatching it, the harp called out, "Master! Master!"

Then the giant awoke and gave chase—and what a race it was!

Jack reached the bean stalk first and clambered down, the giant following. As he got toward the bottom Jack shouted to his mother and asked her to bring an axe. He leaped to the ground, seized the axe, chopped through the bean stalk—and the giant lay dead in the garden!

Then the fairy appeared. Jack's mother curtsied low, and Jack bowed.

"Jack," said the fairy, "you have proved yourself

For once in his life Jack was glad to wield an axe. A few well-aimed strokes brought the bean stalk to the earth, and with it the giant, who shouted terrible curses as he hurtled through the air but never uttered a syllable after he struck the ground.

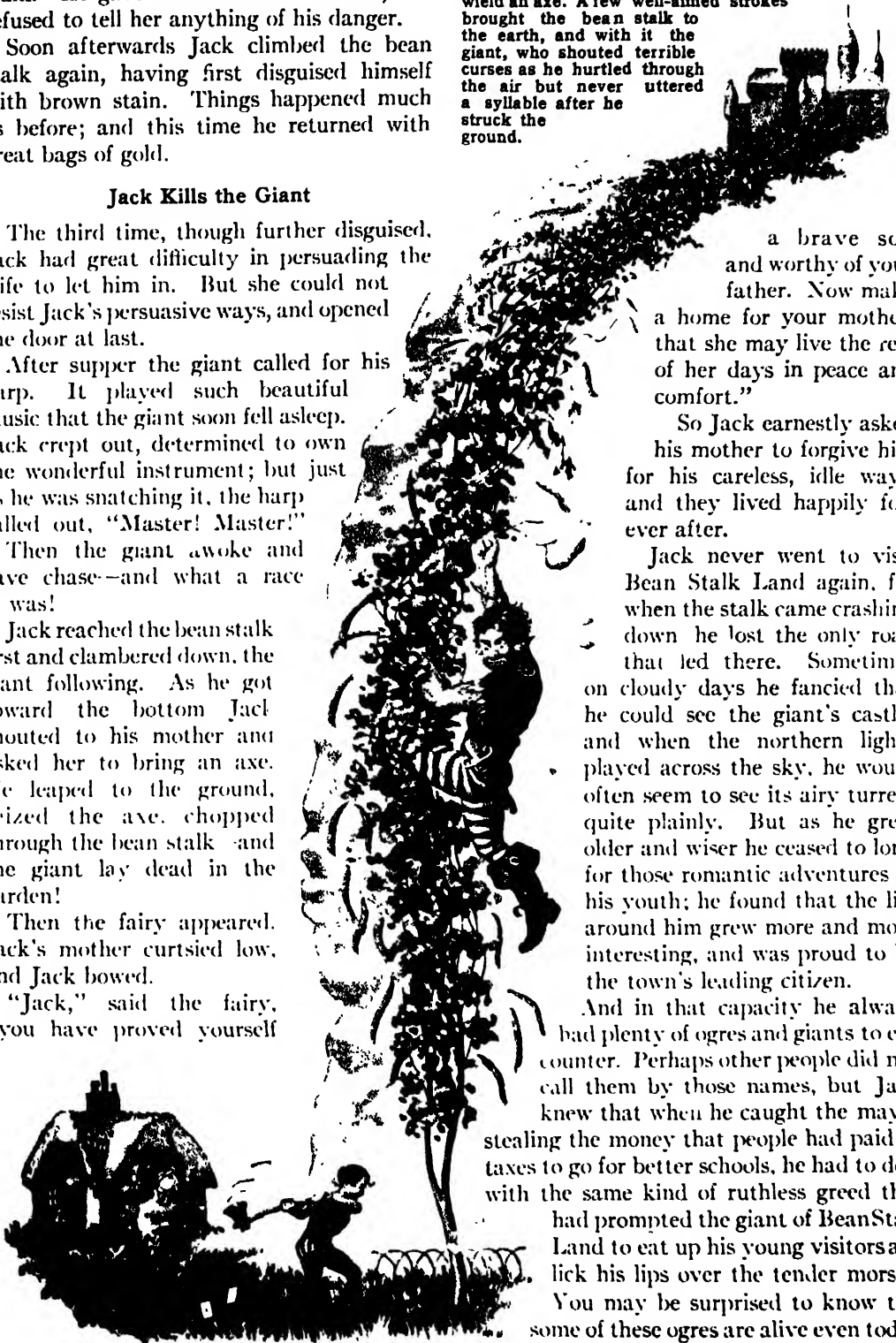
a brave son and worthy of your father. Now make a home for your mother, that she may live the rest of her days in peace and comfort."

So Jack earnestly asked his mother to forgive him for his careless, idle ways, and they lived happily forever after.

Jack never went to visit Bean Stalk Land again, for when the stalk came crashing down he lost the only road that led there. Sometimes on cloudy days he fancied that he could see the giant's castle; and when the northern lights played across the sky, he would often seem to see its airy turrets quite plainly. But as he grew older and wiser he ceased to long for those romantic adventures of his youth; he found that the life around him grew more and more interesting, and was proud to be the town's leading citizen.

And in that capacity he always had plenty of ogres and giants to encounter. Perhaps other people did not call them by those names, but Jack knew that when he caught the mayor stealing the money that people had paid as taxes to go for better schools, he had to deal with the same kind of ruthless greed that had prompted the giant of Bean Stalk Land to eat up his young visitors and lick his lips over the tender morsels.

You may be surprised to know that some of these ogres are alive even today.



KING THROSTLEBEARD



Out of the castle gate and along the dusty road the unhappy Princess went with her beggar husband. And so blind were her eyes with grief and pride that it never occurred to her to look closely at her ragged companion.

KING THROSTLEBEARD

ONCE upon a time there was a king who was greatly troubled because his daughter mocked at all the suitors who came to woo her, insulting them and calling them foolish names. One day when a very rich and noble king arrived to ask for her hand, she laughed in his face because his chin was a little crooked.

"He has a chin like a throstle's beak!" she cried to her maidens.

Her father was so angry that he swore then and there that his daughter should marry the first beggar who came to the door.

Two days later a fiddler came to the palace gate asking alms, and the King ordered him to come into the palace. He played so beautifully that when he asked for a trifle of money, the King told him that for reward he should have the Princess for his bride.

The proud, mocking Princess was amazed indeed, and passionately declared that she would not, *would not* marry the fiddler. But all her "would not's" were of no use. The King had made up his mind. A priest was called, she was married to the fiddler, and sent off with him from the beautiful palace into the wide world.

Presently, as they entered a forest, the Princess asked the fiddler to whom it belonged.

"To King Throstlebeard!" he answered. "If you had married him, it would have been yours."

"Alas! Alas!" sighed the Princess; and she had to tramp wearily along by the side of the fiddler.

Presently they came to a meadow.

"To whom does this meadow belong?" she asked.

KING THROSTLEBEARD

"To King Throstlebeard," he said. "If you had married him, it would have been yours."

"Alas! Alas! would that I had married him," said the Princess with another deep sigh.

"It doesn't please me at all," said the fiddler, "that you should wish for a different husband. Am I not good enough for you?"

But to that question the Princess made no answer.

At last they reached a tiny, neat-looking house.

"Oh, dear! What a house!" mocked the Princess. "To whom does this miserable dwelling belong?"

"This is my house," said the fiddler.

"But where are the servants?"

"Servants! What you want done, you must do yourself! Come, bestir yourself. Light the fire and cook the supper, for I am tired out."

But the Princess had not the least idea how to light a fire and cook a supper; so at last the fiddler had to help her.

Next morning he waked her up early and told her to get the breakfast and sweep the house and wash the dishes. Hard work enough it was for the Princess, and for several days she did it all very badly. But one morning the fiddler came to her with a bundle of willows.

"Wife," he said, "you are very useless; you must now learn to make some money. Here are some willows. Now set to work and weave them into baskets."

But alas, the willows cut the Princess's tender hands. Noticing this, the fiddler said, "Dear, dear, this seems to be no use!"

So he brought some flax.

"Come, wife," he said, "you will manage to spin this flax more easily."

But the flax also cut her hands, and when the fiddler saw the blood, he said, "This will not do either. You must go into the market and sell crockery."

At first the Princess was very successful in selling the crockery, for she was so beautiful that the people

liked to come and buy from her. But one day, just as she had set out a quantity of new crockery at a corner of the market place, a soldier came riding by. His horse shied, and its hoofs went into the crockery and broke it all.

Then the Princess went home, terrified as to what her husband would say.

"You were very foolish," he said, "to sit with your crockery at the corner of the market. But now I have found a better way for you to make money. I have arranged for you to go as kitchen-maid into the King's castle over yonder. There you will get money and food to eat, and every

day you can bring back some scraps for my supper."

The Princess Turns Kitchen-Maid

So the Princess was forced to go as a kitchen-maid into the King's kitchen; and as she obeyed the fierce cook and washed the greasy dishes, she wished in her heart that she had not been so foolish as to refuse to marry King Throstlebeard. However, it was too late, and she sighed and sighed over her hard work.

Under her skirt she fastened pockets containing jars, hanging them by a string round



Who would ever have thought that weaving those coarse baskets, which one could buy for a few cents, would be such hard and skillful work? Another time she will think twice before she speaks scornfully of people who have to earn their living with their hands.

KING THROSTLEBEARD



Just then the string round her waist broke, the soup and the scraps spilled about, and all the grand guests

broke into laughter. The Princess hid her face in shame, wishing the ground would open and swallow her.

her waist. Into these she slipped the scraps of food and soup, and took them home every night to the cottage.

But one day news came that the King was to be married, and there was a tremendous amount to do in the kitchen, in preparation for the wedding feast. The Princess hid in a doorway, watching as the grand guests arrived and looking at the mighty dishes that were being carried into the banquetting hall. She remembered the old days, when she was a foolish Princess in her father's palace, and she felt ready to burst into tears.

Just then it happened that the King saw her hiding, and taking her hand he tried to make her come forward to dance with him.

"No! No!" she cried. Just then, alas, the string round her waist broke, the soup and the scraps spilled about, and all the grand guests broke into laughter.

The Princess ran away in shame, wishing she could bury herself in the ground, and

finding her husband at the door, she clung to him and cried, "Take me! Take me away!"

"Yes, I will surely take thee!" he answered. She looked up, and to her astonishment found that King Throstlebeard stood before her; and he folded her in his arms.

Then he confessed that he had been the fiddler, and the soldier who had broken her crockery. He had loved her all through her pride and foolishness, and to-day the wedding feast was for them. Then he called for the maidens, and they took the poor kitchen-maid and clothed her in the loveliest of clothes; and when she arrived in the banquetting hall everyone saw that she would be a queen indeed.

The last guest to come in was her own father. She ran to him, kissed him, and begged his forgiveness for her pride and foolishness. He gave her his blessing, and she and her husband lived happy forever after.

THE SEVEN RAVENS



The door of the glass mountain is standing open at last, but only because the little sister has been willing

to bear great pain to rescue her brothers from the spell. Soon all will be well again.

The SEVEN RAVENS

ONCE upon a time a man and his wife had seven sons, and when a daughter was born to them they were full of great joy.

But alas, the baby was rather weak. So in terror lest she should die, the father sent one of his sons to a stream to fetch a jug of clear water, so that the baby might be baptized. The other six brothers ran after him and raced to the stream, for each brother wished to be the first to draw the water. Between them all, they dropped the jug in the stream and broke it.

Anxious and troubled, they dared not return. Then the father, going forth to look for them, spoke hastily in his anger.

"I wish all the boys were turned into ravens!" he cried.

The foolish words were scarcely out of his mouth when seven ravens flew toward him, rose up over his head, and soon looked like seven tiny specks in the sky.

Alas, he could not bring back his wish. The parents were obliged to comfort themselves with their little daughter, who grew stronger and more beautiful every day.

They took care never to tell her what had happened to her brothers; but one day she

heard one neighbor say to another, "That child is the cause of the disaster which fell on her seven brothers."

Horrified, the young girl ran in to her father and mother and implored them to tell her the truth, and from that day forward her heart was full of longing to find her brothers and rescue them from their sad fate.

At last she could bear her misery no longer. One night she set forth secretly, carrying with her a ring as a remembrance of her parents, some bread, and a little stool.

On and on the maiden walked, right to the world's end. When she reached the sun, she found him far too hot to endure, and was terrified when he shouted at her that he ate up children. So she went to the moon. He was cold and cruel and fierce, and when he saw the maiden coming, he cried, "I smell fresh meat."

So the maiden hurried off and came to the stars. They were most kind and friendly, and each one sat on his own little stool.

When they had heard her story the morning star rose and gave her a little bone, and told her to take the greatest care of it.

"Unless you have this bone with you, you cannot unlock the door of the glass moun-

HANSEL AND GRETHEL

tain, and it is in the glass mountain that you will find your brothers."

So the maiden took the little bone and wrapped it carefully in her handkerchief, and thanking the stars for their kindness, she let the wind drift her through the sky till she came to the glass mountain, where she found that the door was firmly locked.

"That doesn't matter!" thought the maiden as she took out her handkerchief. But to her dismay she discovered that she had lost the little bone.

It was dreadful that she should have come all this way for nothing. She could not unlock the door, and was just going to burst into tears when she thought of a plan. At all costs she must save her brothers. So she took out a knife, cut off her little finger, and thrust it into the lock. To her joy, the door flew open and she entered.

She was met by an odd, good-natured-looking dwarf, who stared at her and cried, "My child, what do you seek?"

"I seek my seven brothers, who have been turned into seven ravens," she said.

"Yes, yes," he answered, "but my lords, the ravens, are not at home."

"Oh, dear, will they be returning?" she asked anxiously.

"Yes, yes," said the dwarf. "Pray come in and rest yourself."

So the maiden went in. Looking round she saw a table on which were seven plates with

With many a croak-of surprise the seven ravens examined their nibbled loaves. Who could have intruded into their home in the glass mountain?

seven loaves and seven goblets full of wine; so her heart was glad, for she thought, "Surely these are set for my brothers."

She ate a little bread off each plate and drank a little from each goblet; and in the last goblet, she placed the ring.

The End of the Ravens

All at once she heard the sound of wings, and darted behind a door.

"Here come my lords, the ravens!" cried the dwarf excitedly.

The ravens flew in, then strutted across the floor, and flew up to the table.

"Who has been eating my bread, and drinking out of my goblet?" exclaimed the eldest.

Then each of the brothers said exactly the same thing, except the youngest, who cried excitedly, "Look, look, brothers! Here is our mother's ring! If only our sister were here, we should be delivered from the spell."

Then the maiden could not wait another instant, but darted out from behind the door.

"I am your little sister!" she cried. "Oh, my brothers--"

Then the ravens turned into seven handsome boys, almost young men, and they kissed their sister and were proud as proud could be of her.

The dwarf made them a great feast, and gave the winds the order to waft the sister and brothers through the air, back to their parents' home.



HANSEL and GRETHEL

ONCE upon a time the wife of a very poor woodcutter spoke to her husband, just before they went to bed, and said, "Husband, you know that we have scarcely anything left in the house to eat, and that we can no longer keep the children, Hansel and Grethel, alive. Rather than see them die, let us take them into the forest and leave them."

"No, no, wife!" cried her husband, greatly shocked. "That is impossible. We can't leave our children to perish."

But at last she persuaded him; and neither of them knew that Hansel and Grethel, lying awake with hunger, had heard every word.

"Do not cry, sister," whispered Hansel. "I know how to help."

HANSEL AND GRETHEL

So when his father and mother were asleep, Hansel crept out of the cottage, and by the light of the moon he filled his pockets with white stones.

Next morning, as the children expected, they were taken into the forest, but at every turn of the path Hansel dropped a stone, so that he might find the way back. When they reached the center of the forest, the father lighted a fire, and they ate their pieces of bread. Then the mother told Hansel and Grethel to lie down and sleep until she and their father returned.

But alas, when night fell the parents had not returned, and when the children awaked they guessed that they had been deserted.

But Hansel was still full of courage, and when the moon rose he took Grethel by the hand and led her along until, by means of the white pebbles, he found the way safely back to the cottage where they lived.

The father was overwhelmed with joy to see the children, but though the mother pretended to be glad, she was in her heart very angry. So it came about that on another night, as Hansel and Grethel lay awake, they heard their mother again tell their father that the children must be left in the forest.

Lost in the Forest

"But, wife," he pleaded, "it would be better to share our very last bite with the children than to leave them."

Yet he allowed himself to be persuaded.

That night the mother locked the door and took the key, so that Hansel could not get any white stones. All he could do, as they walked through the forest, was to crumble the piece of bread his mother had given him. Again a fire was lighted, and

again their mother told them to lie down and go to sleep until she and their father came for them. And again they waited and waited, and neither their father nor mother appeared.

"Never mind, Grethel," said Hansel, putting his arm about his sister. "The dear God will help us."

But when the moon rose Hansel found to his dismay that the birds had eaten all the crumbs; so instead of going the right way, they wandered deeper into the forest.

Next day they fed on a few nuts and berries, and at night they slept under the trees. On the third afternoon, feeling terribly hungry and weary, they were surprised to come upon a quaint little cottage.

It was quaint because the roof was made of cake and the windows of transparent sugar.

"Come, come!" cried Hansel. "Now we can eat until we are quite full!"

So Hansel ate great lumps of the roof, and Grethel ate nearly a whole pane of the window.

But presently they heard someone say:

"Who doth nibble at my house?
Can it be some hungry mouse?"

But Grethel laughed merrily, and answered, "'Tis the wind, the wind, the heavenly wind!"

Just then they were startled at the sight of an old woman standing in the doorway. Her face was kind, and she said smilingly, "Come, come inside, my sweet children! I will make you very happy!"

So she drew them into the house, and fed them on milk and pancakes, apples and nuts, and when night came she put them to sleep in two dainty beds. They sank down wearily, thinking that they must be in Heaven.



Deep in the heart of the forest Hansel and Grethel are being left, without even a piece of bread to take the edge off their hunger.

HANSEL AND GRETHEL

But they little knew that as they slept the woman came and looked at them, and whispered, "A dainty morsel for me."

Next morning the witch, as indeed she was, carried off Hansel while he slept, and when he waked he found himself caged up in a pen so small that he could only go a few paces. Then the witch waked Grethel with rough words.

"Get up! Get up, you lazy child! Get water, and go into the kitchen and cook a good meal. Your brother is already in the fattening pen. When he is fat I shall eat him, but meanwhile it is your task to take him food."

Terrified and amazed, poor Grethel could but do as the witch bade her. Every day she took dainty food to her poor brother, but for herself there was nothing but crab shells.

Witches are often very shortsighted. Now every day the witch told Hansel to stick out his finger, so that she might feel if he was getting fatter; but every day Hansel stuck out a chicken bone. At last the witch got tired of waiting and told Grethel that she must make ready for her brother to be cooked.

Grethel Outwits the Witch

It was terrible to poor Grethel to have to light the fire and set on the pan. The witch ordered her also to light a fire under the oven, which was as big as a great cupboard, so that she might bake plenty of bread for the feast. Poor Grethel thought it would have been better if she and Hansel had been devoured together by the wolves in the forest; and she cried out in her heart, "O merciful God, help Thy poor children in their need."

Then the witch came up to her and said, "My eyes are too weak to see whether the bread is brown, so open the oven door and look. Nay! perhaps you cannot see either. So sit on this little sliding board, and I will push you in."

"I don't understand," said Grethel.

"Please show me."

"It is quite simple," said the witch. "You just sit on this board, I slide it in, and then—"

But Grethel, as the witch sat down, saw her chance. She pushed the sliding board with all her strength, and slammed the oven door on the witch. In a moment or two the witch was dead.

But Grethel did not wait for that. Seizing the keys, she rushed to the stable.

"Hansel! Hansel!" she cried, as she unlocked the pen. "We are free! We are free!"

Hansel sprang out, and the brother and sister were soon clasped in each other's arms. They searched the cottage and found it full of gold and jewels, and taking as much as they could carry, they fled away home.

When they came to a great piece of water, they wondered if they could get across. But Grethel called to a monstrous white duck to help them. The duck nodded her head and took them across one at a time.

And lo, when they got to the other side of the water, they found themselves at home. Their father welcomed them with all his heart, and when their mother saw the gold and the jewels, her fear of hunger passed away, her heart became kind again, and she too welcomed them. You may imagine the excitement their story caused; but when people went to look, the witch's cottage was nowhere to be found.



Whenever the ugly witch came to see if Hansel was getting fat in his little pen, he artfully deceived her by sticking out a chicken bone for her to feel.

HANSEL AND GRETHEL



Was there ever so enchanting a house? The roof was of little cakes, the windowpanes of transparent sugar, the fence of cookies and pretzels; and on the peak of

the gable stood a gallant cock made out of maple sugar. The children lost no time in doing justice to this delightful architecture.

DAME HOLLE



The Beautiful Daughter had never seen so many jewels in her life! They fell in bracelets around her wrists and in glittering strings about her throat. Gold bands formed a crown encircling the kerchief

she had tied around her head, and more treasure hung from her waist, over her stiff white apron. No wonder the hens cackled at sight of her and her ugly sister was green with envy!

DAME HOLLE



The cruel stepmother is setting the beautiful daughter the terrible task of spinning all that wool before the

sun goes down. But the ugly daughter, arrayed in satin and lace, is going off to a party.

DAME HOLLE

ONCE upon a time a widow had two daughters. The one was ugly and idle, the other was industrious and beautiful.

The ugly daughter was the widow's own, and she loved her dearly, but the beautiful daughter was only her stepdaughter; so she despised her and made her do all the work of the house, and sit by the well spinning until the blood trickled from her fingers.

One day her spindle dropped into the well. In the greatest terror lest her stepmother should be angry, the beautiful daughter leaped into the well to find her spindle.

She was amazed to find herself in a beautiful sunlit meadow, and as she walked along, an apple tree cried out, "Shake me! Shake me!"

So the beautiful daughter shook and shook, till there wasn't a single apple left on the tree.

Presently she came to an oven, and the loaves cried out, "Turn me! Turn me!" So she turned the loaves in the oven, and passed on her way.

Presently she came to a cottage, and an old woman told her not to be afraid, but to come in and be her servant.

"If you will serve me well, and make my bed, and beat it till the feathers fly, then you will find great happiness."

So the beautiful daughter did the housework, and beat the bed so vigorously that the feathers flew. The old woman, whose name was Dame Holle, stood by and smiled with satisfaction.

"It is snowing in the wide world," she cried, "and the people are saying, 'Look! Dame Holle is beating her feather bed!'"

At last the beautiful daughter told Dame Holle that she was getting homesick,

DAME HOLLE

so the dame took her to the garden gate.

"Child, thou hast served me well," she said. "Here is thy lost spindle, and take thy wages!"

As the beautiful daughter took the spindle and thanked Dame Holle for her kindness, there came a shower of gold and jewels, which covered her. Then she heard the gate shut, and lo, she was close by her home.

Her step-mother was amazed at seeing her so bedecked with treasure, and when she heard the story she told her own ugly daughter to go right off and do as her half sister had done.

"Kikeriki!" cried the cocks and hens. "Our beautiful golden young mistress has returned!"

But the ugly daughter had no intention of spinning, so she took the spindle to the well, dropped it in, and sprang after it.

As she found herself in the sunlit meadow, she was glad, but when the apple tree cried, "Shake me! Shake me!" she answered rudely, "No, indeed! The apples might fall on my head."

When the loaves cried, "Turn me! Turn me!" she mocked them as she cried,

"Do you think I would get myself all dirty by going near your oven?"

But when she reached the cottage, she was all smiles and delight when Dame Holle asked her to be her servant.

On the first day she did her work well.

On the second day she did everything badly.

On the third day she thought she was too tired to get up, so she lay in bed for several hours.

Dame Holle seemed to take no notice, but on the third day she asked whether the ugly daughter would like to go home.

"Why, yes, indeed!" she answered, thinking of the jewels and gold that would fall upon her.

"Here is thy spindle," said Dame Holle, as she took her to the garden gate, "and now receive thy wages!"

Alas, in-

stead of gold and silver there fell a shower of pitch, which covered her from head to foot, and the garden gate shut behind her.

As the ugly daughter arrived home, her mother gazed at her in amazement, and the cocks and hens cried out, "Kikeriki! Our pitch-black young mistress has come home! Kikeriki! Kikeriki! Kikeriki!"



The beautiful daughter is beating Dame Holle's feather bed. And down in the village the good folk are saying, "Just see how it snows!"

THE ELVES AND THE COBBLER



Forgetting in their amazement to keep out of sight, the cobbler and his wife crept close to watch their

unusual visitors. There sat the little elves, hard at work upon a pair of shoes.

The ELVES and the COBBLER

ONCE upon a time there was an honest shoemaker who became so poor that he had only leather enough to make one more pair of shoes. He cut out the shoes in the evening, ready to make them in the morning, and laid them down on the bench. Then, with peace in his heart and a good conscience, he committed himself to the care of the dear God and fell asleep until next morning.

To his amazement, as he was about to sit down to his work, he found a beautiful pair of shoes. He lifted them, examined them, and found they were excellently made, with every stitch perfect; and that day he sold them for a higher price than he had ever got before.

With some of the money he bought enough leather for two pairs of shoes, cut them out at night, laid them on the bench, and went to bed. Next morning he rose with fresh courage to his work; but again he and his wife were astonished to find two beautifully-made pairs of shoes.

These he sold at a good price, and bought more leather; and on the following day there were four pairs of beautifully-made shoes on his bench.

So it went on for some time. But shortly before Christmas the shoemaker said to his wife, "Wife, let us sit up all night and find out who it is that is doing us such great kindness."

His wife agreed; so they hid in a corner of the room behind some clothes that were hanging there, and waited to see what would happen.

About midnight two little naked men came in, sprang up on the bench, took up the cut-out leather, and started hammering and sewing with such speed that neither the shoemaker nor his wife could take their eyes away for wonder. The instant the shoes were finished they sprang off the bench and darted away.

Next morning the wife said to the shoemaker, "It troubles me to think of those two naked little men in this Christmas weather. I wish we could give them some present in return for what they have done."

"By all means!" cried the shoemaker. "What shall it be?"

"Why," she said, "I will make them shirts and coats, breeches and stockings, and you shall make them each a pair of shoes."

TINY BELLE

The shoemaker was delighted at the idea. So on Christmas Eve, instead of laying out the leather, the shoemaker and his wife laid out the shirts, coats, breeches, stockings, and shoes, and then hid themselves behind the clothes.

At midnight in came the little men. They were about to spring to the bench when they noticed the Christmas presents.

They were filled with joy, and dressed themselves up with tremendous swiftness. Then they leaped over the benches and

the chairs and danced together, and sang: "Ho! Ho! We're fine, as all may see!

Why should we longer cobblers be?"

Then they leaped over the bench and the chairs once more, and danced and danced until, reaching the door, they danced out into the Christmas night.

They never came again. But from that time forward the shoemaker's trade prospered and everything he put his hand to succeeded, and he and his wife were greatly respected in the town.

TINY BELLE

OH DEAR, dear!" sighed a peasant's wife to an old woman, "if I only had a daughter, I shouldn't mind how tiny she was."

"Indeed," said the old woman. "Then if you will give me sixpence, I will give you a grain of barley. Plant it in a flowerpot, and you will have a daughter."

The peasant could hardly afford sixpence, but she drew out the money, took the barley grain, and planted it. She did not really believe that anything would come of it. But the very next morning she saw a lovely flower, somewhat like a tulip, growing in the pot. The petals were closed, but they were so beautiful that she kissed them.

Instantly the flower opened, and there sat the loveliest little girl that ever was seen. The peasant and his wife were delighted. They called their little daughter Tiny Belle, and made her a cradle out of a walnut shell, with a mattress of blue violet leaves and a rose leaf for a coverlet.

Tiny Belle played happily on the table, and when her mother put down a plate of water, she sailed backward and forward on a leaf, with two horsechairs for oars. She was indeed the prettiest sight in the world.

But one night as she lay in bed, an ugly old toad hopped through the broken window; and looking at Tiny Belle, as she lay asleep, the old

toad said to herself, "Just the wife for my son!"

So she snatched up the walnut cradle and carried it off with Tiny Belle inside.

When she reached the broad, muddy stream with its slimy banks, she called her son. He gazed at Tiny Belle, but all he could say was, "Cro-ak! Cro-ak! Cro-ak!"

"Don't wake her," said the mother toad.

To make sure that Tiny Belle should not escape, she placed the cradle on a large leaf, which she fastened right in the middle of the stream; and when poor Tiny Belle awoke and

looked round for her own dear cottage, she found water on all sides. However loud she called, her mother did not hear. And when the little creature realized this, she burst into tears.

She was startled indeed when the mother toad appeared, bringing along her hideous son.

"Don't cry, my dear!" she croaked. "Here is my son. He is to be your husband, and you will be happy—oh, so happy—down yonder in the mud."

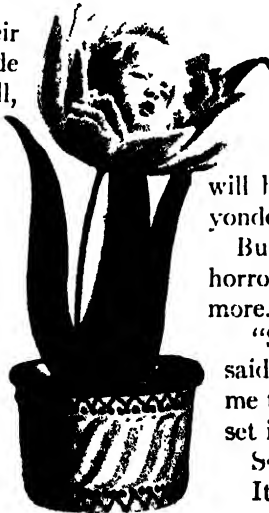
But Tiny Belle shook her head in horror and could only cry more and more.

"She'll be all right soon, my son!" said the mother toad. "Come—help me to carry her cradle, that we may set it in the mud bedroom."

So they took the cradle away.

It came to pass, however, that

So lovely was the tulip bud that the peasant's wife stooped and kissed it; and instantly the petals flew open to disclose the most beautiful little girl the good woman had ever seen.



TINY BELLE

when the fishes heard the story, they peeped over the leaf and seeing beautiful Tiny Belle weeping, they were so sorry that they said to one another, "She must not be the toad's wife. That would never, never do."

They straightway nibbled through the stem of the leaf, and away it floated off down the stream.

Oh, how glad Tiny Belle was to be free! It was a lovely morning, and everything looked beautiful. Presently a butterfly came and whispered to her and gave her butterfly kisses, and Tiny Belle fastened him to the leaf with her girdle, so that he might drag her faster and faster. They were going at a terrific pace when

suddenly, as they passed under an overhanging tree, a beetle darted down and, seizing Tiny Belle, carried her off.

Tiny Belle's first thought was of her friend the butterfly, tied to the leaf. She greatly hoped that some fairy would come and rescue him. But very soon she had to think of herself, for the ladies of the beetle's family were so disgusted at the sight of her that they mocked her and pinched her and said she was the ugliest creature they had ever seen. Tiny Belle was very thankful when at last they flew down with her and set her on a daisy, and told her to hide herself from sight.

Tiny Belle in the Woods

Tiny Belle could not help crying a little because she was so ugly, for her mother had always told her that she was beautiful. But she crept about in the woods and ate honey out of the flowers and drank the dew, and was very happy among the growing things, who were always kind to her.

But by and by the flowers all died, and it grew cold and there was rain and then

snow. Tiny Belle was wearing very thin clothes, and she grew so cold that peeping in at the door of a field mouse's hole, she asked if she might come in.

The old field mouse was very kind to her and told her she could stay if she would promise to keep the place clean and to tell him stories. So Tiny Belle promised gladly, and it seemed as though she might be going to have a very comfortable winter.

But alas, the old field mouse had a great friend, the mole, who lived close by. When the mole came in and saw Tiny Belle, he made up his mind that she was just the wife for him.

The old field mouse agreed. So Tiny Belle's only friend was a swallow who had not been able to travel south, and whom she had found half frozen and brought back to life.

The Return of the Swallow

But as soon as the sun shone out in the spring, the swallow flew away, and the field mouse now kept her indoors and made her spin and sew all day, in order to get ready for her wedding with the mole. Tiny Belle was in despair, and hoped and hoped that some fairy would help her.

At last the wedding day came. Managing to escape from the hole for a breath of fresh air, she suddenly heard a most cheerful "Chirrup! Chirrup!"

Oh, glorious sight! The swallow had returned. He asked her why she looked so sad.

"Oh," she cried, "I am to marry the mole to-morrow and say good-bye to the sunshine, and go and live forever and ever under the ground. I can't bear it! I can't bear it!" and she sobbed piteously.

But the swallow stooped and whispered, "Climb up on my back. I am going south



The ugly young toad thought lovely Tiny Belle not a whit too beautiful to be his bride. But poor Tiny Belle felt very differently about it.

THE STAR SILVER

where it is sunshine all the year long. I can't forget how you saved my life last winter."

So Tiny Belle, with a great hope in her heart, climbed on the swallow's back and nestled among his feathers. After a glorious ride the swallow swooped down to a beautiful old ruined palace, where, high above a pillar, he intended to make his nest. He alighted on the ground, and Tiny Belle stepped off his back. She thought she could make a lovely home under a little piece of white marble, twined about with green leaves and white flowers.

Tiny Belle Meets a Fairy King

She was climbing to the petal of a flower when she saw a beautiful little fairy with delicate wings and a gold crown.

"Oh, who are you?" she exclaimed.

The fairy King smiled at her, and doffed his crown.

"I am king of the Flower Spirits!" he said. "But who are you?"

"I am Tiny Belle! I am sorry that I am so ugly!" and her mouth twitched.

"Ugly! Why, you are the fairest princess I have ever seen. Will you be my bride? Will you be queen of all the Flower Spirits?"

"Oh, yes!" said Tiny Belle, for she could not help saying it.

The Spirits That Tend the Flowers

There was a Flower Spirit in every flower and at the great news that the King had found a bride, they came out in a lovely colored swarm, and bent the knee to Tiny Belle and kissed her hand. Then two of them brought a pair of transparent wings and fastened them to Tiny Belle, so that she might fly. How happy she was!

The swallow felt a little sad; but he was a bold gentleman and was glad that Tiny Belle should be happy. So he sang her his best song, before he bade her farewell.

"I shall call you Maia, now that you are my queen," said the King of the Flower Spirits.

The STAR SILVER

ONCE upon a time there was a brave little girl, who having lost her father and mother, went forth into the wide world all alone.

She was so poor that she possessed only the clothes she wore and a piece of bread a pitying woman had given her.

But presently, as she walked along, an old man met her and asked for bread, and the little girl gave him what she had in her hand.

Then a miserably cold child ran up to her and pleaded for her cape. The little girl instantly took it off and gave it away.

But another child, half frozen and forlorn, begged for her frock, and the little girl unfastened it and gave it up gladly.

As the day passed the little girl gave away all she had on, except her chemise. But as she entered a wood, a little girl rather like herself pleaded for it so earnestly that

she thought to herself: "It is now so dark that no one will see that I haven't any clothes on."

So she took off her chemise, and the other little girl ran off with it - oh, so happy, for she had been very cold indeed.

So now this brave little girl stood cold and naked in the wood, looking up at the great stars.

A Shower of Silver Stars

Suddenly the baby stars came raining down upon her, and as they fell they turned into bright silver coins, and the little girl found herself clothed in a fair white garment, which she held up, so that she might catch the silver shower.

So it happened that the little girl had now enough money to buy herself all she needed, and she thanked the dear God in her heart.

THE GOLDEN GOOSE



Together they had their lunch—Dummy and the little gray man—and though it was only stale bread and sour beer, their merry hearts transformed it into the finest of fare.

The GOLDEN GOOSE

ONCE upon a time there were three brothers. The two elder ones were supposed to be very clever; but the youngest was supposed to be so very stupid that he was called Dummy. The brothers mocked Dummy and bullied him, and his father and mother despised him and made his life quite miserable.

One day the eldest brother proposed to go into the forest to chop faggots, and his mother packed him up a delightful meat pasty and a bottle of sweet wine.

Now when he reached the forest, a little gray man greeted him and asked for some wine and meat.

"What!" cried the clever son. "Give away my food? I should not have enough for myself!"

The little gray man said no more; but in his mind he decided that some accident would certainly befall the clever son.

So it came about that as the clever son was felling wood, his axe slipped, he cut his leg, and he had to limp off home.

About a week later the second son decided that he would go into the forest and chop wood. So his mother packed him up a meat pasty and some sweet wine.

When he reached the forest, he met a little

gray man who asked if he could spare him some wine and meat.

"I should think not, indeed!" cried the very clever son. "What you would gain, I should lose."

The little gray man said nothing; but he thought that something would certainly happen to the very clever son.

Sure enough! As he made his third stroke with the axe, the very clever son missed the tree, hit his leg, and had to limp off home.

The Little Man of the Woods

A week later Dummy asked leave to go to the forest.

His father refused at first; but afterwards he said mockingly, "You may go your own way; but you're sure to get into some stupid trouble, which will, I hope, make you wiser."

His mother was annoyed at having to pack him up food, so she only gave him some stale bread and sour beer.

When he reached the forest, he met a little gray man who asked him for something to eat and drink.

"By all means," said Dummy; "though mine is but a poor meal, you are welcome to share it."

THE GOLDEN GOOSE

So the little gray man sat down by Dummy and shared his food, and the stale bread tasted just like meat pasty and the sour beer like sweet wine.

"And now," said the little gray man, as he rose and brushed the crumbs away, "I pray you to cut down yonder tree. You will find something beneath it for your trouble."

When Dummy was about to thank him, he found that the little gray man had gone.

So Dummy felled the tree, and in a hollow at its roots he found a goose with feathers of pure gold.

Much delighted, he carried the goose to the inn, where he was going to lodge. There everyone was greatly astonished at sight of the wonderful bird. As for the landlord's eldest daughter, she tried to pluck out a feather. But as she did so, her hand stuck to the goose.

"Oh! Oh!" she cried.

"Why, what's gone wrong?" asked the second sister, laying her hand on her sister's sleeve. To her amazement, she stuck to her sister.

"What a wonderful goose!" cried the third sister, as she rushed up.

"No, no, don't come near!" cried her sisters. But as she touched her second sister, the third sister stuck too.

So the three sisters had to stay beside the goose all that night.

Next morning Dummy wanted his goose, so he seized it and ran off; and since the sisters could not let go, they had to run wherever he ran.

He was crossing a field when a pastor came puffing along.

"Stop! Stop, young women!" he cried. "Why are you all running after that young man."

Along rushed Dummy with his marvelous goose, and after him rushed his train of unwilling companions.

But lo, as the pastor seized the youngest sister to drag her away, he stuck, and had to dash along after Dummy.

"Pastor! Pastor!" called his clerk. "Why are you running off? Have you forgotten that you have a christening in the church? All the people are waiting!"

The clerk seized hold of the pastor; but he stuck too and had to dash along after Dummy.

The pastor, nearly breathless, called to two laborers on the road to come to his help, so up they ran. But as the first one seized the clerk he stuck, and the second laborer, seizing the first, stuck also.

So the two laborers had to dash along after Dummy.

Now it was known that the King's lovely daughter was so grave that nothing could make her laugh. The King had even issued a proclamation that anyone who could make his daughter laugh should marry her and become his son-in-law.

So a great idea came into Dummy's head.

Off he dashed with the golden goose to the King's palace—with the three sisters, the pastor, the clerk, and the two laborers screaming and dashing along behind him.

Now the lovely Princess was standing out on a terrace, and when she looked down and saw the sight, she broke into a peal of merry laughter. The King was so delighted that he put an arm about his daughter and called to Dummy.

Dummy whispered to the goose to release its followers, and the three sisters, the pastor, the clerk, and the laborers fell off in a heap on the ground; and again the Princess laughed and laughed.

So Dummy became the King's son-in-law, and he invited his family to the wedding.



LITTLE TUK



The old washerwoman is using her magic power to spirit little Tuk away in dreams, and carry him afar to

distant lands. But the pet raven and faithful white cat are feeling deeply concerned.

LITTLE TUK

ONCE upon a time there was a boy who from babyhood had called himself "little Tuk," though in truth his name was Carl. He went to school every day, and was quick at his lessons and eager to do well.

Now it happened one day that he was given a long and difficult lesson to do at home at night. He had to learn all the chief places in Zealand and their history. And before his mother had gone out, she had told him to look after his little sister Gustava and it was hard to do two things at once.

However, he propped the geography book on the table and sat Gustava on his knee and played with her and sang her songs; and when he could manage it, he learned a scrap of his lesson. But he did not get on very well.

His mother came in at last and took Gustava off to bed. Then Tuk went to the window, wishing the sun would not go down so quickly, for his mother was so poor that she could not afford candles.

But the sun would not wait for little Tuk. Just as he was thinking hopefully that he

would have light enough to finish his task, his mother called him. "Little Tuk," she cried, "do look at that poor old washerwoman trying to drag the bucket from the well. Be a good boy and help her."

So Tuk, who was very kind-hearted, threw down his book and helped the old washerwoman. And alas, when he came back it was too dark to learn any more geography.

Little Tuk went off sadly to bed. He put the book under his pillow, hoping that might help, and then he lay very still, trying to remember what he had already read.

Presently he felt someone kiss him, and opening his eyes he saw that it was the old washerwoman looking at him very lovingly.

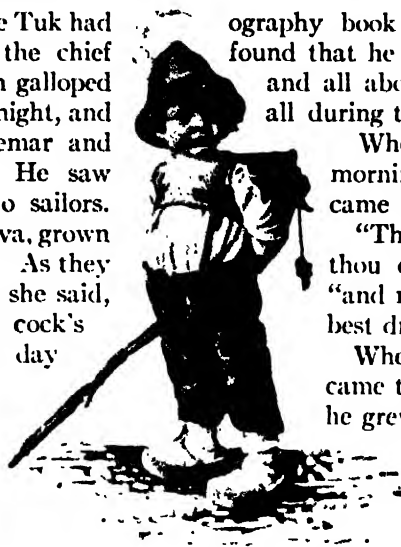
"Little Tuk," she said softly, "it would be sad indeed if thou didst not know thy lesson to-morrow. Because thou didst help me, I will help thee, and the dear God will be thy friend."

Then the old woman went, and as little Tuk lay back, feeling very much surprised, he felt the geography book rustling under the pillow.

THE WHITE CAT

All through the night little Tuk had great adventures, visiting the chief places in Zealand. He even galloped on horseback, like a noble knight, and saw the great King Waldemar and King Waldemar's castle. He saw mighty ships and talked to sailors. But best of all he saw Gustava, grown up to be a beautiful woman. As they flew together over Zealand, she said, "Hark, little Tuk, to the cock's crowing! Thou shalt one day have a farmyard, and never know hunger and want. Thy house shall stand out as proudly as King Waldemar's castle, and thy name shall be borne round the world. In the end thou shalt sleep quietly, and be at peace."

Now the strangest part of the story is that when little Tuk woke in the morning, he took the ge-



This is little Tuk, who had beautiful proof that kindness brings even greater blessings to the person who shows it than to the one who receives it.

ography book from under his pillow and found that he knew every place in Zealand and all about it. He had visited them all during the night.

When he ran out into the early morning air, the old washerwoman came up to him.

"Thank thee, for yesterday's sake, thou dear, sweet child," she said, "and may the angels make all thy best dreams come true."

Whether all little Tuk's dream came true, no one knows; but when he grew up he had a thriving farm, and his advice was sought by all the country folk for miles around. Gustava became the beautiful woman

he had seen in his dream, and his name is now carried all around the world right into the hearts of the children who read his story.

The WHITE CAT

ONCE upon a time there was an aged king who knew that he ought to give up the throne but wished to put off the evil day as long as possible. So he called his three sons and commanded them to travel for a year. He promised that whichever of them brought him the smallest and loveliest dog should have the kingdom.

The youngest son had no luck in finding a dog which satisfied him. One day, when he was feeling very much discouraged, he found himself in a wild and unknown part of the country, and was overwhelmed by a tremendous thunderstorm. Darkness came on, and despairing of finding his way, he loosened the reins and let his horse, Black Diamond, take him where it would.

Black Diamond tossed his wise head, and presently carried his master in the direction of a shining light. To the Prince's amazement he rode up to a palace every window of which shone like sunshine, as though to welcome him. The music that floated forth was so wonderful that the storm sank to rest.

The Prince dismounted and rang a bell which was suspended by a chain of sparkling gems. Black Diamond was led away by unseen hands, and the palace door flew open. Unseen hands pressed the Prince forward to a sumptuous apartment. His muddy riding boots and clothes were removed, and he was re-clothed in gorgeous apparel. Utterly amazed, he was guided to a banquet hall of great splendor, and served with a delicious meal.

Presently he heard a slight sound. The door opened, and a white cat appeared walking on her hind legs. She was clothed royally, and her silver veil streamed out like a train behind her. She walked with such grace and dignity that the Prince rose respectfully.

"Be seated, Prince," she said gently. "I am happy indeed that you should be my guest. Have you been well served?"

"Indeed, madam," he replied, "I have never been so well served in my life."

The white cat bowed, seated herself on a stool of cloth of gold bordered with pearls,

THE WHITE CAT



Charmed by exquisite music and guided by unseen hands, the Prince rode into the castle. And far from

being alarmed by all those strange appearances, he hailed the adventure with a high heart.

and asked the Prince to tell her who he was and why he had come to her palace.

The Prince answered readily enough, and when he had finished his story the white cat said, "I notice that you haven't cared to drink my choicest wine from yonder crystal goblet."

The Prince Forgets His Quest

The Prince, afraid to be thought discourteous, lifted the goblet and drank; and instantly he forgot all about his father, the kingdom, and his quest.

For many months he enjoyed the white cat's company and her magnificent entertainment. Mounted on Black Diamond, he went hunting with her beside him, riding a white monkey. And in the evenings she sang to him in the sweetest imaginable voice.

But one evening, as she was about to retire, she said, "Prince, there are but two days left before you are due at your father's court. Here is the little dog you seek." And she handed him an acorn.

Instantly the Prince remembered everything, but he laughed merrily at sight of the acorn.

"Put the acorn to your ear," said the white

cat. He did so, and was astonished to hear a tiny silvery bark.

* * *

When the Prince opened the acorn at his father's court, the tiny dog that stepped forth was a hundred times smaller and lovelier than those brought by his brothers.

The King, greatly startled, hurriedly thought of another quest.

"Go, my sons," he said pleasantly, "for yet another year, and bring me a piece of muslin so fine that it will go through the eye of a needle."

The Prince Returns to the White Cat

The Princes were bound to obey the King. The youngest Prince, mounting Black Diamond, told the horse to take him straight to the white cat's palace.

* * *

The white cat greeted him with a sad yet eager smile, and the Prince felt so strangely moved that, kneeling on one knee, he kissed her soft paw.

Again he drank of the goblet. Again he forgot and enjoyed nearly a year of complete delight, until one evening the white cat reminded him that he had but two days

THE BROWNIES

before he must be at his father's court. She handed him a walnut, in which he would find the muslin.

* * *

When the Prince arrived at court, he found that his brothers had each discovered marvelous pieces of muslin, to go through the eye of a needle.

But the King pretended to be dissatisfied, and cried gaily, "No, no! That isn't the sort of needle I meant!" and he produced one so fine that it had been treasured among the crown jewels.

The Magic Walnut

The youngest prince now produced his walnut, and opening it he took out a nut. In the nut was a grain of wheat; in the wheat there was a millet seed.

"Ah, white cat!" he murmured, "you have surely played me false."

But he felt a gentle scratch of reproof on his hand. So he opened the millet seed, and behold, there was a web of muslin, yards and yards of it, so fine that it slipped with the greatest ease through the King's needle.

"Ah, well," exclaimed the King, trying to disguise his vexation, "all I now require is to see which son brings me the loveliest bride."

* * *

The youngest Prince galloped off to the white cat's palace, and found all the palace illuminated, fireworks flashing, and the paths strewn with flowers.

"Dearest madam," he cried, "I haven't yet won my kingdom, for my father demands that each of his sons shall present his bride."

The white cat sighed, offered him the goblet, and he remained at the palace for another year.

"Ah, Prince," said the white cat one evening, "you have but two days left before you must return to your father. Will you do me one last kindness before you depart?"

"I will do anything, anything for you, sweet madam!" he cried eagerly.

"That is your promise?" and her eyes lighted. "Then cut off my head."

"Never! Never!" he exclaimed. "Why, beautiful white cat, I love you as much as any bride."

"Yet you have promised," she pleaded, "and a Prince must keep his word. See, I am ready!" She flung off her veil.

The Prince drew his sword, and not daring to look, he slashed at the white cat. Her head fell to the ground.

But instantly there stood before him the loveliest bride in all the world. The Prince dropped on one knee, speechless with amazement.

"Thank you, Prince, a thousand times!" she said. "You have broken the spell of my enchantment. I am a queen. If indeed you love me, take my throne, and let your brothers take what your father chooses to give them."

And so they were married, and lived happy forever after.

The BROWNIES

ONCE upon a time the city of Cologne was very lucky.

All the idle people within could be as idle as they chose, yet the work was done.

The sluggard could sleep; yet when he waked his work was done.

The carpenters could lie on their shavings and stretch themselves to rest. Yet in the morning, their work was done, for a troop of diligent brownies came during the night, like an army of little ghosts, and sawed and hammered and planed and glued and built.

The bakers idled and slept. But what matter? The brownies baked the bread and

the buns and the cakes, and all were fresh and delicious in the morning.

The butchers idled and slept. But what matter? The brownies did the work, and in the morning all the sausages were ready for breakfast.

At the inn the landlord drank too much, and went to sleep under a vat. What matter? The brownies were there to look after the wine.

The tailor was in great distress because he couldn't get the Mayor's state robes ready. So he threw them down in disgust and went to sleep. But what matter?

THE BROWNIES



All night long the Brownies scurried about to do the work the lazy citizens of Cologne had left undone. They were energetic little bodies who loved to be busy and to keep everything spick-and-span. As

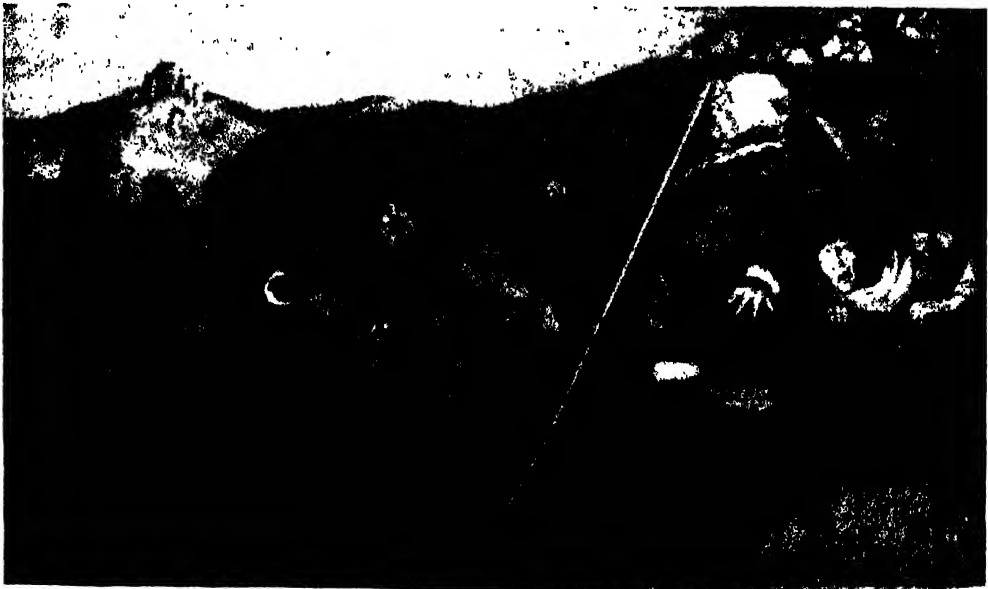
long as they could work secretly and unseen, the Brownies came every night; but the foolish curiosity of the tailor's wife drove them away forever. For Brownies hate to be caught at their good deeds!

SEVEN GALLANT SWABIANS



The sun was shining, the air was spicy, and the world seemed made just for adventure as the seven gallant Swabians, dressed in their Sunday best, strutted out over the highway. Suddenly they heard

a buzzing sound. Of course they were not at all frightened. You can tell that beyond a doubt by glancing at the picture! The only felt the need of the greatest caution.



Like all cautious people, our seven gallants had to argue the thing out for a long time before coming to any decision as to just what to do about the noise on the other side of the fence. Was it or was it not coming from the terrible monster they were seeking? When they finally decided that it might be wise to go

and see, the sun had sunk quite low. In the dim light the first, and perhaps the gallantest, of the seven stepped on a rake as he was climbing over the fence. And strangely enough the implement had more effect on his nose than it had upon his foot. Luckily, brave men are always ready for surprises.

THE WILD SWANS

The brownies finished off the work that very night.

But one night the tailor's wife scattered peas on the stairs.

The brownies arrived cautiously and stepped gently.

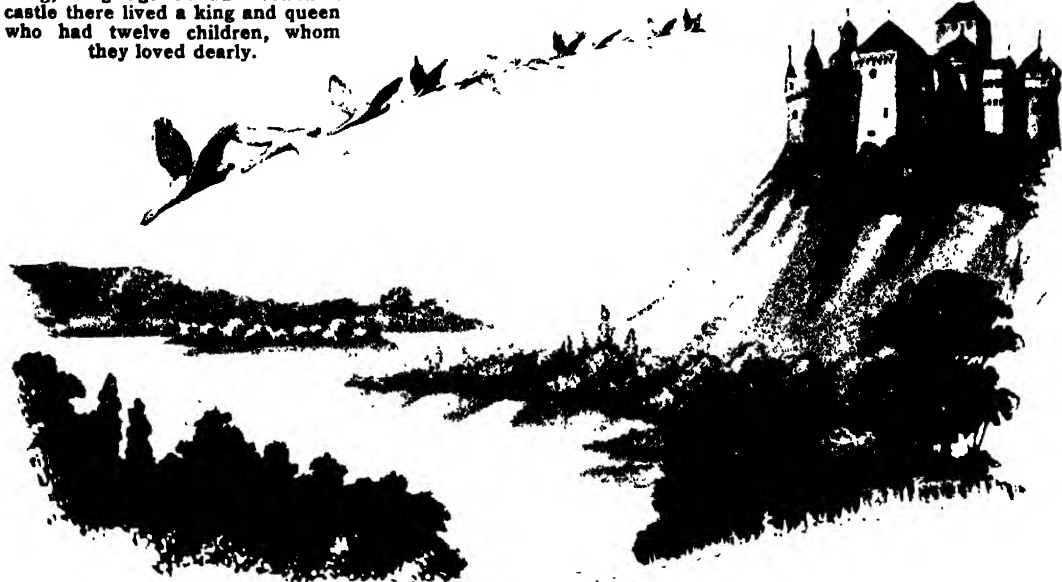
Alas, one slipped, then another fell; and

what a slipping and sliding and crying and shouting there was.

Out came the tailor's wife, hearing so much noise, and stood above the stairs, holding out a light.

"Hush! Hush!" The brownies vanished, and never returned to Cologne again.

Long, long ago in this beautiful castle there lived a king and queen who had twelve children, whom they loved dearly.



The WILD SWANS

ONCE upon a time there was a King who had eleven sons and one daughter; and when his wife died and he married again, the new Queen sent Princess Elsa to be brought up at a peasant's cottage. As for the brothers, the Queen told such dreadful lies to the King about them that he refused to have anything more to do with them.

One day the Queen cried, "Away, ye Princes! Take care of yourselves! Great ugly, songless birds ye shall be!"

To the Queen's disgust, instead of becoming ugly and horrible the Princes were changed into beautiful white swans, with golden crowns on their heads. With wild cries, they flew away.

Early in the morning they circled round and round the peasant's cottage; but Elsa was so sound asleep that she could not hear the flapping of their wings, and they were

obliged to go off into the wide world without wishing her good-by.

When Elsa was fifteen the Queen sent for her to come to the palace, for her father had been asking after her. But she determined that somehow she would make the King hate his daughter as much as he had hated his sons. So she smeared Elsa over with walnut juice and tangled her hair, and when the King saw her, he drove her from the palace, for the more Elsa cried out that she was his daughter, the more angry he became.

Elsa wandered out over the meadows until she reached a dense forest. When night came she knelt and said her prayers, and determined in her heart that she would find her brothers; and in the light of the glow-worms she went to sleep.

In the morning Elsa was shocked, when she glanced into a clear pool, to see how ugly she looked. So she bathed and washed

THE WILD SWANS

her hair, and her skin was again white and red, like lilies and roses. And as she traveled on, the good God led her to an apple tree, where she made a breakfast of the refreshing fruit.

When night fell she found herself in a wood where the trunks of the trees were so close together that no ray could pierce through. But Elsa was not afraid. After she had lain down to sleep she looked up, and it seemed to her that the branches opened and that the good God himself gazed down upon her while little cherubs looked over His shoulder and peeped at her from under His arms.

Next morning Elsa met an old woman and asked her whether she had seen eleven Princes riding through the forest.

"No," said the old woman, "but I have seen eleven swans with golden crowns on their heads. Yesterday they swam off down that stream."

Elsa thanked her and guessed that the swans were her brothers. So she followed the banks of the stream until she reached the wide, wonderful sea, on which not a single sail was to be seen.

While she was picking up eleven white

feathers, which she found on the shore, eleven swans suddenly flew down, and instantly turned into eleven handsome Princes.

When Elsa told them who she was they were overjoyed, and explained that once a year, for eleven days, they were allowed to

turn into their right shapes when the sun sank, but that they became swans again the instant the sun rose. They told Elsa that they lived in a land far away, and that, as it took them two days to fly there, they were obliged to rest on a tiny rock, which rose in the sea about half-way. For if the sun went down while they were flying, they would turn into Princes, fall into the sea, and be drowned.

"Oh, take me with you!" cried Elsa, and the brothers promised that they would see what could be done.

They talked long into the night, till at last Elsa fell asleep. When she waked, she heard the sound of wings, and knew that the sun had risen and that her brothers had gone.

But not all of them! The youngest stayed with her all day. And when the brothers turned to human shape that evening, they



All day long Elsa sat by the sea, waiting for nightfall and the return of her brothers. But she was not alone, for in the form of a swan the youngest brother stayed to keep her company.

THE WILD SWANS

worked hard to make a little mat on which they could put their sister and carry her with them across the sea. It was only just finished when the sun rose.

Then ten of the swans held the mat in their bills, while Elsa sat upon it, and the youngest swan flew above, shielding her from the rays of the blinding sun.

But long before the rock came in sight, a violent storm arose, with thunder and lightning and wind, and it was hard work for the swans to battle against it while carrying their burden. With sinking heart Elsa watched the sun going lower and lower, and prayed that they might reach the rock in time, before they all fell headlong into the stormy sea.

Lower, lower went the sun, and still the swans struggled onward.

The rock was in sight like a speck on the sea, but the sun had touched the horizon.

Elsa shut her eyes in terror. Then she felt a sudden swoop downward, and thought that all must be lost. But opening her eyes, she caught sight of the top of the sun's rim above the horizon. Just as the light went out, like the last spark of a smoldering paper, her mat touched the rock.

The waves were dashing over it, the wind pierced her cruelly, and there was barely room for them all to stand; but they were safe for that night, and they all clung joyously together.

Next day the weather was glorious, and Elsa caught a wonderful glimpse of the air palace of the Fairy Morgana (môr-gân'ä), which hangs on the clouds and into which no human being may enter.

That night Elsa dreamed that the Fairy Morgana told her the secret of how to rescue her brothers. She must gather stinging nettles, trample them into yarn with her naked feet, and weave eleven coats which she must cast over the swans. If she did not speak a single word during the task, her brothers would be free.

While the swans were away, Elsa began her painful work. The cruel nettles raised great blisters on her hands, and when her brothers returned, she could not speak to them; but they guessed what she was about,

and the youngest let tears drop on her hands, and the painful sores were healed.

And then one day a hunting party came by, and the King, seeing the lovely maiden, carried her off.

He was very kind to her, and at the palace he made her a tiny room just like the cave, to remind her of her old home. And Elsa was glad to have her room, for there she could go on making the shirts.

The King married her. But when she ran short of nettles and had to go out into the churchyard at night to gather them, a plot was raised against the new Queen. It was said that she was a witch; and as Elsa dared not speak a word, she could not prove her innocence.

Elsa was condemned to death by the court, and thrown into a dungeon, with her shirts and her bundle of nettles for company. And as she toiled to finish the last of the shirts, even the mice ran about dragging the nettles to her, and a thrush sang outside her prison.

Next morning the witch, as they called Elsa, was dragged along in a broken-down cart, and all the people yelled with rage as they saw her still weaving, weaving at the last coat. They would have snatched it from her, but lo! eleven white swans with crowns on their heads surrounded the cart and protected her.

Then the fickle people shouted that this was a sign of her innocence. And just as the sheriff seized Elsa, to drag her to the pile where she was to be burned, Elsa threw the shirts over the swans, and they turned into fine, handsome Princes—though the shirt of the youngest brother was not quite finished, and so his left arm was still a wing.

"Now I may speak! I am innocent!" cried Elsa, and then she fainted away.

The eldest brother sprang forward and told the story; and while he spoke, the pile of dry wood burst into blossom—a mountain of red roses. And at the very top there was a white flower, sparkling like a star.

The King reached up for it and gathered it, and laid it on Elsa's breast, and instantly she awoke and smiled into his eyes.

Never was there such a procession as that which went back to the palace that morning!

The KING of the GOLDEN MOUNTAIN

ONCE upon a time there was a rich merchant who had a son and daughter whom he loved very dearly. But alas, as time went on, his ships were lost one by one, and he had to sell his land, until he had nothing left but a single field.

One day as he was walking in the field, bemoaning his fate, a little black man appeared and asked him what was the matter.

"If you but tell me your grief," he said, "I will help you."

So the merchant told his griefs, and the little black man promised that he would give the merchant as much gold as he wanted, but on one condition.

"And what is the condition?" asked the merchant eagerly.

"That you will deliver to me, in this field, fifteen years hence, the first thing that rubs up against your legs when you return home to-day."

The merchant, feeling sure that his dog would run up against him, readily promised, and signed and sealed a paper which the little black man drew from his pocket.

But alas, when he returned home his little year-old son, who was clinging to a bench, stretched out his hand and caught his father by the leg, and clung to him.

The merchant was greatly shocked and wished he had not signed the paper; but as day by day no gold appeared, he thought that the whole thing must have been the little black man's fun.

One day, however, on going into a garret to collect some old tin which he thought he might sell, he found great piles of gold heaped up on the floor. For some time he rejoiced, and used the money to buy new ships and land. And at last he was richer than ever before.

But as the day drew near

for the merchant to fulfill his promise, he grew sad. His fear laid such hold on him that the boy noticed it and persuaded the merchant to tell him all.

"Oh, father," said the boy, "I am sure it will all come right. Don't be at all afraid. What power has a little black man over me? I am now nearly sixteen, and strong and tall."

The Heartless Little Black Man

So when the time arrived, the son went to the church to be blessed, and then he went with his father to the field. Here he drew a circle within which he and his father stood when the little black man appeared.

"Well," asked the little black man, "have you brought what you promised?"

But the merchant was silent, and his son said, "Come, now—what do you want here?"

"I want to speak with your father, not with you!"

But the son looked at him sternly.

"You know that you have betrayed my father. Now pray be an honorable man and give me back that paper."

"Indeed, I will do no such thing!" cried the little black man. "I will never give up my right."

The son used his powers of persuasion, and it was finally agreed that he should get into a boat and float wherever the stream took him, and that the merchant must push off the boat with his foot.

So father and son took sad leave of each other. The son got into the boat, the father pushed it off with his foot, and away went the boat, floating down the stream. The waters were so strong, however, that the boat turned upside down; and the father, now believing that his son was drowned, went

Imagine the merchant's dismay when, upon his reaching home, his little year-old son came running out and seized his father's leg.



KING OF THE GOLDEN MOUNTAIN

home in great sadness. But the son was safe inside the boat, and floated on until he reached a strange and unknown country.

As he stepped from the boat he saw a wondrous castle, but when he entered, it appeared to be quite empty. He wandered from room to room, and at last came across a serpent, who rose up the instant she saw him.

"Welcome!" cried the serpent. "I am an enchanted maiden. Now at last you, my deliverer, have come! I have waited for you for fifteen years, for this kingdom is bewitched and you must break the spell."

"How can I help you?" cried the youth eagerly.

"It is a hard task that I must set you," she said with a sigh.

"No task is too hard! Tell me!" he cried.

"To-night twelve black men will come and will

ask what you do here. Then they will beat you and stab you, but you must not speak a single word. Their power goes at midnight, when they will leave you. To-morrow night twenty-four black men will arrive, and they will beat you and stab you and slay you. But if you speak no word the spell will be broken, for I shall then become a maiden again, and will bring you the Water of Life. You will come to life, healed of all your wounds."

"I will gladly endure all this!" cried the youth eagerly.

So it all happened as the serpent had said, and the youth endured it all. The

spell was broken, and the maiden fell on his neck and thanked him. Instantly the whole castle was lighted up and full of servants. A wedding took place, and the youth became the King of the Golden Mountain.

* * *

Now when the King's son was about eight years old, the King began to think a great deal about his own father, and longed to see him. He told the Queen, but she prayed him not to go, for she felt sure, she said, that if he went, some great misfortune would befall her.

Day by day, however, the King longed more to see his father, and at last the Queen agreed, and gave her husband a wishing ring.

"Take this ring," she said; "only promise that you will never use it to bring me and our son to your father!"

So the King of the Golden Mountain promised; and when he had put the ring on his finger, he wished himself at his father's city.

A Stranger in His Own Land

At the city gate the guards refused to let him in, for he was dressed in rich, strange clothes, and they feared that he might be an enemy. So the King went away, and returned clothed as a poor shepherd. Passing through the gate, he revealed himself to his father.

But the merchant refused to believe that this was his son until the mother remembered



In terror the merchant's son awoke to find a group of leering faces bending over him; and by the light of the lantern he caught the glitter of knives.

KING OF THE GOLDEN MOUNTAIN

that her son had had a strawberry mark under his arm.

"Why, here it is!" cried the son, and he tore off his coat and shirt.

Then his parents believed, and the son explained that he was King of the Golden Mountain, and that he had a queen for a wife and a son eight years old.

"Nonsense!" cried his father. "That can't be true. No king would visit his own father in rags!"

Then the son was so annoyed that, forgetting his promise, he wished the Queen and his son there to prove that what he said was true.

Instantly they appeared, but the Queen wept bitterly and upbraided the King for having brought misfortune upon her. The King calmed her fears and comforted her tenderly; but though she appeared to be comforted, she kept evil in her heart.

Then he took her and her son out to the field where the black man had once appeared, and showed her the stream in which the boat had capsized. And as they sat together under a tree, the King fell asleep.

The Battle of the Giants

Instantly the Queen seized the ring, took her son by the hand, and wished herself back at home.

When the King awoke, he saw that he was in a sad plight. If he went back to his father, the merchant would now refuse to believe him; and he had no wishing ring to

take himself home. So he set forth on foot, and walked on and on until he came upon three giants quarreling over the division of some stolen property. There was a sword which, when lifted, would cut off any number of heads without striking a blow; there was a cloak which made the wearer invisible, and shoes with which the wearer could run like the wind.

The giants asked him to decide their quarrel; and the King, persuading them to let him handle the things, put on the cloak and the shoes, and with the sword in his hand he ran swifter than the wind, and none saw him.

On reaching his castle he was surprised to hear music and sounds of great festivity. The Queen, he heard, was to be married, for traitors were seizing his kingdom.

In his invisible cloak he passed through the guests at the great wed-

ding banquet. Going near the Queen, he kept stealing the food from her plate and the wine she was about to drink.

He did it over and over again, until the Queen, terrified and repentant of her disloyalty, and fearful that some punishment was to fall upon her, rushed away and hid herself in her own chamber to weep.

But the King followed her, and flinging off his cloak he stood before her.

"Oh!" she cried in great terror. "Thou hast come—my deliverer!"

"Thy deliverer once!" he said sternly. "Oh, my fair Queen, have I deserved all this from thee?"



The giants were belaboring each other roundly as the young man came by, for they had seized a valuable booty and could not decide upon the division of it.

TOM THUMB

The Queen sobbed and sobbed, and the King left her and returned to the hall.

"Away!" he cried to the guests. "This feast is ended. I, the King, have returned!"

But seeing a poor man in rags, the guests laughed, and the guards rushed to seize him.

Then the King raised the magic sword.

"Off with the heads of all traitors!" he cried.

Instantly the heads of all the traitors leaped from their shoulders. Though the wicked men tried to catch their heads in their hands, they could not do so.

And thus it was that the King of the Golden Mountain came back to his kingdom.

TOM THUMB

ONCE upon a time a poor peasant was sitting poking the fire while his wife was spinning.

"It is sad, wife," said the peasant, "that we have no children. It is always so quiet in our house, while in the neighbors' houses there is noise and gay merriment."

"Yes," said his wife. "If I had but a child as big as my thumb I should be satisfied and love him with all my heart."

And lo, it came about that a baby was born to them, and it was no bigger than the good dame's thumb. So they called him Tom Thumb.

As the years went on, Tom never grew in body, but only in his mind and spirit; for he was merry and wise, and his parents' greatest joy.

One day as Tom was with his father in the forest, he heard his father say, as though to himself, "I do wish I had someone to bring me my horse and wagon from home."

"Why, father!" cried Tom. "I will bring them."

Tom's father laughed heartily, and cried, "How could you drive a great horse?"

"Why," cried Tom, "that is easy. I will sit in his ear and tell him which way to go."

"Very well, you shall try!" said his father. "Ask your mother to hitch up the horse, and I will see what you can do!"

So Tom ran off, highly delighted at being useful. When he reached home, his mother hitched up the horse, and Tom perched himself in the horse's ear and cried, "Gee! Gooa! Gee! Hooh!" And the horse went, as though his master were driving,

along the right road to the forest clearing.

Just then two men came by and were amazed to see a horse going along without a driver, and to hear a voice crying, "Gee! Gooa! Gee! Hooh!" So they followed. When they saw Tom lifted down from the horse by his father, they said to each other that if they could take him round the country as a show, they would make a great deal of money.

Tom Goes Down in a Mousehole

So they begged Tom's father to sell him. The peasant would not hear of it until Tom nodded his head knowingly at him and advised him to take the money and agree. So the men emptied their pockets of gold and Tom went off, riding on the brim of one of their hats.

As evening drew on, Tom asked the man to put him down. When he did so Tom darted under some leaves and disappeared down a mousehole. In vain the men searched and prodded the mousehole. Tom was gone; and they had to tramp on, lamenting their empty pockets.

Presently Tom crept out.

He thought he had better not try to walk about in the dark, in case he might break his neck or his leg; so finding an empty snail shell, he crept inside and went to sleep.

By and by he was wakened by the sound of voices, and heard two robbers plotting how they might rob the rich pastor's house.

"I can tell you!" cried Tom.

The robbers were amazed at hearing the voice; and stooping, one of them lifted him up.



Safe in a snail shell Tom settled himself for a comfortable nap.



"Master! Master!" the milkmaid cried. "Come quick! The cow is bewitched." As a matter of fact, it was not strange that the cow should be acting strangely. Never before had she had that queer sensation in her insides, or heard conversation issuing from the pit of her stomach.

"How can you help us, you little imp?" said one of the robbers.

"If you take me with you, I can slip through the bars and hand out to you what you want!" Tom answered.

"That seems a good idea," said one of the robbers to the other. So they took Tom off, and when all was quiet, they arrived at the pastor's house.

Swallowed by a Cow

But when Tom got to the barred window, he shouted so loud and made so much noise that the maid waked, and the robbers rushed off in terror. The maid, looking about, could not see Tom, and thinking she must have been dreaming, she went back to bed.

Tom found his way to the cow shed, and settled himself down comfortably to sleep in the hay. But alas, as he slept on in the early morning, the cow took him into her mouth with her breakfast.

Tom had a terrible time avoiding the cow's teeth, and when he got safely down into the cow's stomach, he found it very dark, and wished he had a candle. The worst of it was that the cow kept on sending down more and more hay, until the place was so crowded that Tom was forced to cry out, "Stop! Stop! Don't send down any more fodder!"

The milkmaid, who was just about to milk the cow, heard his voice and was so terrified that she rushed in to the pastor.

"Oh, master!" she cried. "Do come to the cow shed. The cow is talking!" So out came the pastor, though he did not believe the milkmaid.

Meanwhile the cow had gone on feeding. So Tom cried out louder than ever, "Stop! Stop! Please, please don't send down any more fodder!"

Then the pastor heard him, and thinking that the cow must be bewitched, he had her killed and her stomach thrown out on the waste heap.

As Tom was crawling out and was beginning to feel himself lucky again, a hungry wolf came along, gulped down the stomach, and trotted on with Tom inside him. Tom did not see why he should not have a little pleasant conversation with the wolf, so he told him of a cottage at which he felt sure the wolf could steal a good meal. The wolf agreed, and trotted on to the cottage, which was indeed Tom's own home.

Tom Returns to His Parents

When the wolf got into the larder and began searching about for the food, Tom shouted so loud that the peasant and his wife came rushing in.

SEVEN GALLANT SWABIANS

"Here is a wolf, wife! Give me the axe!" cried the peasant. "I will hack him through."

"No, no, father!" cried Tom. "Be careful! I am here inside him."

So the father chopped off the wolf's head, and out crawled Tom.

"Thank God! Our precious son is safe home!" they cried.

But Tom nodded his head mischievously, and gave a merry laugh.

"Ah, my father and mother, I have been

a long, long way round the world since I saw you! I have been down a mouse's hole, in a snail's shell, in a cow's stomach, in a wolf's body, and now—here I am again!"

"And we will never sell you again, for all the gold in the world!" cried his father.

So they hugged and kissed him, and then Tom looked down at himself.

"I think I need some fresh clothes, after all my adventures!" He laughed and laughed, and his father and mother laughed with him.



What a joyous meal they had, Tom and his father and mother, when he finally had cleaned himself up and came to the table gay and refreshed after his adventures.

SEVEN GALLANT SWABIANS

ONCE upon a time seven gallant Swabians set forth to kill the dragon of the sea.

They dressed themselves gaily, and carried with them a mighty pike with which to stab the monster to its death.

During the first day they were all startled at hearing, from over a garden fence, a dreadful rumbling and hissing and buzzing. Though in truth the sound only came from a hornet, the seven

SEVEN GALLANT SWABIANS

gallant fellows felt sure they had found the dragon.

They listened and waited, breathless with excitement; and as the buzzing grew louder, it seemed wiser not to get over the fence until the monster had calmed down.

In an agony of uncertainty they waited until the light had faded.

On the Trail of a Dragon

Then they decided to climb the fence and do the desperate deed of slaying the dragon.

Alas, the first who got over trod on a rake, which sprang up and hit him very violently on the nose.

"I fear we have been fooled!" muttered one.

"I fear we have been fooled!" muttered the rest.

Then the gallant ones swore that they would tell no one of this, their first adventure.

The gallant ones marched forward but suddenly they started back in great terror.

Right in their path there sat a hare, looking for all the world like a little man.

The gallant ones consulted eagerly as to how they might get past him, for who knew but that he might be the dragon in disguise?

None of them wished to have the honor of leading the attack; but at last one of them, remembering the pike, plucked up heart and advanced, giving a mighty yell of utter bravado.

Off galloped the hare, and the gallant ones sighed with relief that they had hunted away such a dread monster.

Now one day they came to a stream; and as the sunshine lighted upon it one of the gallant ones mistook it for the path, and sprang down, only to find himself in trouble.

"Splash! Splosh!" He was in the water. But one of his comrades, with great courage, held the pike out to him and managed to help him to shore.

Ah! What a rescue was that! The rest of the gallant ones, having watched with agitation, now gasped with satisfaction, and swore they would not go one step further. So they flung themselves down and went sound asleep till the sun rose upon them.

But now the great question came up as to how they were to cross the stream.

At last, with mighty courage, some pulled off their stockings to make the great venture.

Alas, one lost his hat, and frightened a frog on the far side; and the frog croaked so loudly that the other gallant ones felt sure their comrade must be in danger.

With great pluck they plunged into the stream; and marvelous to tell, they all got safely to the other side, soaked to the skin.

But what did that matter?

The gallant ones held a great feast, to celebrate their victory over the deadly, fire-breathing dragon.

Here are a number of the seven gallant fellows who set out one fine day to kill the dragon who lived, as they liked to believe, at the bottom of the sea.



The SNOW QUEEN

ONCE upon a time an evil magician made a magic mirror in which everything looked out of shape and ugly. Even the loveliest things looked hideous, and the most beautiful acts appeared selfish and wicked.

One day his pupils carried the mirror upward toward the sky, but not able to hold it, they dropped it to earth. And every man, woman, or child who was touched by even the tiniest splinter always thereafter saw the world as a hideous place and bore in his bosom a heart of ice.

How the magician laughed at the mischief he had done!

* * *

High at the top of a tall old house lived a little boy named Kay; and a little girl named Gerda lived at the top of another house next door. The two houses

were so close that the people in them could see into one another's rooms; and it was even possible to walk from one house to the other along a broad ledge, on which were boxes of roses which bloomed beautifully in the summer. So Kay and Gerda could in this way run in and out of each other's windows. In winter the ledge was covered with snow, but the children could heat coins on the stove and hold them against the frost-covered windows and so make bright spots through which they could peep. Gerda had a grandmother who told beautiful stories when Kay came in to play; and the children became the greatest of friends.

Now one autumn day, as they were sitting in their roof garden looking at a picture book, Kay gave a great start.

"Oh, dear!" he cried. "I've got such a dreadful pain in my eye and in my heart."

"Why, what can it be?" cried Gerda, full of pity.

But suddenly Kay was rude to her, and pulled off the roses and kicked the boxes.

Everything looked ugly to him, and the picture book seemed stupid.

From that day onward Kay was a different boy, and Gerda was full of grief, for she could not imagine what had happened to make him so disagreeable.

Now one winter's day, when all the boys were sliding in the heavy snow, Kay fastened his little sled to a much bigger sled driven by a person dressed in a white fur coat and a white cap. Off went Kay's sled at a terrific pace. It was great fun for a little while, but after a time Kay tried to unloose his sled, for the speed was growing more and more terrific. He tried and tried again, but the knot would not give.

Though a bold boy, Kay grew terrified.

He tried to think of the "Our Father" prayer, but, alas, he could only think of the multiplication table. And on and on went the sled, over ditches and hedges, up hill and down dale, as if it would never stop.

The snowflakes grew larger and larger, until they were the size of great birds. And then the sled came to a stop, and Kay

saw that the driver was none other than the dazzling Snow Queen herself.

"Creep under my bearskin!" she said, as suddenly Kay found himself in her sled.

The Snow Queen folded him round, and he felt as though he were sinking down into a drift of snow—and it seemed to him that he must be dying. But the Snow Queen kissed him, and all at once he felt quite well, and no longer cold. And when she kissed him again, he forgot all about Gerda and her grandmother.

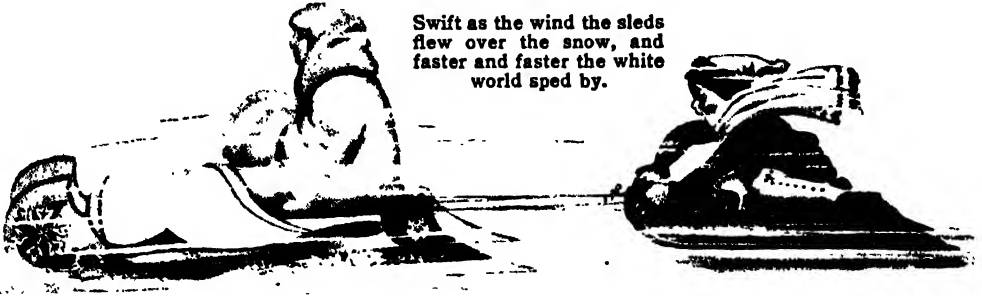
A Dash into the Unknown

So the sled dashed forward over wide, wide spaces, and then mounted into the air. They passed through black clouds, where storms raged. Below them were woods and



This is the wicked magician who made a magic mirror in which all the world looked misshapen and ugly. No one who looked in it could be happy long.

THE SNOW QUEEN



Swift as the wind the sleds
flew over the snow, and
faster and faster the white
world sped by.

lakes and the wild sea and barren lands, where the winds whistled and the wolves howled.

But far above, the moon was clear and tranquil.

* * *

No one knew where Kay had gone, and Gerda was very, very unhappy, for most people thought that he had been drowned in the wide, deep river. When the springtime came, Gerda went out into the sunshine, and sighed as she said, "Alas! Kay is dead."

"Nonsense, I don't believe it!" said the sunshine.

"Dead and gone," moaned Gerda.

"No, no!" said the swallow.

"Perhaps he isn't dead," thought Gerda, as a little gleam of hope came into her heart. "I will go out into the wide world and look for him."

So one morning Gerda kissed her grandmother as she slept, and put on her best red shoes, and went down to the edge of the river.

"Oh, river!" she cried. "Tell me whether you have taken Kay away. See! I will give you my red shoes!" and she threw them into the river.

But the river laughed and threw them back to her. So Gerda got into a boat, and threw the shoes into deeper water. Then she found

that the boat was unfastened and that the river was bearing it along swiftly, while the shoes floated behind.

At first Gerda was frightened, but afterwards, as she floated along, it was all so beautiful that she thought, "Perhaps the river is taking me to Kay."

At last the boat drifted toward the land.

An old woman with a crutch saw Gerda coming, and she put out her crutch and drew the boat in.

She was very kind to Gerda, but she was an enchantress; and when Gerda had told her story, the old woman combed the little girl's beautiful hair and made her forget all about Kay and her journey in search of him. The enchantress even waved her wand over the roses in the garden and made them bury themselves in the ground, in case the sight of roses should make Gerda



Through the long afternoons Kay and Gerda played happily together at the top of the tall old house.

remember the little roof garden and Kay.

The flowers in this enchanted garden were very friendly and told Gerda wonderful stories. Yet she was always puzzled, because there was one flower she missed, though she could not remember what it was. One day, however, a buttercup told her a story about a grandmother; and then all at once Gerda remembered. That very day Gerda, after looking round to see whether anyone was

THE SNOW QUEEN



On and on and on the mighty river carried Gerda in her little boat. She did not know where she was going,

but because her quest was a generous one she felt sure that no harm could befall her.

watching her, gently opened the gate and went out.

Now in the enchanted garden it was summer all the year round; but the moment Gerda got outside the gate, it was autumn, and the wide world was all cold and gray and sad.

* * *

Gerda and the Friendly Raven

As Gerda was resting, weary with her journey, a friendly raven hopped down beside her and asked her where she was going all alone.

Gerda was so sad that she told the raven all her trouble. The raven immediately got tremendously excited, because he was sure that Kay must be a certain Prince he knew who had just married a lovely Princess.

Gerda begged the raven to take her to the castle where this Prince and Princess lived, and with a wag of his head he promised.

Gerda was full of wild expectation, and could hardly contain herself when at last she reached the castle. She was taken by another friendly raven up the back stairs, so that she might peep into the apartment of the Prince and Princess.

"I shall see Kay!" she thought. "I shall see Kay at last."

When she peeped she saw that the room was of glass. In the center there was a pillar of gold, like the trunk of a palm, and hanging from the palm, nearly touching the floor, were two beds in the shape of lilies. One was white, and in this the Princess slept; and the other was red, and in this the Prince slept.

Gerda crept forward, with a lamp in her hand.

"Kay! Kay!" she cried.

The Prince awaked, and started up. But oh, terrible disappointment—the Prince was not Kay.

"What's all this about?" cried the Princess, starting up in bed.

Gerda Rides in a Golden Coach

The Prince and Princess were very kind when Gerda told them her story, and after a good night's rest, they sent her off on her quest in a golden coach, with coachmen, footmen, and outriders, and dressed her in velvet and silk and gave her the most beautiful muff in the world. They came to the door of the palace to say farewell—and somehow, Gerda burst into tears, and the raven wept out of sympathy and flapped his wings till the coach was out of sight.

But it was no use to cry, as Gerda knew. So she went forward on her journey with a

THE SNOW QUEEN

brave heart, thinking how kind people were to her.

* * *

Alas, as they drove through a dark forest and the coach shone like a blazing torch, robbers sprang out, seized the coach horses, killed the attendants, and dragged Gerda out.

"He! He!" laughed the old robber wife, who had a long bristly beard. "She is like a nice plump lamb. And look at her clothes!" and she held up her dagger.

But her daughter leaped upon the old woman's back and bit her mother's ear until she screamed.

"You're not to touch her! I want her to play with me!"

The robber maid was taller and stronger than Gerda, and her eyes were black and melancholy.

"She shall not kill thee," she whispered to Gerda, "for I love thee!"

So the robber maid pushed Gerda back into the carriage, and drove off to the courtyard of the robbers' castle, which was half in ruins.

In the hall a meal was being prepared of soup and hares and rabbits, and the place was full of smoke because there was no chimney.

The Pigeon That Saw Kay

After the meal the robber maid took Gerda into a corner, where there was plenty of straw and a bed. A reindeer lay close by, and pigeons cooed up in the rafters. Gerda was surprised to notice that the robber maid took a dagger to bed with her. •

The girl was soon asleep; but Gerda could not sleep, for the robbers came in and talked and quarreled and drank round the fire.

Presently she was startled by hearing a wood pigeon speak.

"We have seen Kay. He is in the Snow Queen's palace."

The Dash to the Frozen North

"Oh! where is that?" asked Gerda eagerly.

Then the reindeer answered, "In Lapland it is free and glistening and wonderful, and there the Snow Queen lives in the summer time."

In the morning Gerda told the robber maid the story, and because this maid, usually so fierce and cruel, loved Gerda for her beauty and her innocence, she decided to help such a fearless child. So while her mother slept, the robber maid bound Gerda safely to the reindeer's back, and gave her a cushion and provisions for the journey and her mother's big gloves, because she wanted to keep the beautiful muff herself.

The reindeer, delighted to be free, galloped and galloped until at last they saw the wonderful northern lights. Then the reindeer knew that they were in Lapland.

* * *

In Lapland the reindeer brought Gerda to the wise woman, who welcomed her and set her by her fire and made her take off her boots and gloves.

She told them that Kay was in the ice palace of the Snow Queen, and that because the splinter of glass was still in his eye and his heart, he was under the Snow Queen's power.

"Please, please help this poor maiden to break the Snow Queen's power!" pleaded the reindeer.



The robber maid, in spite of her fierce heart, loved Gerda for her gentleness, and did what she could to help the little girl on her way.

GOLDSILKS AND THE THREE BEARS

"Ah, I cannot help her," said the wise woman. "She, a poor, barefoot child, is so strong that she makes the beasts and all whom she meets serve her. She is strong because she is loving and innocent. Begone swiftly! Take her to the Snow Queen's garden, set her down by the tree with red berries, and you will learn what wonders the child will do."

The reindeer was just leading her outside when Gerda cried, "Oh, my boots and my gloves!" for she shrank from the piercing cold.

But the reindeer had had his orders from the wise woman and dared not wait a moment. He galloped off with her until he came to the Snow Queen's garden, and set her down by the tree with red berries. And as he kissed her, the tears rolled down his cheeks.

So Gerda stood out in the biting cold, with bare arms and feet. Though the sky was bright and clear, great snowflakes ran along the ground, battling against her.

Then Gerda said the "Our Father" prayer and pressed bravely forward. By the time she had finished the prayer, vapors shaped themselves into the forms of angels and became a guard about her, and made a way for her through the snowflakes. And as Gerda walked on undaunted, the angels touched her hands and feet, and she no longer felt the cold.

* * *

Kay sat in the Snow Queen's palace.

There were thousands of rooms in the palace. Some were two miles long, and all were lighted by the northern lights. The walls were formed by snowdrifts, and the

doors and windows were made of the driving and cutting winds. Kay was blue and stiff with cold, but he did not feel it, for the Snow Queen had kissed the cold feeling away, and his heart was as a block of ice.

The Snow Queen was away on a journey, crowning southern mountains with snow; so as Gerda faced the cutting wind in the doorway, she said her evening prayer and the winds suddenly sank to rest. Then she looked round the vast icy spaces and spied Kay sitting there alone.

"Kay! Kay! I have found you!" she cried.

But alas, he took not the slightest notice of her; and as she clung to him, she shed hot tears of bitter disappointment.

And then a wonderful thing happened. Gerda's tears dissolved the ice in his heart, and as the tears sprang to Kay's eyes, the glass splinter came out. And suddenly he could see Gerda, his lost playmate, in all her sweetness and beauty.

"Gerda! Little Gerda!" cried Kay, as he clasped her in his arms. "You have found me."

It was the reindeer who took them both back to the snowless summer lands. When they reached home, all the world was gay with spring. They climbed out on the roof, and Gerda sang:

"Roses may bloom and fade away,

But the infant Christ Child lives for aye."

And as she sang, Gerda and Kay found that they were now quite grown up.

But the grandmother opened her Bible and read softly, "Except ye become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."

GOLDSILKS *and* the THREE BEARS

GOLDSILKS was a child who wanted to have her own way.

Now her mother had often told her that she was not to get up in the morning until she was called. But it happened that one spring morning the sun shone so brightly and the birds sang so merrily and the house was so very quiet that Goldilocks crept out of bed to see what the world was like. She dressed and darted off down the garden and

across the field. There she found a lovely winding path through the wood, where she had never been before.

She followed the little path until it stopped before a cottage all covered with red roses. There were only white roses on the house at home, and Goldilocks was rather tired of them. So she ran up to the red-rose cottage to gather a bouquet, and seeing that the door was open, she could not resist peeping in.

GOLDILOCKS AND THE THREE BEARS

"Oh, what a delicious smell!" she exclaimed.

Then she saw three blue-and-white porridge bowls on the snowy tablecloth, with spoons laid neatly beside them.

Goldilocks could not resist putting the big spoon into the big bowl. But alas, the porridge was too hot. Then she put the middle-sized spoon into the middle-sized bowl. But the porridge was too cold.

Then she put the tiny spoon into the tiny bowl.

The porridge was just right, and in a moment Goldilocks had eaten it all up.

"What a lovely big chair!" thought Goldilocks. So she flung herself down in it; but the seat was too wide.

"This one will be better!" she thought, and she tried the middle-sized chair. But again she jumped up. The arms were too high.

"This is just the right chair!" she cried, as she sat down on the tiny chair.

It suited her perfectly, and Goldilocks rocked and rocked until suddenly the chair broke.

She leaped up in dismay, but could not resist the temptation to go up the narrow stairs.

In the bedroom she found three beds.

First she tried the big bed. But it nearly buried her.

Then she tried the middle bed, but that was too hard.

Then she tried the tiny bed, and that was just right. So Goldilocks let her head sink down into the pillow and fell fast asleep.

Now the red-rose cottage belonged to three bears, who had strolled out for a walk to give their porridge time to cool.

On their return they stared with dismay at the kitchen.

"Who's been tasting my porridge?" exclaimed the Big Bear.

"Who's been tasting my porridge?" asked the Mother Bear.

"Who's been tasting my porridge," squeaked the Tiny Bear, "and eaten it all up?" And he burst into tears.

"And who's been sitting in my chair?" growled the Big Bear.

"And who's been sitting in *my* chair?" screamed Mother Bear.

"And who's been sitting in *my* chair," cried Tiny Bear, "and broken it all to pieces?" And he wept louder than ever.

Then the three bears pounded upstairs, and flung open the bedroom door.

"Who's been sleeping in my bed?" growled the Big Bear.

"Who's been sleeping in *my* bed?" screamed Mother Bear.

"Who's been sleeping in *my* bed?" yelled Tiny Bear. "Why--here she is!"

Goldilocks waked, stared into the angry faces of the three bears, leaped up and dashed for the open window.

Oh, what a jump she gave down into the garden! She thought her legs must have been broken.

But the three bears were yelling at her from the window, and in another minute they would be rushing downstairs and out of the house chasing her.

So Goldilocks ran and ran till her ankles and knees ached and her heart was bursting, and she had the worst stitches in her side that she had ever known. And how glad she was to see the white roses on her own house at last, and to rush into her mother's arms!



RUMPELSTILTSKIN



So fast that the miller's daughter could hardly follow his flying fingers, the strange little man spun the

straw into a pile of gold. And then, with the rising sun, unlocked the door and disappeared.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN

ONCE upon a time there was a miller who had a beautiful daughter; and wanting to appear grand he boasted to his neighbors that his daughter could spin gold from straw. A spiteful neighbor told the King, who was delighted at the news, for he was always short of gold. So he commanded the miller to bring his daughter to the palace.

She was put into a room full of straw, and to her astonishment the King said, "Unless during the night you can spin all this straw into gold, you shall die."

Then the King went away, and the door was locked; and the miller's daughter sat down and sobbed bitterly, for she had not the least idea how to spin straw into gold.

But presently the door opened and a little man appeared.

"Miller's maiden," he said, "why do you weep?"

"Because, sir, I must spin all this straw into gold, and I don't know how to do it."

"That is an easy matter," said the little man. "What will you give me if I do it for you?"

"I will give you my precious necklace," said the maiden.

So the miller's daughter gave the little man her necklace, and going to the wheel he spun up the straw like lightning, until it was all wound into golden threads, ready for the King.

When the King came in the morning he was astounded, and his heart was filled with greed. He commanded the miller's daughter to be taken into a yet larger chamber, which was filled with straw.

"Unless during the night you turn all this straw into gold," he said, "you will surely die."

So the door was locked upon the miller's daughter, and she sat down and sobbed and sobbed. But again the little man appeared, and again the miller's daughter told him her story.

"What will you give me if I help you?" he asked.

"I can give you my ring," she said, and she drew it off her finger.

So again the little man spun all the straw into gold; and on the following morning the

RUMPELSTILTSKIN

King commanded that the miller's daughter should be taken into a yet larger room.

"If during the night," he said, "you do not turn all this straw into gold, in the morning you will be put to death."

The miller's daughter did not cry quite so much when the door was locked, for she hoped the little man would appear. He did so, and asked her what she would give him if he spun all the straw into gold.

"Alas!" she said sadly, "I have nothing left to give you."

"Ah!" cried he, "that won't do."

"But, indeed, I have nothing!" she cried, terrified lest he should refuse.

"You have nothing now, but promise me that when you are the King's wife, you will give me your baby."

The miller's daughter, knowing that it was folly to think that she could ever become a queen, promised readily enough, and the little man spun all the straw into

gold, and took himself off before sunrise.

Now next day the King was so delighted at sight of the gold that he determined to marry the miller's daughter. So there was a very grand wedding and the miller's daughter became queen.

A year afterwards, as the Queen was rejoicing in her beautiful new-born Prince and thinking that her happiness was now complete, the door of her chamber opened and the little man appeared.

"Ah!" cried he, rubbing his hands joyously, "now you can give me the gift you promised."

"No, no!" she cried. "You shall not have my baby."

"That will not do," he said sternly.

"But I will give you gold and land and jewels—anything except my baby!" she cried, and the tears broke from her eyes.

"What are jewels and gold to me!" cried the little man. "I want something living."

But at last the poor Queen pleaded so hard that the little man promised that he would wait three days. If in three days she could find out his name, then he would let her keep her baby.

So the Queen sent messengers all over the land to bring her lists of strange names, hoping that perchance one of them might be the name of the little man. But when she read them to him the next night, he mocked

her and said that not one of them was his name.

On the second night the same thing happened, and the Queen was in despair.

But just as she was giving up hope on the third day, a messenger arrived, his face full of news.

"Your Majesty," he said, as he bent his knee before her, "I have no list of names, but I have a story to tell."

"Rise, and tell it!" cried the Queen.



"Ah," cried the little man joyously, "now you can give me the gift you promised." And the heart of the young Queen stood still with terror.

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELYN



After a long day's journey the messenger came to a high mountain where the fox and the hare say good

night to each other; and there he found the home of the strange little man whose name no one could guess.

So the messenger rose up and told his story.

"In my travels I came to a high mountain, where the fox and the hare say good night to each other, and there I found a little house; and before the house there burned a fire; and round the fire a little man was dancing and hopping about on one leg, singing:

"To-day I brew and to-morrow I bake,
But to-night I the royal babe shall take.
For who dare resist the power I claim,
When Rumpelstiltskin is my name?"

The Queen's face lighted up with gladness. She gave the messenger a great reward, and then waited until the little man appeared.

When he came in he was full of joyful expectation, and held out both hands.

"Now, Queen," he cried, "fulfil your promise and give me the babe."

"Yes, yes," she said softly, "if Rumpelstiltskin is not your name."

The Queen Saves Her Baby

Then the little man's face went red with fury.

"The devil has told you! The devil has told you!" he shouted. Then in his rage he dashed one foot down into the ground so far that he sank all the way up to his body, and seizing the other leg with both his hands, he tore himself out of the room and vanished.

And the Queen, raising her child from her knee, kissed him tenderly.

The PIED PIPER of HAMELYN

IN HAMELYN the people were being driven crazy by a plague of rats.

What was the good of having a beautiful city, comfortable homes, and lovely gardens, when the rats were everywhere?

They were in the streets, the kitchens, the gardens, the stables, the poultry yards. They climbed to the dinner table, they

squatted on the chairs and sofas, they reviled in the beds, and made nests in the babies' cradles. They ate the food, the clothes, the boots; they gnawed at books and pictures and fine carving; and everyone from the mayor and his councilors to the beggar in the gutter, was in despair.

Indeed the mayor was consulting with his

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELYN

councilors as to what could be done, when the door opened and in walked a strange-looking young man, clad in very gay clothing and carrying a pipe at his belt and a fiddle over his shoulder.

The mayor was amazed that he should dare to intrude, but the piper smiled and said that he had only come that he might offer to rid Hamelyn of rats—of every rat in the town—if the council would agree to give him a bag of gold of a certain weight.

The councilors looked at one another, for the price the piper asked was great.

Some smiled, some looked grave. But at last they agreed to the piper's terms, for indeed most of them thought he was but a boastful youth, and there was no chance that he would destroy the rats.

But the piper went off into the street, and taking his pipe from his belt, he began to play.

Then, as the first notes rang out, there was the most strange sound of squeaking, scuffling, racing and chasing, of scrambling and leaping and scuttering.

Rats Young, Rats Old!

Rats from the gardens, the pantries, the workshops, the bedrooms, came dashing forth into the street, until the whole street was black with them. There were rats young, rats old, and all struggled to get near the piper who piped.

The people stared and couldn't believe their eyes, and the mayor and councilors rushed out to see what was happening.

As they stood on the bridge, they saw the piper and the multitude of rats. He walked down to the river, piping as he went, and entered the water. Every rat followed him, and every rat from Hamelyn was drowned.

The people gave a shout of joy, but the mayor led his councilors back to the chamber, to talk about the bag of gold. Now that the rats were safely gone, it was really quite too large a sum to pay the piper.

They had agreed to offer a very, very tiny bag of gold, instead of the big one, when the piper entered.

What was his astonishment to learn that the mayor and his council had gone back on their bargain! After many hard and bitter words, the piper left the council chamber and strode off from the city. Standing upon a hill he shook his fist.

"They will not give me gold," he muttered. "They shall give me something they value even more than gold!"

He took his fiddle and going to the gates of the city, he began

to play the most bewitching music.

The music entered right into the hearts of the children as they crowded to listen, and they called one another to follow the piper.

The children rushed out, even as the rats had rushed. They came from the gardens, the schools, and the houses, more and more, the little ones and the big ones, the dark ones, the fair ones, the strong ones and the delicate ones.

"The music! The music!" they cried, as they danced along. "Come! Come! Listen to the music!"



They were a pest indeed, those rats. They debated with the Mayor his right to his supper, and when he went to bed, he found one underneath his pillow.

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELYN



*'How?'" cried the Mayor, "d'ye think I brook
Being worse treated than a cook?
Insulted by a lazy ribald*

*With ille pipe and vesture piebald?
You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst,
Blow your pipe there till you burst!"*

THE GOOSE GIRL



Outside the castle gate, and under the sad eyes of the horse Falada, the goose girl sat in the midst of her snowy flock. And as they hissed and cackled, and wet their bright feet in the waters of the shallow

stream, she let her thoughts wander over the coming years, so dark and so hopeless. At last, unable to bear those cheerless forebodings, she loosed her bright hair and set herself to rebraid its wind-blown strands.

THE LITTLE MERMAID

The parents rushed out also, and tried to stop the children. But what was the use of that?

"Can't you hear the music?" the children cried. "We must follow—follow!"

The Children Follow the Piper

The piper smiled as he led the way from the city, across the fields, and away to the High Mountain. Still he played and still

the children ran, not one of them growing tired.

As the piper came to the High Mountain, it opened before him. In he went, and his music was more wonderful than ever.

The children entered with the piper into the mountain.

The entrance closed, and none were ever seen again, and bitter was the mourning in Hamelyn town that night.

The LITTLE MERMAID

DEEP down under the ocean, the Sea King's palace lies. The walls are of coral, the windows of amber, and the roof is made of mussel shells, each containing a priceless pearl.

The Sea King was a widower, and his palace was ruled by his mother. She was a very great queen indeed, and wore twelve oysters to show that she was of the highest royal blood.

The Sea King had five lovely daughters, who enjoyed a gay life down below until they were fifteen. Then each Princess had the right to rise to the surface of the waves and look out upon the wonderful land world. There she marveled at the ships and watched the children as they played near the shore.

The youngest Princess longed more than any of her sisters for her fifteenth birthday, and her heart beat madly when her grandmother finally said, "Now you are grown up. Let me dress you like your sisters, so that you may rise to the surface of the sea."

The old Queen put pearls in the little mermaid's hair, each pearl as large as a lily leaf, and along the little mermaid's scaly body she fastened eight oyster shells. These hurt dreadfully, but the old Queen told the Princess that pride must expect to suffer pain.

So the little mermaid rose like a bubble into a sea all golden and sparkling in the majestic light of a dying sunset.

Ah, yes! There was one of the ships her sisters had told her about. The air was so quiet that all the sails were furled, and the passengers on board were making merry.

The little mermaid swam closer and saw gay colored lights and beautifully clad people dancing. And among them was a handsome prince. The little mermaid longed and longed that she too might be mortal, and exchange her tail for two legs and feet. Oh, how she would run and dance!

But as the night wore on, a dreadful storm arose. The thunder rolled, the lightning flashed. At first the little mermaid was delighted to rise up and down on the mountainous waves. But soon she saw that the ship was in trouble. It was being dashed to pieces on a reef.

The Mermaid Saves the Prince

She knew what that meant, for many people fell down to the bottom of the sea from the big ships. So she dived among the wreckage and, finding the Prince, she raised him in her arms and held his head above water. Then she swam and swam with him till, early in the morning, she brought him to a sandy bay. Here she laid him on the snow-white sand in the sunshine, and watched till at last a troop of maidens came down to the shore. The Prince revived; but alas, he never knew who it was who had saved him.

One day the mermaid told her sisters about the handsome Prince and how much she longed to see him once more.

"Come, little sister," they said, "we will show you his palace."

So they all wound their arms together and rose into the moonlight, and the sisters took the little mermaid to the palace, at the edge of the sea.

THE LITTLE MERMAID

But the more the little mermaid saw of the Prince, the more she longed to be a mortal and lose her long fish's tail. So one day she got up her courage to speak to the old Queen.

"Do human beings die as we do, grandmother?"

"Why, yes," said the old Queen; "and they live a far shorter time than we do. We live three hundred years, and then we are turned into sea foam; but human beings have immortal souls, which live on and on. When their bodies die, their souls rise up among the stars, and they go to a wonderful land, of which they do not know anything until they find it."

Then the mermaid was filled with a greater longing than ever to become a mortal and win an immortal soul.

One night when all the court was busy holding a great sea ball, the little mermaid slipped away. She made a terrible journey down a whirlpool and through a horrible forest of sea creatures, which clutched at her with their wormy arms. At last she came to the sea witch, and told the wise old woman how she longed to be a mortal.

The witch told the little mermaid that she was very foolish. But she gave her a potion which she was to drink on the morrow just as the sun rose. She would then find that her fish's tail had disappeared and that two legs had come instead. But the witch warned her that with every step she took, her feet would hurt as though cut with knives.

"If you can make this Prince love you

and take you for his wife, then you will become a mortal. But remember that if you fail, then, on the day he marries, you will turn into sea foam, and your existence will be over."

"Thank you! Thank you!" said the mermaid. "I will endure all this gladly."

"One thing more!" said the witch. "I must have your beautiful voice."

"Oh!" cried the little mermaid, "but how can I make the Prince love me if I have no voice?"

"You have your beauty, and you will dance as no mortal has ever danced before."

So the witch snipped out the little mermaid's tongue and gave her the potion; and next morning, as she sat on the shore near the Prince's palace, she drank the potion just as the sun rose out of the sea.

She felt a terrible

cutting pain and then fainted away and sank down, all wound round with her long dark hair.

When she waked, the Prince was standing over her; and seeing how beautiful she was, he took her into the palace, thinking he had found a lovely little child.

He had her dressed in the most exquisite of robes, and all the court was charmed at her dancing; but he never once thought of this strange dumb beauty as his bride.

The Fatal Hour Arrives

And when his wedding with a lovely Princess was arranged, the little mermaid knew that her hour of death was at hand.

But the Sea Kings had always been a brave people. The little mermaid smilingly



Aloft on billows of foam the little mermaid carried the Prince, and the spirits of the air speedily brought him back to life.

THE LITTLE MERMAID



Never again will she cleave the billows with that fish-like tail, and never again will she need to fear the

octopus with slimy tentacles. For she is going to join the winged spirits of the air.

held the train of the bride at the wedding. And when they all went off in a gorgeous ship, she went too, as one of the Princess' maidens, and danced so exquisitely on ship-board that everyone marveled. And she scarcely felt the pain in her feet, for as she danced she was thinking that when the sun rose next morning, she would turn into sea foam.

A Love Greater than Life

When all was quiet on the ship, she sat on the deck and saw her sisters rise and swim toward her.

"Ah, little sister," they cried, "we are so grieved for you! See! We have given the witch all our hair in exchange for this dagger. If you kill the Prince to-night, you will become a mermaid once more, and live out your three hundred years."

The little mermaid took the dagger gratefully, and her sisters swam away.

At first the little mermaid thought she would kill the Prince; but soon she knew in her heart that she could never do it. So she sat watching and waiting for the sun to rise. And as she saw the top of his glowing head, the little mermaid tossed the dagger into the sea, sprang after it, and knew no more.

But as the sun gained power, she was conscious of being surrounded by swarms of lovely beings, and heard sweet melodies such as she had never dreamed of.

"Where am I?" She spoke, and her voice was as beautiful as the voices she heard about her.

"You are among the daughters of the air," came the reply.

"Have you souls?" asked the little mermaid anxiously.

"Not yet, but we shall earn our souls. We fly off to the hot countries and freshen the air, and drive off pestilence, and prepare the fragrance for the flowers. Come with us, new little sister. You are among us because you have already endured so much. Endure still longer, and at last you will receive your soul."

Drifting Away on a Rosy Cloud

At that moment the little mermaid saw the ship go by; and lo, the Prince and Princess were looking down at the foam.

"I am glad that I didn't kill him," thought the little mermaid.

So she rose upward light as air, kissed the bride's cheek, and fanned the cheek of the Prince. Then away she fled on a rosy cloud with her new sisters, to cheer and help mortals in their need, and to win her reward.

So when little children are tired and hot and ill with fever, they sometimes feel a cool breath floating above them, and they whisper, "Thank you, little mermaid, for being so kind."

JORINDA AND JORINDEL

Long years ago, when the world was a very different place from what it is now, this youth and beautiful maid lived on the edge of an enchanted forest.



JORINDA *and* JORINDEL

ONCE upon a time an old witch lived alone in a grim old castle surrounded by a forest. By day she was a cat or an owl; but when the sun sank out of sight, she became an old woman with a crooked back, great red eyes, and a nose that nearly touched the tip of her chin.

The witch could entice game and birds to come so close that she could catch them; and if any man came within a hundred paces of the castle, he had to stay where he was until she released him, for he could neither speak nor move a muscle. If a young girl came within a hundred paces, the witch turned her into a bird and carried her into the castle, where she had already seven thousand cages full of prisoners.

Now a beautiful young girl named Jorinda and a handsome young man named Jorindel were engaged to be married and were joyfully looking forward to their wedding. One evening they were walking arm in arm in the forest, talking together with much happiness. It was a lovely evening, and the setting sun gilded all the tree trunks.

"We must be careful not to go too near the castle," said Jorindel.

Just then a bird began to sing so mournfully that Jorinda's happiness vanished, and

she burst into tears without really knowing why. Jorindel tried to comfort her, but indeed he felt as sad as if he were going to die.

The sun had now sunk halfway behind the mountains, so they decided to go home. But as they turned round a bend in the path, they were horrified to see the castle quite close. Jorindel went pale as death. But Jorinda sang:

"O mournful dove with red, red ring,
Sing sorrow, sorrow, sorrow!
Of pain and trouble thou dost sing —
Sing sorrow, sor—Tzuckit! Tzuckit!
Tzuckit! Tzuckit! Tzuckit!"

At the same instant Jorindel felt himself fixed as a rock to the ground, unable to speak, and he saw that his beloved Jorinda had been turned into a nightingale. She could only cry, "Tzuckit! Tzuckit!" while an owl flew round her three times crying, "Hu! Hu! Hu!"

But now the sun sank altogether behind the mountain, and instead of the owl, Jorindel saw the witch herself.

"Ha! Ha!" cried the witch, seizing the nightingale in her arms.

THE GOOSE GIRL

Then she released Jorindel with a mocking laugh.

The young man fell on his knees and implored her to give him back his bride, but she shook her head as she darted off, and cried, "No! No! Thou wilt never see thy bride again!"

In despair Jorindel turned away. He engaged himself as a shepherd, that he might wander round and round the castle every night, though he took care never to go too near. But one night he dreamed that he found a flower which had, in its center, a single pearl. With this flower and pearl he thought, in his dream, that he went to the gate of the castle, which opened before him.

He waked all excitement, and for nine days and nights he searched for the flower with the pearl. At last, to his great joy, he found it, and carrying it in his hand he went within a hundred paces of the castle. He found that he was still free to walk about.

Greatly encouraged he went forward, touched the gate with the flower, and to his great joy saw the doors swing open. He entered, and listened eagerly for the sound

of the singing of birds. At last he heard it. Coming into a great hall, he saw the seven thousand birds; and there, giving them food, was the witch herself.

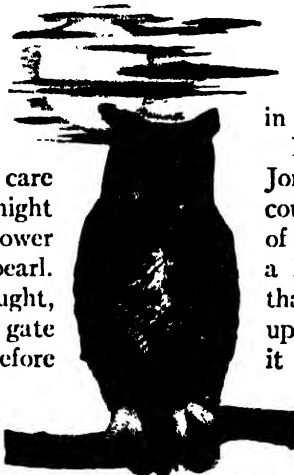
When the witch saw him she cried out in terror, for she knew that her spell was broken; though she rushed at him to tear him to pieces, she could not come within three paces of him.

But Jorindel was thinking of his Jorinda, and wondering how he could find her among those hundreds of nightingales. It might have been a hard task, had it not happened that all of a sudden the witch ran up to one of the cages and, snatching it in her arms, started to carry it away.

Instantly he guessed the truth. He sprang toward her, seized the cage, and put the flower between the bars.

There was his lovely Jorinda, standing before him in all her beauty; and he clasped her in his arms, while she shed tears for pure joy.

The witch stood by helpless, all her power gone; and Jorinda, seizing the flower, rushed round the cages and set every beautiful maiden free.



By the cold light of day this solemn bird seemed to be only an owl, but under the light of the moon it turned to a cruel witch.

The GOOSE GIRL

ONCE upon a time there lived a widowed queen who had one lovely daughter, who was very dear to her. The Princess had been betrothed from childhood to a prince in a distant land, and the time finally came when she was old enough to go to him.

The Queen was greatly distressed at parting with her daughter, but she knew that it could not be helped; so she gathered magnificent presents to send to the Prince, and fine clothes and jewels for her daughter.

On the night before the Princess set forth on her journey, the Queen pricked her finger and let three drops of blood fall on a handkerchief.

"Dear daughter," she said tenderly, "take

this kerchief and guard it well, for it will help you in time of need."

Next morning the Queen took leave of the Princess, and sent her off, riding on a wonderful fairy horse named Falada (fä-lä'dä). On another horse she sent a waiting maid to accompany the girl.

Presently, as they rode along, the Princess grew thirsty, and drawing out a golden cup she asked the waiting maid to dismount and get her a drink from a stream.

"Dismount yourself!" said the woman rudely. "Why should I be your waiting maid?"

The Princess was astonished; but being gentle and humble she dismounted, and knelt by the stream and drank. Yet in her heart she cried, "Ah, dear God!"

THE GOOSE GIRL

Then to her surprise there came a whisper from the kerchief:

"If the Queen but knew how thy heart did ache,

Her royal heart with grief would break."

The Princess felt cheered, and mounting her horse Falada, she rode on.

Presently, having quite forgotten her waiting maid's rudeness, the Princess again requested her to bring a drink of water.

But the woman answered still more roughly; and as the Princess knelt by the stream she whispered, "Ah, dear God!"

Then the kerchief answered: "If the Queen but knew how thy heart did ache,

Her royal heart with sorrow would break."

Now as the Princess drank, the waiting maid noticed that the kerchief fell from

her bosom and floated away on the stream; and she smiled an evil smile, for she knew that now the Princess was helpless in her hands.

So the waiting maid leaped from her horse and ordered the Princess to exchange clothes and horses with her. The Princess had no power to resist and had to do as she was told; but Falada listened and noticed all that was done to his royal mistress.

The Princess Becomes a Goose Girl

"Thou shalt swear," said the waiting maid fiercely, "that thou wilt tell no man who thou art, or a dreadful death will come upon thee."

So the poor Princess swore, and meekly mounting the waiting maid's horse, she rode on.

Now when they reached the court, the King and the Queen and the Prince came out to meet the bride. The waiting maid was taken into the palace with great honor, and the Princess was left standing in the courtyard.

"Who is that maiden?" asked the King, for he noticed that she was very beautiful.

"Oh, just someone I picked up on my journey!" said the waiting maid. "It would be a kindness to find her work."

So the King sent her off to help the goose boy, Conrad, to look after the geese in the fields.

But Falada listened and noticed all.

The waiting maid was not satisfied with having got rid of the Princess, so she said to the King, "I should be grateful if Your Majesty would order my horse's head to be cut off. He is a tiresome beast, and it gives me pain to look at him."

The King, willing to please his son's bride, ordered the horse's head to be struck off.

When the Princess heard the news, she was indeed in despair, and she went to the slaughterer and begged that he would nail up Falada's head above the archway through which she and Conrad had to drive the geese.

Next morning when the Princess passed out to the fields with the geese, she turned and looked at the head.



Bending over the stream, the Princess has let her magic handkerchief fall from her bosom—and who knows what might have been the outcome of that innocent carelessness had it not been that her wise old horse was more gifted than horses usually are?

THE GOOSE GIRL

Into the sunny distance gazed the goose girl, trying in vain to see the land where life had been so bright and people so kind.



"Ah, Falada!" she moaned, "what a fate for thee to hang there!"

"Ah, beloved mistress!" said the horse's head, "what a fate for thee to be tending geese!"

"If the Queen but knew how thy heart did ache,

Her royal heart with grief would break."

The Princess Commands the Winds

As the Princess sat down under a tree, she took down her long hair to rebraid it. The boy Conrad, staring at her, saw that her hair was of purest spun gold, and he reached out his hand teasingly to take a lock. But the Princess cried, as she waved her hand:

"Winds of the heavens, come I pray,
And carry young Conrad's cap away
Over the meadows, here and there,
Till I've smoothly plaited my golden hair."

So the wind carried off Conrad's cap, and a fine chase he had after it. When he came back, the goose girl's hair was braided so smoothly that there was not a single hair loose.

On the next day, as they passed under the archway with the geese, the Princess sighed and spoke to Falada's head as before; and it made the same answer. And again, as she sat under the tree, she let down her

hair and Conrad tried to snatch at it. Again she called the wind and sent Conrad chasing after his cap, until she had had time to braid her hair smooth again.

That evening Conrad went to the King to complain of the goose girl, and told him of her golden hair and the way the horse's head answered her. So next day the King determined to follow this strange maiden and see for himself what took place.

Everything happened as Conrad described; and as they passed homeward in the evening, the Princess looked up at Falada's head and cried:

"Have pity, Falada, and save me, I pray.

I cannot endure it another day."

And the horse replied:

"If the Queen now her beautiful daughter could see,

Her heart would break in sorrow for thee."

The Goose Girl Becomes Queen

Then the King sent for the goose girl, and she came to him in great fear.

"Be not afraid," he said kindly. "Tell me who thou art."

"Nay," she said sadly, "that I can never do, for I have sworn to tell no man who I am."

"Ah," said the King, "then thou shalt tell thy story to the stove in yonder corner!"

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

"That I will gladly do," said the Princess. So the King left her alone, and the Princess knelt by the stove and told all her sorrow.

Now there was a hole in the wall behind the stove, and the King, stooping to listen, heard every word. That evening he made a great feast in honor of the coming marriage of his son; and he ordered the goose girl to be clothed in wonderful raiment, in which she was so dazzlingly beautiful that the false bride did not recognize her mistress.

The false bride sat on one side of the young King and the Princess on the other.

Then the old King rose and told a strange story. When he had finished, he said to the false bride, "What ought to be done to a

wicked woman who has betrayed her mistress?"

"Why," said the false bride, "she should be cast out in horrible disgrace."

"Thou hast well said!" cried the King. "Thou hast pronounced thine own doom!" And forthwith the false bride was cast out and the Princess became queen; and she and her husband ruled the land in blessedness and peace.

As for the fairy horse Falada, he reappeared more splendid than ever, and the new Queen rode him every day. He never failed to give her sage advice; and when her first child began to toddle about, it was Falada's delight to



So beautiful was the strange new princess that the courtiers stood in amazement, eager for a chance to kiss her hand.

carry the little prince on his back.

BEAUTY *and the* BEAST

ONCE upon a time there was a rich merchant who had brought up his daughters in great splendor. But one day on returning home he told them that all his ships and fortune were lost and that they must now live in poverty.

The two elder sisters were angry and discontented, but Beauty, the youngest, could only think of how she might help her father.

There came a day, however, when the merchant told his daughters that there was a chance that one of his treasure ships had been found, and that he must start off on a long journey. And he promised to bring each of his daughters a gift.

The elder sisters chose jewels and lace; but Beauty said she would be quite satisfied with a single white rose.

* * *

Now on his way home the merchant, one dark night, lost his way in the forest. Attracted by shining lights, he came upon a wonderful castle. The stable seemed to be empty, so he left his horse before a manger filled with food and entered the castle door. To his amazement, though the place was full of light and the sweetest music filled the air, he saw neither man nor woman. So he flung himself down in a deep chair and fell asleep.

When he waked he found that a fire had been lighted and a dainty feast spread before him.

He ate heartily, and then, on seeing a door that opened from the room, he entered a sumptuous bedchamber and went to bed.

Next morning he waked early, found breakfast waiting for him, and eager to get home, he went out toward the stable.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST



Now on his way he passed a white rose-bush, and remembering Beauty's request, he gathered a rose for her. No sooner had he picked it than he was startled at the sound of a thunderous roaring. He looked round and saw a huge Beast with glaring eyes, mighty jaws, and gigantic ears. It rushed out on him and demanded how he dared, after receiving such hospitality, to think of stealing a rose.

Beauty Visits the Beast

"Indeed!" cried the terrified merchant, "I only wanted a single white rose to please my daughter Beauty." Then he stammered out the whole story.

The Beast listened, but still looked very fierce. Finally he made the merchant promise that he would bring Beauty to the castle within a month, or return himself to be slain.

"And I must have your word that Beauty shall come only of her own free will."

"Yes, yes!" cried the terrified merchant.

"Take the rose. Give it to your daughter!" said the Beast. Then he disappeared, and the merchant, finding his horse, was thankful to ride away.

* * *

A month passed, and the merchant and Beauty arrived at the castle. The lights were shining as before, and there was sweet music and the fragrance of flowers every-

where. When Beauty went to her room, she was entranced by its daintiness. And seeing a robe of finest silk hanging ready for her use, she put it on.

After a sumptuous meal there came the noise of heavy tramping.

The Beast entered, and the merchant shrank back in terror.

But Beauty, plucking up courage, curtsied and said politely, "Good evening, Beast."

"Did you come willingly?" he growled, glaring at her.

"Oh yes, Beast," she said. "I would do anything to please my father."

The Beast sent Beauty and the merchant into another room to choose all they wished in jewels and gold and silks and laces. Then the following morning, after a sad leave-taking, the merchant went away with the treasure, and Beauty was left.

Yet, strangely enough, she did not feel afraid as she wandered about in the wonderful castle.

Beauty Saves the Beast

That night after supper the Beast came into the room and stood on the other side of the table.

"Beauty, will you marry me?" he said.

"Oh, no, Beast!" she said.

Then the Beast gave a great sigh, and turning, went away.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

That night Beauty had a dream of a beautiful Prince who implored her to rescue him from some enchantment; and her heart went out to him in love.

On the following day she noticed a bracelet hanging below a mirror, and when she examined it, she found in it a portrait of the very Prince whom she had seen in her dream. So she slipped it on her arm.

That night the Beast came again, and stood at the far side of the table and said, "Beauty, will you marry me?"

"Oh, no, Beast," said Beauty.

So the Beast sighed and left her.

That night, and every night, Beauty dreamed of the Prince; and every night for thirty nights the Beast asked her to marry him.

But at last, though Beauty had everything that heart could desire, she grew so homesick that when the Beast came in, she fell on her knees and implored him to let her go home, if only for a short visit, to see her father, whom she missed greatly.

Then the Beast gave a dreadful groan, and said, "Beauty, you shall go; but if you do not return within a month, I shall die."

"Ah, but I shall return, Beast!" said Beauty. "And I thank you for all your kindness to me."

"Take this ring," said the Beast, "and when you turn it to-morrow, you will be at

home. Turn it again when you wish to come back."

But that night when she dreamed of the Prince, he looked so sadly at her that Beauty woke up weeping.

* * *

Beauty was so happy at home that she forgot how many days had gone. But one night she had a dreadful dream. She thought she saw the Beast lying in the garden groaning and breathing his last. Leaping up, she remembered her unfaithfulness. She dressed quickly, turned the ring, and found herself in the castle garden.

"Oh, Beast, Beast, where are you?" she cried.

But she wandered in vain until suddenly, close by the rosebush, she found him lying stretched out as though dead.

Then Beauty thought of all his kindness to her, and something rose up in her heart which made her cry, "Beast! Beast! Don't die! I

will marry you! I will marry you to-day!"

But when she had said it, Beauty sank down on the ground and covered her eyes.

"Beauty!" said a voice.

She looked up, and, lo! there was no Beast, but kneeling before her was the beautiful Prince of her dream, released from his enchantment by her love and faithfulness. They were married in great state, and lived happily forever after.



Either of Beauty's selfish sisters would have let the poor Beast die, and so would never have married the handsome Prince, nor have lived in the beautiful castle which you see dimly in the distance.

CINDERELLA



Sitting amid her pots and pans, poor Cinderella was left to weep while her haughty stepsisters went off to

the King's ball. But they did not have a very good time, for they looked so very disagreeable.

CINDERELLA

CINDERELLA, ragged and miserable, sat in the chimney corner staring into the fire and listening to the sound of the wheels of the carriage which was taking her stepsisters to the King's ball. She had helped to dress her proud, scornful sisters, but when she had pleaded that she also would like to go to the ball, they had burst out in rude laughter and had told her that she was only fit to scrub the floors and sit among the ashes.

But Cinderella was young and beautiful, and suddenly she leaned down her head and burst into a passion of tears.

She was roused by the sound of a "tap, tap" on the floor, and looking round, she saw a sweet old woman in buckled shoes, a red cloak, and a tall hat. She was leaning on a gold-headed cane.

"Why do you weep, Cinderella?" she asked. "Tell me, for I am your godmother."

"O! godmother!" cried Cinderella, "I weep because I want to go to the ball."

"Tut! tut!" said the old woman. "Go out into the garden and bring me a pumpkin."

Cinderella soon found a pumpkin, all yellow and gold, and her godmother scooped out the inside and touched it with her cane. Lo! it turned into a yellow and gold coach.

"Now bring me the mousetrap," she said.

So Cinderella brought the mousetrap, and her godmother touched the mice as they ran out and turned them into six splendid horses.

"Now the rat trap," said her godmother.

When Cinderella brought it, her godmother chose the fattest rat, touched him with her cane, and turned him into a plump coachman

The Beauty of the Ball

"And now look under that flowerpot and bring me six lizards." Cinderella found the lizards, and they were turned into six liveried footmen.

"Now, child, get in!" cried her godmother.

"Oh, but I cannot go in these rags!" cried Cinderella.

"Tut! tut!" said her godmother, and she waved her cane. Cinderella found herself in the most wonderful gown of lavender and pink, with jewels in her hair and about

CINDERELLA

her arms and throat, and on her feet a pair of shining glass slippers.

"Oh, godmother!" and she curtsied low, "I have never been so happy in all my life."

"Remember, child," said her godmother, "that you must leave the ball before the clock strikes twelve, or all your finery will turn to rags."

"I will remember—indeed I will!" cried the girl.

Then the footman opened the door of the coach, Cinderella stepped inside, and was whirled away.

* * *

"Who is this princess?" asked the guests of one another at the ball.

"Who is the beautiful lady with whom our son is dancing?" asked the King of the Queen.

But no one knew anything about her except that she had arrived late, in a magnificent coach.

It was soon clear that the Prince would dance with no one save the unknown beauty. But in all her splendor Cinderella carried herself with modesty and gentleness, and won favor from all. She was even friendly to her ugly and proud sisters, and they curtsied low before her, gratified at her notice.

When the Clock Struck Twelve

When long before twelve o'clock Cinderella declared that she must go, it was the Prince himself who took her to her coach.

Now when her sisters returned, they were full of excitement about the unknown Princess, and talked like magpies as Cinderella undressed them.

"Her Royal Highness took particular notice of us!" cried the elder sister.

"And we could see how she admired our taste in clothes and headdresses," said the second.

But Cinderella, feeling inclined to break into laughter, said nothing, and soon slipped off to the miserable attic where she slept.

But to-night no attic could be miserable, for as Cinderella lay down she thought of the Prince and all he had said to her, and fell asleep to dream of him.

* * *

On the following night the Prince was waiting on the palace steps, and when her coach at last appeared, he handed Cinderella out. Her godmother had clothed her even more richly than before; and again the Prince danced every dance with her. And Cinderella was so happy that she forgot her godmother's



With trembling heart Cinderella allowed herself to be arrayed as she had never been arrayed before—in clothes much more beautiful than those her sisters had worn.

warning to leave the ball before twelve.

"Princess, beautiful Princess!" said the Prince, as they sat down to rest. "Tell me who you are! Be my bride—"

But the words were scarcely out of his mouth, when the clock began to strike twelve.

With a cry of dismay, Cinderella leaped up and fled toward the door. The Prince followed her, but she was fleetier than he. As she reached the steps into the street, the clock chimed its last stroke and a rude footman pushed against a girl who he thought was a kitchen-maid, and asked her how she dared to use the front staircase.

Down in the street lay a pumpkin, some rats, mice, and lizards were scuttling about in

JACK THE GIANT KILLER

the gutter, and Cinderella fled back to her chimney corner. There, crouching over the dying ashes, she burst into tears.

* * *

But the Prince, wild with distress had picked up a glass slipper which Cinderella had dropped in her flight. He was quite sure that no one in the world could wear it except the beautiful Princess of the ball. So the glass slipper was laid on a velvet cushion and carried from the palace, and proclamation was made that whosoever could wear it, the same should be the Prince's bride.

Every fair lady in the town was now eager to try on the slipper, but alas, no foot was found that could get into it. The ugly sisters were naturally beside themselves with eagerness to win a prince for a husband. They waited impatiently at their door, and when the heralds came by, rushed out and begged them to come in.

Cinderella gazed at the little slipper, and a look of hope sprang up in her soft eyes. She waited until the sisters had tried and

tried and squeezed and squeezed, all in vain. Then she asked whether she might try.

"You, indeed! Get back to your chimney corner!" cried one of the sisters.

But the chief herald saw that the ragged girl was beautiful, and he had been commanded to let everyone try.

Just then the Prince came riding by. He rushed into the house to learn from the herald of his success. Imagine his surprise to see a shabby little kitchen-maid trying on the slipper.

But there was no struggling and squeezing now. Cinderella's foot slipped into it quite easily, and with a smile she drew the other slipper from her pocket.

"You! You!" gasped the sisters.

"Tap! Tap!" And there was the fairy god-mother. With one wave of her cane she turned Cinderella into the Princess of the ball.

The Prince sank on one knee before her, kissed her hand, and rising, claimed her for his bride.

They were married in great state and lived happily forever after.



With a cry of dismay poor Cinderella ran from the palace when she heard the first stroke of twelve. And after her followed the Prince, eager not to lose sight of the beautiful girl he had just asked to be his bride.

JACK THE GIANT KILLER

ONCE upon a time there lived in England a wonderful hero named Jack, who made it his business to rid the country of the giants that then beset it.

When the mighty Cormoran (kôr'mô-rân) strode through the sea from St. Michael's Mount, club on shoulder, to carry off the cattle and sheep from the hapless farmers, it was Jack who secretly dug a pit at the giant's gate, covered it with turf, and then challenged the giant to fight.

Out came Cormoran, fell into the pit headlong, and was slain.

When Blunderbore, Cormoran's brother, had caught Jack and shut him up in his castle, Jack heard Blunderbore talking to another giant outside his prison cell; and hanging out a rope, Jack managed to cast a slipknot about the giants' necks, and strangle them from his bars. Then, squeezing through the wrenched bars, he found the keys and rescued the tortured prisoners. Among them were three beautiful ladies, whom he found hanging by their hair. Jack gallantly presented the castle to them, and went his way.

JACK THE GIANT KILLER

In Wales, Jack had the luck to overcome a giant and gain a cloak of invisibility, a sword of swiftness, a cap of knowledge, and shoes of fleetness. With these he became well-nigh invincible. When one day in the forest he came upon a knight and his lady being dragged along by a giant to his castle, he not only slew the giant but also the giant's brother, who lived in the castle.

Here Jack found numbers of prisoners in cages, ready to be flung into a boiling cauldron whenever the giants required a meal. At first, when they saw Jack enter, they were terrified. But the hero soon filled their hearts with joy when he told them that the cruel giants were dead and that they all should go free.

Now one night Jack arrived at a hermit's hut and asked for hospitality. While he ate, the hermit told him of a terrible giant named Golligant, who lived in a fine mansion with his magician. The wicked magician had power to turn the knights and ladies whom the giant captured into birds and bats and other animals. Only that very day Golligant had captured a duke's lovely daughter while she was walking in her father's garden.

Filled with fury, Jack rose early. He put on his invisible cloak, and, safely clad in it, encountered two fiery dragons that guarded the entrance of the castle. He passed between them without their even knowing that he was there.

Hanging on the gate he saw a mighty trumpet, on which were the words:

"Blow this trumpet loud, I pray;

You will then the giant slay."

Jack blew with all the breath in his lungs.

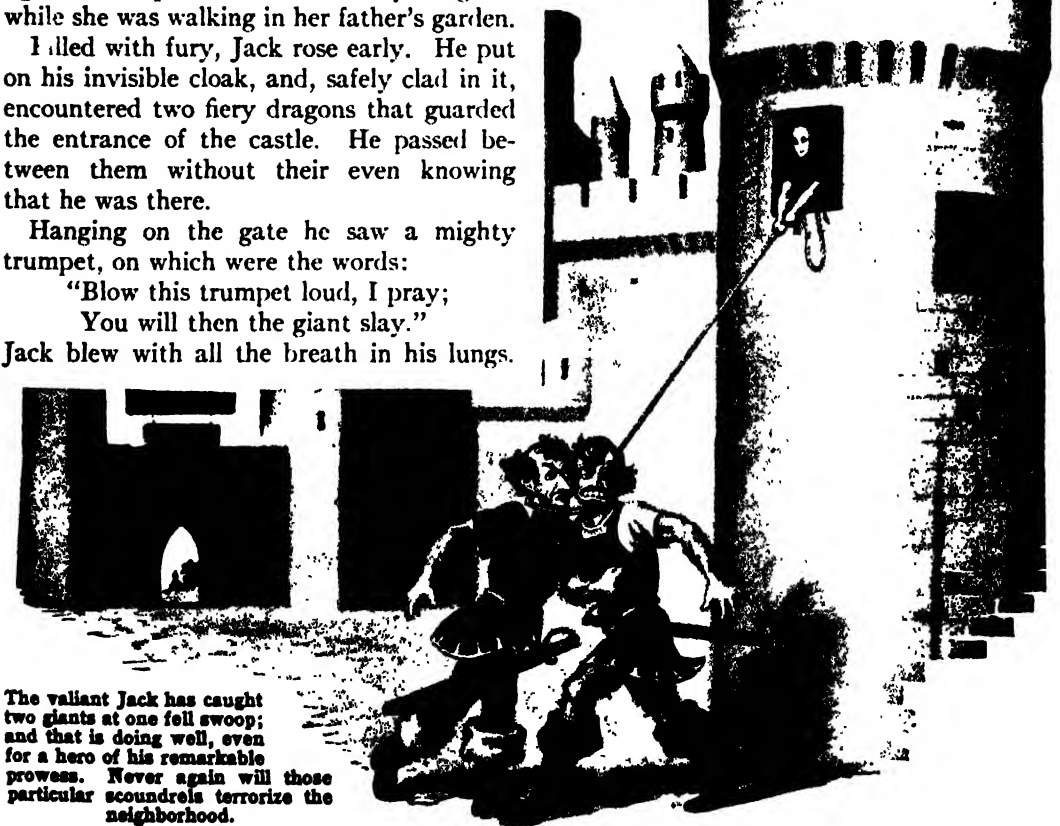
And at the sound the giant turned pale, knowing that his last hour had come.

Clad in his cloak of invisibility, Jack slew the giant with the sword of swiftness. But he knew that he must destroy the magician, too, if the unhappy prisoners were to be restored to their rightful shapes.

Now the magician could turn himself into any shape he chose. But Jack, wearing his cap of knowledge, knew that an ant running across the floor was the magician. He lifted his foot to crush it, but the ant turned into a hare and fled.

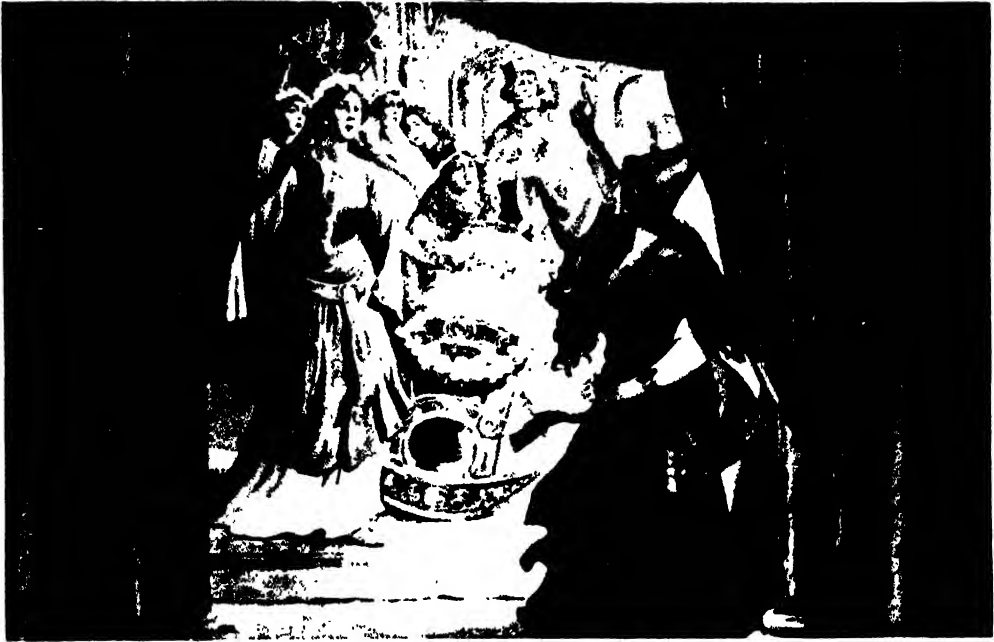
In his shoes of fleetness, Jack gave chase, and when the magician turned into a tiny knot of thread, Jack slashed it through, and the magician was no more.

The spell was broken, the knights and ladies came back to their true shapes, and Jack, falling in love with the duke's daughter, asked her to marry him. They lived happy forever after.



The valiant Jack has caught two giants at one fell swoop; and that is doing well, even for a hero of his remarkable prowess. Never again will those particular scoundrels terrorize the neighborhood.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY



The spiteful fairy has just done her work, but happily for the baby lying there in the cradle, envy and bitter-

ness never can be so strong as gentleness and love. So the fairy is doomed to disappointment after all.

The SLEEPING BEAUTY

ONCE upon a time there were a king and queen who wished very much to have a daughter.

After years of waiting, a princess was born to them, and the King and Queen were so delighted that they ordered a great feast to be prepared for the christening. Besides the other guests seven fairies were invited, and gold plates and goblets were set for their use.

Before they all sat down to the feast, the baby was presented in her cradle of silver, which sparkled with diamonds set among the lace. The first fairy kissed the Princess and gave her the gift of beauty. The second fairy gave her the gift of wealth. The third gave her the gift of song; the fourth, the gift of knowledge; the fifth, the gift of health; the sixth, the gift of joy and happiness. But just as the seventh fairy was stepping forward, she noticed an evil-looking old fairy who pushed her way into the ban-

queting hall and stared at the table, where no place had been set for her.

"So! So!" she cried, to the terrified King and Queen. "I am not worthy of an invitation to the christening of your daughter. I suppose you thought I was dead! Well—know, all ye present, that I am alive and claim my rights." And as none dared to stop her, she walked over to the cradle.

The seventh fairy hid herself behind a curtain, for, thought she, "If the old fairy casts a spell on the baby, I may be able to undo some of the mischief."

It was terrible to the poor Queen to see the old fairy bend over the baby, and worse to hear what she had to say.

"For fifteen years, my Princess, you shall live to enjoy the gifts that have been poured out upon you; but on your fifteenth birthday you will prick your finger with a spindle, and die!" The old fairy looked round in spiteful triumph and then darted away.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

The Queen burst into tears and the King groaned aloud, and all the court stood quite still in respectful dismay and sympathy.

Then the seventh fairy appeared and cried eagerly, "I have no power to undo all the spell, but here is the gift I bring," and she kissed the baby.

"Princess!" she said, "it is true that on your fifteenth birthday you will prick your finger with a spindle, but you will not die. You will sleep for one hundred years, and at the end of that time a noble prince will waken you with a kiss, and take you as his bride."

On that very day the King sent forth a proclamation that all spindles within five miles of the palace were to be destroyed. But alas! even a king cannot undo the spell of a fairy.

All went well until the Princess's fifteenth birthday. She was beautiful, wealthy, musical, clever, healthy, and full of joy and happiness, and all the court

was proud of her. But on that day a willful mood seized her, and she wandered into a part of the palace where she had never been before. At the end of a long passage, she saw a door. It was ajar, and seemed to invite her to go in. She entered and found herself on a winding stair. She skipped up it lightly enough, and came to a small chamber in which an old woman was sitting spinning.

The Princess Pricks Her Finger

"Oh, what are you doing?" cried the Princess. "I've never seen a thing like that before."

"Take it, my pretty dear!" said the old woman.

The Princess took it and was examining it when, lo! she pricked her finger and a drop of blood oozed forth. The old woman was terrified to see that the Princess seemed about to faint, and seizing her in her arms, she carried her down the tower.

When the King and Queen saw their child, they knew but too well what had happened.

The Princess was laid on a silken couch, and her face was covered with a gossamer veil. Though she slept as though she were in a deathlike trance, her cheeks were tinted like rose petals and lilies, and her breath came as gently as though she were a baby in her cradle.

As the broken-hearted King and Queen stood gazing at her, the seventh fairy appeared, her eyes full of pity.

"Oh, beautiful fairy, is there nothing—nothing you can do to help us?" sobbed the Queen.

"Only this!" and the fairy waved her wand.

Instantly it was as though a mighty hush had fallen on the palace. Work and play stopped, actions broke off, words remained unspoken. The King, the Queen, the courtiers, the servants, the animals, the trees, the flowers, all fell into a deep sleep. And suddenly, round the palace grounds, there grew up a thorn hedge so dense that none might pass.

It was a hundred years later, all but a single day, when a handsome prince stood gazing in wonder at the thorn hedge. He asked a very aged countryman standing near what it could mean.

"I looked from yonder height," said the Prince, "and have seen the towers of a fair castle, and I should like very much to go



Because it has been decreed, the little Princess has mounted the lonely tower and now will take in her hand the spindle whose power it is to put her to sleep for a hundred years.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

and pay my respects to the owner.

"Beware, beware!" muttered the old man. "The castle is enchanted. So, indeed, is the hedge. More than one young prince has tried to force his way through and has perished. 'Tis said that an enchanted princess sleeps within the castle; but of that I know not. I know not!" and the old man went off muttering.

Next morning the Prince rose up early and, sword in hand, determined to hack his way through the hedge. What was his astonishment

to see the hedge blooming with fragrant flowers, and when he thrust in his sword, it was as though he heard a ripple of merry laughter. And lo, through the hedge there opened a pathway of blossom!

Reaching the silent garden, he was yet more amazed at what he saw. A gardener seemed about to sharpen his scythe, but he was sound asleep. One page was chasing another page, but both had stopped still. A cat was raising its back at a dog; a rabbit was just about to dash down his hole; a groom had his foot in a stirrup; an old nurse, standing on the terrace, was wringing her hands. Yet all had stopped still as if at the same instant; and the Prince saw that they were fast asleep.

In every room in the palace his eyes met

the same sight. All slept as if they had been bound by some enchantment. And then--he ascended some steps and paused, with beating heart.

There lay a princess on a silver bed. Advancing gently, the Prince lifted the veil and watched as her gentle breath came and went. Then, unable to resist, he took off his plumed cap, fell on his knee, and kissed her cheek.

Instantly the Princess opened her eyes. She smiled and threw up her arms.

"I have been dreaming of you, dear Prince!" she said.

He raised her to her feet, and suddenly the enchantment was broken!

The palace awaked. The birds sang; the cat went on spitting at the dog; the rabbit ran into his hole; the groom got into the saddle; the horse plunged

forward. In the kitchen the meat went on roasting the fire burning, the cook scolding--and as for the King and Queen, they first clasped each other in their happiness, and then they embraced their daughter.

"Prince! Prince!" cried the Queen. "How can we reward you for what you have done?"

"Give me your daughter in marriage as my wife," he pleaded.

So there was a fine wedding and the pair lived happily ever afterwards.



Without knowing that he is doing so, the old shepherd, by means of his warnings, is taking the very best way to send the young Prince straight to the castle.



Frozen into silence, there they sleep, all poised on the brink of action. And there they have been, the horses and dogs and cooks and pages and men, for all of a hundred years. What is there powerful enough to wake them from that spell?

HOP O' MY THUMB



"I smell fresh children!" cried the terrible ogre. "No, no!" said his wife. "You smell the ox in the oven."

But the ogre had seen a little shoe under the bed, and knew that his nose had not deceived him.

HOP O' MY THUMB

I WAS a wild, stormy night as Hop o' My Thumb, the smallest boy of ten who ever wore shoes, stood with his six terrified brothers under a tree in the forest. His father, the woodcutter, had grown so poor that not having the courage to see his children die, he had led them into the wilderness and left them there. Hop, who had more brains in his tiny head than all his six brothers put together, determined that he would save them.

Climbing a high tree, he spied a shining light.

"Come, come, boys!" he cried eagerly. "I will lead you to shelter."

Now when they reached the house where the light had been, Hop knocked, and a kind-looking woman came to the door, holding a sputtering candle in her hand.

"Please, please," said Hop, "take us in for the night and give us some supper."

"No! No!" cried the woman. "Run away this instant. An ogre lives here who eats children up."

"But the wolves will eat us if we stay in the forest," pleaded Hop. "Please hide

us, for indeed we can't walk another step."

So at last the woman, who had been captured by the ogre to be his second wife, agreed to hide the children under a great bed in the kitchen.

Presently in came the ogre, with a battle-axe in his grasp.

"I smell fresh children!" he cried.

"No, no!" cried his wife. "You smell the ox I'm roasting."

In the Clutches of an Ogre

But alas, as the ogre poked about he spied a shoe, and stooping he pulled out, first the eldest boy, and then all the others one by one. He stood them up in a row, trembling before him.

"Chop off their heads!" he roared to his wife. "I have three ogres coming to dinner to-morrow. They will make a goodly pie."

"Nonsense!" said his wife with a laugh. "These children are but skin and bone. They must be fattened up for a week."

The ogre seized hold of Hop and felt him, and indeed there was little but skin on his bones.

CINDERELLA



When Cinderella asked to try on the dainty shoe of glass, everyone jeered at the poor girl and told her to run back to the hearth where cinder-wenches belonged. But the King's page had orders to let every-

one try on the slipper: so he held it out to her. In a twinkling it was on her foot, fitting as exactly as though it had been made for her—as, indeed, it had! Only then did people see that she was beautiful.

LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD



"But grandmother, what great long arms you've got!"

"The better to hug you, my child!"

"What great long ears you've got!"

"All the better to hear you with, child!"

"What frightful teeth you've got!"

But at that the wolf sprang out of bed to devour Red Riding-hood, and if the poor child had not cried out, she would certainly have met her end.

LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD

"Very well," said the ogre. "Three days. Get them to bed!"

So the wife took them upstairs and put on them seven nightcaps, and told them to lie in a row in a great bed.

"And mind you don't wake the seven ogresses in the bed in that corner!" she warned them. "Their mother was an ogress, and they may bite you if they wake."

Then she took away the candle and the room was in darkness.

But as soon as his brothers were asleep, Hop crept out of bed, and by the light of the moon, who smiled in on him, he took off his own and his brothers' nightcaps.

The ogresses wore crowns, so he exchanged the crowns for the nightcaps, and placed the crowns on his own and his brothers' heads. Then he crept back into bed.

It was as he expected. The ogre, drunk after his supper, burst into the room, with a candle in one hand and his hatchet in the other. Seeing the nightcaps, he chopped off the heads of the seven ogresses and then went laughing downstairs.

As soon as Hop heard the ogre snoring, he roused his brothers, and helped them to climb down the ivy to the ground. Then he led them on and on until the sunrise showed them the way over a high upland from which they could see the country for miles around.

Again Hop climbed a tree. Now, far in the distance, he saw that the ogre, wearing his seven-league boots, was racing after them. He could step from mountain top to

mountain top in his magic boots, and stride rivers and trees. Hop, scrambling down, hid his brothers in a cave, and crept behind some ferns.

The ogre looked this way and that, but could see nothing of the children. So he flung himself down to rest at the entrance of the cave and fell sound asleep, snoring so loud that all the birds flew off in terror.

With great effort Hop dragged off the ogre's boots, which immediately fitted themselves to his tiny feet to perfection.

But just then the ogre opened his eyes, and seeing Hop he leaped up and chased him. This was just what Hop wanted. Off

he flew, and the ogre, roaring and stumbling, followed, until Hop came to the edge of a chasm. Hop stepped over it at one stride, but the giant, forgetting that he was without his boots, tried

to follow and fell down the precipice and was dashed to pieces.

Hop went back to

his brothers, and the country people came running to see the dead ogre.

Hop o' My Thumb was hailed as a great hero. Even the king heard the story, and sent for Hop in order to give him a reward. As time went on, Hop o' My Thumb was made the king's messenger. He gained great wealth for himself, his father and mother, and his six brothers, and they all lived happily forever after.

LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD

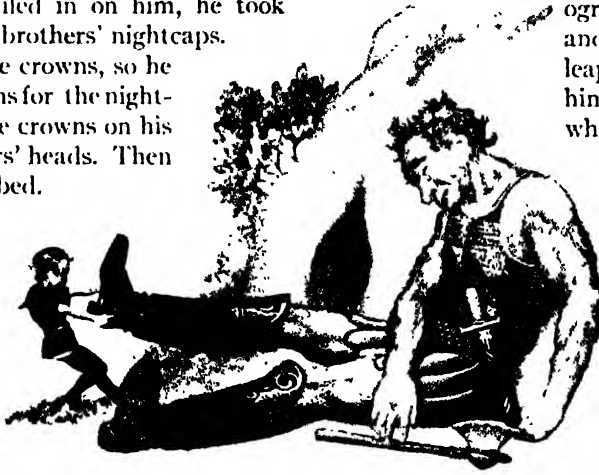
RED RIDING-HOOD was startled awake one lovely morning by her mother, who told her to dress quickly, and take a pot of honey, some oatcakes, and butter to her grandmother, who was ill.

"When you get to the cottage, just pull

the string, lift the latch, and walk in. If you meet anyone on the way, tell them you've no time to talk or to dawdle."

"I will, mother!" Red Riding-hood promised.

In a few minutes she was running off from



With a mighty wrench Hop pulled off the ogre's seven-league boots as the ugly fellow lay snoring. They were large and very heavy, yet when Hop put them on his tiny feet, they fitted him perfectly.

LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD

the cottage along a lovely lane. Presently the path led through a meadow, all brilliant with flowers.

"I'll just gather one bunch!" she thought, forgetting her promise to her mother. She did not know that a wolf was watching her. Presently he came up, with a smile on his face.

"A glorious morning, Red Riding-hood!" he said pleasantly. "What fine flowers you are gathering!"

"Why, yes, Mr. Wolf," she said, with a bright smile. "They are for my grandmother. She lives in the cottage by the edge of the wood. She is ill and I'm taking her some breakfast. I've only to pull the string, and the latch will rise, and I shall go right in."

"You must be a very kind little granddaughter," said the wolf, and with a friendly nod he galloped off.

There was a very ugly look on the wolf's face as he spied the cottage at the edge of the wood. He went up to the door and tapped gently.

"Who is there?" called a sweet voice.

"Your little granddaughter!" said the wolf.

"Come in, come in, child!" said the grandmother. "Just pull the string, and the latch will go up."

So the wolf pulled the string, lifted the latch, and went in.

As soon as the grandmother saw him, she gave a scream of terror, and in an instant the wolf had killed her. Hastily taking off her cap and nightgown, he gobbled her up. Then he dressed himself in the nightgown

and cap, and creeping into bed, he pretended to go to sleep.

Red Riding-hood, alas! went on gathering more flowers, so that it was quite late when she reached the cottage. The blinds were closely drawn.

Rather anxious now, and ashamed of her disobedience, she tapped at the door.

"Who is there?" cried the wolf, in a very thin, squeaky voice.

"It is I, Red Riding-hood!" she called.

"Come in, my child! Pull the string, and the latch will go up."

So Red Riding-hood pulled the string, the latch went up, and opening the door, she peered into the darkened room.

"I've brought you some honey, butter, and oatcakes, grandmother," said Red Riding-hood, "and such a lot of lovely flowers." And she laid everything down.

"Thank you, thank you, my child!" said the wolf. "I am feeling very, very ill. But take off your cloak and come and lie down beside me. You must be quite tired."

"Won't you let me get you some breakfast?" asked Red Riding-hood.

"No! No! Come closer. Draw back the curtain."

Face to Face with the Wolf

Red Riding-hood drew back the curtain, and stared in astonishment.

"But grandmother, what great long arms you've got!"

"The better to hug you, my child."

"What great long ears you've got!"



Down the pretty path went little Red Riding-hood, and loitered here and there to pick the most tempting of the flowers. It seemed such a tiny disobedience, and it could not delay her more than a minute or two!

THE STORY OF PRINCE AHMED

"All the better to hear you with, child!"

"What frightful teeth you've got!"

But at that the wolf sprang out of bed, to devour the poor child.

When she saw the wolf's great mouth and his terrible fangs Red Riding-hood thought of her mother's warning words and of her own disobedience. She screamed and screamed with fright.

As it happened a hunter was just then passing by on his way to the wood. He heard the screams, dashed into the cottage, and slaughtered the greedy wolf. And lo, when the beast's body was opened, the grandmother came forth, safe and sound.



A strange-looking grandmother it was who lay down in the bed to wait for little Red Riding-hood.

table; and Red Riding-hood promised that she would never, never again disobey her mother's words.

In later years, when Red Riding-hood had grown to womanhood and had children of her own, she used to tell them the story of her encounter with the wolf, just as it has been told to you. And when at last her grandchildren came crowding round her knee, she told them the same thrilling tale of her fatal disobedience and of her timely rescue. They never grew tired of hearing it, and when they had children of their own, they passed the story on. And that is how it came at last to be handed down to you. And that is how

It was a happy meal they had round the table; and you and your children will pass it on.

The STORY of PRINCE AHMED

ONCE upon a time there was a mighty sultan of the Indies who had three sons, Houssain (hōō-sān'), Ali (ā'lē), and Ahmed (a'mēd), and one niece, the loveliest princess in the world. The Princes were passionately in love with their cousin, and the Sultan decided that whichever of them should bring him the rarest and most extraordinary gift should be the chosen bridegroom. So he gave his sons abundant money and commanded them to go off in disguise as merchants.

The Princes rode off together, stopped at an inn, had supper, and then agreed to travel separately for a year. But they were to meet in that same place before returning to the court. Next morning they embraced, wished one another good success, and rode off in different directions.

They had many adventures, and at the end of the year they met, each one jubilant

in his heart, for he was sure that he had won the prize.

Prince Houssain showed a magic carpet upon which a person could be carried wherever he wished to go.

"But proof! Proof!" cried his brothers.

"I traveled upon it here, swifter than if I had ridden a horse or camel, and have seen the glories of the world from it."

Prince Ali showed a tube with glass at each end. Through it one could see anything he desired.

"Proof! Proof!" cried his brothers.

"I looked, and I saw the Princess in her apartment, sporting with her maidens!" he answered. "Come, Houssain, try it for yourself!"

Prince Houssain looked through the tube, and instantly his face paled and he uttered an exclamation of dismay.

"What do you see?" cried his brothers.

THE STORY OF PRINCE AHMED

"Alas," he cried, "to what purpose has been all our toil? Our lovely cousin is about to breathe her last."

But Prince Ahmed leaped up excitedly.

"Brothers! I have here a magic apple! The Princess has but to smell it, and she will be healed."

The same thought came to them all. They instantly seated themselves on the carpet and wished themselves with the Princess.

When the three Princes appeared, their cousin was lying back, with but a moment or two to live. Ahmed put his magic apple to her nostrils, and instantly she opened her eyes, breathed naturally, and raised herself, as though awaking from a beautiful sleep.

But now indeed the Sultan was puzzled. Prince Ahmed's apple had saved his niece's life. Prince Ali's tube had warned them of her danger. Prince Houssain's carpet had brought them to her rescue.

"My sons," he said, "I am bound to make one further test. He who can shoot an arrow the farthest shall be the bridegroom."

The Lost Arrow

The Princes were obliged to agree, and went out to the plain. Prince Houssain shot a long shot, but Prince Ali shot farther; and when Prince Ahmed shot, his arrow could not be found. So the Sultan decided that Prince Ali should marry his niece.

In disappointment, Prince Houssain retired from the world into the desert and

joined a priest; and Prince Ahmed searched restlessly to find his lost arrow.

* * *

One day when Prince Ahmed had wandered much farther than his arrow could possibly have flown, he found it sticking in a crevice in a rock; and when he pushed on, he came to the door of a magnificent palace. There he was met by a lady of majestic beauty, with exquisitely dressed ladies in attendance.

The Prince paid his respects and learned that she was a *peri* (*pē'ri*), or fairy, and that it was she who had caught his arrow and sent it far afield. She offered to marry the Prince and to share with him her riches. And he gladly agreed, for he found her a thousand times lovelier than his cousin.

For some time they were very happy; but by and by Prince Ahmed grew restless to see his father and to

assure him of his own safety and happiness.

The fairy allowed him to go on condition that he kept his marriage secret. So Prince Ahmed went off in great state with a train of servants, who were indeed *jinn* (*jīn*), or spirits. And every month the Prince visited his father in greater state than before.

Now the Sultan's favorites and a wicked sorceress put it into the Sultan's head that his son wished to seize the kingdom. The sorceress managed, by pretending to be ill, to be taken into the fairy's palace, and on returning, she told the Sultan all she had spied, and advised him to demand such



In deep anxiety Prince Ahmed presented the magic apple to the dying Princess, and instantly she revived and became herself again.

THE WATER NIX

handsome gifts from his son that the Prince would cease visiting him.

The Sultan agreed, and when next Prince Ahmed came, the Sultan amazed him by asking for a tent so small that it could be held in the hand, but so large that it would cover an entire army.

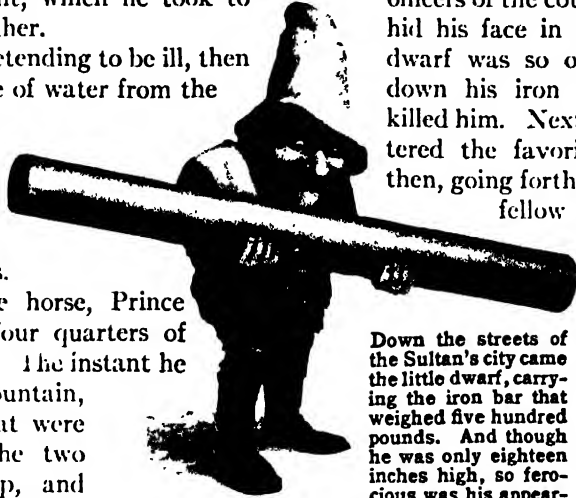
The Prince was greatly distressed at having to ask his wife for anything; but when the fairy heard of it, she laughed merrily and gave him the tent, which he took to his astonished father.

The Sultan, pretending to be ill, then asked for a bottle of water from the Lions' Fountain.

This was a dangerous enterprise; but the fairy gave him careful directions.

Riding on one horse, Prince Ahmed carried four quarters of lamb on another. The instant he came near the fountain, the two lions that were awake roused the two that were asleep, and Prince Ahmed flung a quarter of lamb to each. Then he galloped to the fountain, got the water, and escaped in safety.

The Sultan's next demand was to see a little man a foot and a half high who could carry a bar of iron weighing five hundred pounds.



Down the streets of the Sultan's city came the little dwarf, carrying the iron bar that weighed five hundred pounds. And though he was only eighteen inches high, so ferocious was his appearance that people fled to right and left at his approach.

Now when the fairy heard this, she was again ready. When she threw incense on the fire, this very monster of smallness appeared, hideous to behold but carrying the bar of iron.

"He is my brother," said the fairy, "and has such a hot temper that I fear what may happen if he visits your father."

Now as the dwarf entered the city all the people fled at the sight of him. Even the officers of the court scattered. The Sultan hid his face in disgust; and at that the dwarf was so offended that he crashed down his iron bar on the Sultan and killed him. Next, he attacked and slaughtered the favorites of the court. And then, going forth into the city, the terrible

fellow declared that he would do the same to all if Prince Ahmed was not made Sultan. His final act, after demanding to see the sorceress, was to slay her on the spot.

Thus it happened that Prince Ahmed was proclaimed Sultan. And Prince Ali and his wife, who had known nothing of the sorceress's plot,

were handsomely treated.

As for Prince Houssain, he remained in the desert, happy in his solitude and given over to his devotions.

The WATER NIX

ONCE upon a time a little brother and sister, having strayed a long way from home, fell into the stream.

"Aha!" cried the water nix, and she seized hold of them. "Now you can be my servants. Work hard, or I shall know what to do with you."

So the water nix made the sister wash and scrub, and spin with tangled, dirty flax, and carry water in a bucket with a hole in it. She made the brother chop wood with a blunt axe, and for food she gave them only dumplings as hard as stones.

The brother and sister wept together in

secret and longed for their father and mother.

"If only the nix would go off," whispered the brother, "then we could run away."

"She would catch us and kill us!" moaned the sister.

However, as it happened, the nix was eager that everyone should think her very good, so one Sunday she went off to church. Climbing up the bank of the stream, the brother and sister took their chance and ran and ran and ran. But when the nix came out of church, she saw that the brother and sister had gone. So she also ran and ran and ran.

THE WATER NIX



Once upon a time a little brother and sister, having strayed a long way from home, fell into a stream.

She could run far faster than the brother and sister, but as she caught up with them and called after them to stop, the sister threw behind her a brush. Instantly there grew up a mountain made of millions of bristles; but the nix struggled over it, and ran and ran and ran.

Then the brother threw behind him a comb. Instantly there grew up a mountain of millions of sharp teeth. But still the nix climbed over, and ran and ran and ran.

"Oh, dear!" gasped the sister, and she threw behind her a mirror.

Then up rose a mountain of glass, and

"Aha!" cried the water nix, as she seized hold of them. "Now you can be my servants."

when the nix came to it she tried to climb it, but she slipped down. Then she tried again, and she slipped down. Then she tried again, and she slipped down. So she turned and rushed back to the stream to get an axe to cut the mountain in two.

But the brother and sister ran and ran and ran, and by the time the nix had brought the axe to cut the glass mountain in two, the brother and sister were safe at home with their father and mother.

So the nix had to go back to the stream and do her own work. And the children never wandered so far away again.

AESOP'S FABLES RETOLD

Reading Unit No. 16

ANIMALS THAT TALK LIKE MEN

Note: For basic information not found on this page, consult the general Index, Vol. 15.

For statistical and current facts, consult the Richards Year Book Index.

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Things to Think About

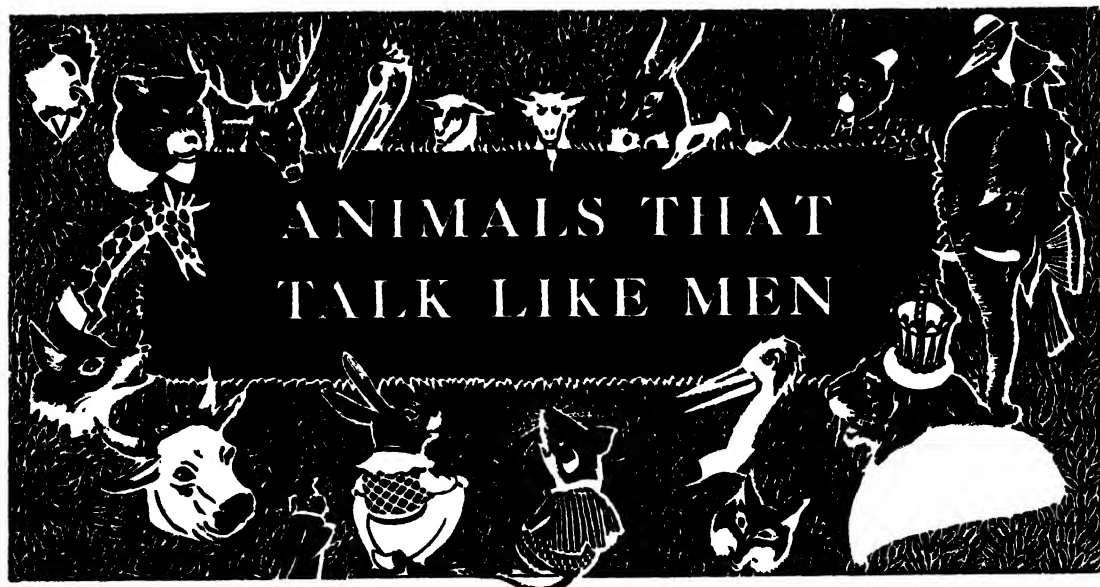
How can stories in which animals talk and act like men teach us a great deal?
What is meant by the expression "sour grapes"?
What do we mean when we say that someone is acting like the

dog in the manger?
What do we mean when we tell someone not to cry over spilt milk?
How does the story of the frogs who wanted a king show us the benefits of democracy?

Summary Statement

When animals begin to talk and act like human beings, they can teach us a great deal about life.

That is why fables have always been, and always will be, popular in every country in the world.



FAR to the east lies the land of Greece. Like a great skeleton hand it stretches its crooked fingers out into the Mediterranean. Its coastline winds back and forth upon itself, with the sea nosing its way into gulfs and bays and inlets. The earth here has been tumbled into a maze of mountains and peaceful valleys.

Today Greece is a small land among the family of nations. But centuries ago, before the birth of Christ, she was a great power, throbbing with industry, commerce, and learning. Each little city in its own little valley had its own government and was an independent state. But all shared in the glory that was Greece. For here was the central pulse of culture and civilization, and from this soil sprang many famous men.

The Wisest Teller of Tales

Among those mighty names that we still speak of with reverence we list the name of Aesop (ē'sōp) the Slave, whose quiet wisdom unfolds in the countless fables he told. We know almost nothing about him. We think he died about 550 years before Christ, and we are sure that he was born a slave and that his master finally set him free.

For Aesop was wiser and wittier than other men—so much so that his master had him well taught and fitted him to associate with the great men of his day. Wherever Aesop

went from court to court among all the little states in Greece his advice was sought and listened to. And we can guess that as he gave it he lent it point and force by some one of the famous fables or moral tales that now bear his name.

Because he was wise Aesop could look into the hearts of men and see their griefs and follies. And because he knew that people hardly ever relish being preached at, he delivered his sermons in the shape of little anecdotes in which many of the characters were the animals everyone knew in the fields and sheepfolds round about. Into those tales he tucked nuggets of the wisdom he had gathered during his years of patient slavery and in the courts of kings. The misfortunes that befell his talking beasts and birds were the same ones that had brought suffering to his proud and foolish friends. They are the same ones we suffer from today.

And that is the reason why we tell them here. Tossed from tongue to tongue, handed on from father to son, they have come down to us over twenty-five centuries—and still are as fresh as when they were first recited by that slave of homely face to countless children on the hillsides and to wise men in the market places of ancient Greece. The world would be a better place if we could only learn the truths they teach.

Here are a few of them—told once again:



The Frogs and Their King

Long, long ago, in the days when the world was still young, the pond at the edge of the forest was filled with hundreds of little speckled frogs who all had voices and could speak. It was great fun to come quietly through the woods and steal upon them unnoticed, for they would all be chattering merrily.

But the day finally came when they had

chattered so much at one another that they had nothing more to talk about. Growing weary of their life in the quiet pond and eager for new amusement, they assembled one day in council. With noisy clamor they petitioned Jupiter to send them a king.

Since he knew what silly, chattering creatures they were he smiled at their request and threw a log into the quiet water.

"There is your king!" he said, smiling.

The splash sent hundreds of little green bodies flying to the banks in terror. For a day and a night they hid under the pads that floated on top of the pond and would not come within ten leaps of their new monarch. At length the boldest of them peeked out from his hiding place. Then he drew near cautiously and surveyed the king. Finally the others ventured forth and swam in gingerly fashion around the floating log.

"That's a funny king," said one contemptuously. And when they all saw that the log did nothing to help or to hinder them, they set up another wild clamor for a new king.

This time Jupiter was out of patience with them. "You want a livelier king?" he ques-

tioned in a stern tone. "There he is!"

In another moment there arrived a huge stork with a glistening gold crown on his head. He cried to the frogs in a ringing voice, "Behold me! I am your king!" Whereupon he waded into their pond and began gobbling them up as fast as he could.

Again they fled in terror, but they could not escape the long reach of his bill.

"Oh why, oh why didn't we rule ourselves?" one of them croaked.

The stork ate his fill and at last went looking for fresh fare.

But the frogs were already speechless from fright, and from that time on, they could make only funny, croaking sounds whenever they tried to converse.

The Farmer and the Stork

The sun filled the inclosed yard with an early morning glow, soft and buttery on the old yellow farmhouse, and the trees cast long shadows across the ripening fields.

The door slammed and the farmer came out of the house. Unlatching the gate he went into the yard and strode over to the nets he had set the evening before to catch the cranes that had been eating his wheat. To his surprise he found a stork entangled in the net. When it saw the farmer coming it protested noisily.

"I'm innocent, good farmer," it pleaded. "I'm not a crane and I haven't touched your grain. I just came along with the cranes, and now I've been caught fast in your net."

"All this may be very true," the farmer answered sternly, "but since I've caught you with the thieves you'll have to suffer the punishment of a thief."

And with that, he took out his knife and slit the bird's throat.

"We're known by the company we keep," was his wise comment





The Goose Who Laid the Golden Eggs

The crowds pushed and jostled against the egg dealer's stall in the little country market. Those on the outer fringe fought to elbow their way into the center, while those in front pressed closer to the counter. For miles about they had heard of the wonderful white-feathered goose that laid the golden eggs, and they had come to see it for themselves. Now, before their very eyes, the magical thing was happening, just as they had heard it described. On the counter, glistening in the sun, lay a wonderful golden egg.

They clutched their money tightly in their hot, perspiring hands and reached their arms out over the heads of those in front, clamoring to buy. But the dealer, frantic with excitement, could supply only one customer a day. The rest had to wait. For a goose can lay but one egg a day.

Unsatisfied with his astounding good fortune and eager for more eggs, the greedy merchant suddenly thought of a splendid idea. He would kill the goose and so get all

the golden eggs at once! Then he would not have to wait to be rich.

The crowd roared with excitement when he told them of his plan. Carefully the dealer whetted his knife and plunged it into the breast of his bird. The people held their breath as they watched the blood spurt out and trickle over the white feathers. Slowly it spread over the counter in a great red stain.

"He's killed his goose!" they said with a kind of awe.

"Yes," said an old woman wisely, "and he couldn't have made a worse mistake. You'll find that she's nothing but a common old goose, now that she's dead."

The old woman had spoken truly. There lay the beautiful goose, her sides gaping wide, and with never an egg to be seen. She was good only for roasting.

"He has killed the goose that laid the golden eggs," said an old farmer sadly.

The people turned unwillingly from the stall and slowly walked away.



The Miller and His Donkey

In and out of the woods the dirt road wound like a long coiling snake, humping over the hills, stretching in a straight white line across the flats, dipping down into the valleys until it finally reached the highroad that led into town. And on the road, threading its curves and sharp twists, came the miller, his young son, and their frisky donkey. Not far behind the three were several boys singing merrily as they capered along.

At last they caught up with the miller, and when they saw him ahead they began to jeer. One of them cried out rudely, "Just look at those silly fellows plodding along with their donkey when they could ride on his back!" And off they scampered, darting like grasshoppers down the road.

"They're right, my boy," said the miller. "We certainly are fools." And he lifted his son up on the donkey's back. Then on they trudged over the crusty, sun-baked road.

It was not long before a group of farmers rounded the bend and came upon the three.

"There!" said one, pointing to the donkey and the boy. "That's what I was just saying. The young people today care nothing for their parents. Just look at that young whippersnapper astride the donkey while his old father goes on foot."

When the men had passed, the father said, "Get down, son, and I'll ride into town."

The miller climbed up on the donkey and they moved on, over the hill.

Coming in the opposite direction was an old woman clutching her shawl tightly about her bony shoulders.

"How can you let your tired little boy run behind you while you ride comfortably?" she scornfully flung at the father as she went by.

With shame the father reached down and took his son up on his lap.

They had gone only a few paces when they overtook a small knot of men. "It's clear enough," said one of them accusingly, "that the donkey isn't yours or you wouldn't be breaking its poor back that way."

By now the miller was beginning to be confused, but he lifted his son down, got off the donkey, and tying its legs to a pole he carried the beast over his shoulder. The poor creature squirmed uncomfortably, hobbling against the miller's back at every step. As they crossed over the bridge the donkey broke loose, tumbled over the side, and went splashing into the water below. In a moment it had swum to the bank and was making off over the fields. Trying to please everyone, the miller had not even pleased the donkey.

The Goat and the Fox

For nearly an hour the fox had been leaping frantically at the crumbling sides of the old well. The water was low, and the foolish animal, craning his neck to drink, had tumbled in head first. But though he was standing in only a few inches of water, the well was too deep to be scaled at a single leap.

As he rested a moment from his efforts to escape, the desperate creature looked up to see, on the brink above him, the head of a goat who was peering curiously in.

"Is the water fresh?" asked the goat.

Realizing that his visitor did not understand what had happened, the fox decided to seize this chance to escape.

"Wonderfully fresh! Jump down and drink for yourself!" was the hearty answer.

The goat was thirsty from his frolic under the hot afternoon sun. So he instantly jumped into the well. Thereupon the fox, quick as a bird in flight, leaped on the goat's back and scrambled up and over the walls of the well.

The slow-witted goat soon saw that he was imprisoned and pitifully cried to the fox to pull him out. But the fox only laughed at his benefactor.

"Look before you leap!" was all he said. And feeling very well satisfied with himself, he capered off into the woods.





Belling the Cat

For a long time now the mice who lived in the farmer's kitchen had not had enough to eat. Whenever they poked their heads out of their holes the huge gray cat would be upon them. Finally they had grown too thoroughly frightened to venture out, even in search of food, and they were in a sad state. Their sides were shrunken. Their skin grew tight against their ribs. And hunger gnawed constantly at their vitals. Something had to be done. So they called a conference to decide what it should be.

Many speeches were made, but most of them denounced the cat instead of offering a solution to the problem. At last, however, one of the youngest of the mice proposed a brilliant scheme.

"Let's hang a bell around the old cat's neck!" he suggested, quivering his tail excitedly. "Then we'll know where he is, no

matter what time of day it happens to be."

They cheered him wildly, for this was obviously an excellent idea. They took a vote and decided unanimously that this was what they would do. But after the clamor of applause had died down the oldest of the mice spoke--and because he was older than anyone else, they listened respectfully to his opinions.

"This scheme is an excellent one," he said, "and I am proud to think that my young friend over there has thought of it."

With this the young mouse twitched his nose and scratched his ear in confusion.

"But who," the older mouse continued, "will volunteer to hang the bell on the old cat's neck?"

All of the little mice were suddenly very, very quiet, for that was a question no one could answer! They hurried into their holes.



Moving Day for the Larks

The young larks chirped excitedly at their mother as she came swooping down to them, a long wriggling worm in her beak.

"Mother! Mother!" they cried. "We heard the farmer say that he's sending for his friends to cut down the grain. They'll find our nest!" For the parent larks had built their nest in a field, safely hidden by the tall wheat.

"Pooh!" said the mother lark as she sliced the worm into equal parts for their dinner. "There's no fear of the neighbors' doing anything like that for him."

"Mother! Mother!" they cried next day when she brought them a tempting grub. "Today the farmer said he was going to send for his uncles and nephews and cousins to reap his harvest!"

But the mother lark replied calmly, "Pooh! His relatives! They'll never help him out!" And she tucked her little ones into bed.

"Have you heard anything more?" she asked on the third day, when she brought them a fat beetle.

"Yes, mother! Yes!" they clamored tremulously. "Today we heard him say that the grain is so ripe now he'll have to reap it himself."

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed the mother lark in distress. "If the farmer is going to do it himself, he means business. We'll have to move at once."

So they hurriedly gathered up their belongings in their little black beaks and hopped over to the edge of the wood. It was just in time, too, for a moment later the farmer came by, swinging his shining scythe savagely with strong circular strokes. A policeman helped them across the road.

"I knew things would happen, once he decided to do it himself," the mother lark said with an air of satisfaction.



The Fox and the Stork

The wind made a soft murmur among the leaves and swayed the daisies that dotted the forest clearing. It was a lovely day.

Seated on the fresh green grass the fox and the stork were having dinner. The fox, who was host, was furiously gobbling up the soup from the shallow dishes in which he had served it. But the solemn bird who was his guest sat politely before her plate, quietly watching. It would seem that she was not hungry. Occasionally she dipped her long pointed beak into the shallow bowl but she could get only a few drops.

When the fox with his long flexible tongue had licked both the soup plates clean he swished his tongue neatly over his chops and said, "A good dinner!" And he smacked his lips noisily. "A *very* good dinner! I'm so sorry you didn't eat more."

But the stork made no comment. She only suggested that the fox give her the honor of joining her at dinner the following day.

The fox gladly accepted, and when the time came went trotting complacently to the forest glade where they had dined the day before.

But what was his dismay to find, spread out on the stork's table, a dinner of delicious minced meats all served in tall, narrow-necked jars! With her long thin beak the stork poked deep down into the jars and ate hungrily, while the fox, his mouth watering, watched each morsel disappear. All he could get were the few drops that had trickled over the tops of the jars.

At last, giving up hope, he stalked off grumpily while the stork flapped her wings in disdainful triumph.



The Lion and the Mouse

The afternoon sun warmed the flowers till they nodded drowsily, and the leaves on the trees cast a shifting pattern of shadows on the grassy forest floor. It was quiet, and all the animals were stretched out napping comfortably - all except the little gray mouse who frisked and scampered over the dancing light and shade. Back and forth and around she ran, so happy was she on this golden summer afternoon.

But alas! She chased her own tail so wildly that she bumped into the great lion, who was stretched out lazily under a tree. The silly mouse thought she had only knocked against the trunk of the tree, and it was not until she ran across the lion's nose and felt the great beast's breath that she realized what she had done.

The king of the forest stirred as he felt a tickling on his nose, and opening an eye he saw the little gray mouse. Instantly he clamped his paw down on her long gray tail.

The mouse squeaked in terror. "No, no, King Lion! Please, please have pity on me!"

She pulled and strained frantically, trying to loosen her tail from the weight of the great paw that pinned her down. But she could not free herself, and every time the lion gave a deafening roar, like thunder rumbling in the sky, she shook with fright.

"No, no," she quavered. "No, King Lion,

no! Please have pity on me. Take your paw off my tail and let me go free!"

But the lion only blasted her with another roar.

Then, gathering her wits about her, the mouse said slyly, "Surely the great king of the forest does not want to stain his paws with the insignificant blood of a little gray mouse! Let me go free, King Lion!"

But the lion gave her a cuff with his paw. "Oh, King Lion, if you will only free me, some day I will save *your* life."

The great beast was so amused at this that he laughed aloud, and lifting his paw he let her scamper away.

It was several weeks later that the little mouse, again darting in and out of the forest trees, heard an agonizing roar coming from the other side of the wood. She followed the noise and came upon her friend the lion caught fast in a hunter's snare. Now it was the great king of beasts who was pulling and straining. But the more he tried to get out of the net, the more entangled he got.

The mouse saw at once what was wrong and began to nibble away at the meshes of the net until in a few minutes the king of the forest was free.

"One good turn deserves another," said the little gray mouse brightly as she scampered off to chase the afternoon shadows.

The Reed and the Oak

With great gusts the wind blew. The wheat bent flat as the gale buffeted it. The slender trees in the forest bowed humbly, and the animals scurried for shelter. The blast shrieked through the treetops. It lashed the surface of the lily pond to foam and tumbled the wide flat pads of the lilies. All the earth looked up to see the cause of the commotion.

But standing straight and unmovable the old oak at the edge of the forest did not bend to the fury of the gale.

"Why don't you bow when the wind lashes against your branches?" asked the slender reed, swaying helplessly back and forth as the gusts shook it.

"I am the oak tree!" was the proud reply. "I bow to no one!"

"Oh, dear," the reed said sadly. "I'm only a slender reed. I sway with every breeze that blows."

Disdainfully the oak replied, "Why, this is nothing! You could not count the number of storms I have weathered and conquered."

The storm heard, and furiously he blew. A jagged streak of lightening ripped across the sky, and the rain, like small stinging bullets, pelted the mighty oak. But the storm could not bend it.

At last the tempest passed, the sun peeked out from the corner of a cloud, smiled at the earth below, and all was quiet again.

Then out of the clearing the woodsmen came, swinging their axes and singing merrily. They had come to cut down the giant oak.

Staunchly he stood, bravely taking the blows as the sharp blade cut deeply into his side. Then, as his great trunk swayed, he gave a mighty groan and with a crash like thunder came tumbling to the ground. They lashed him with ropes and carried him out of the forest, where he had stood for many a long year.

The slender reed, standing firm and upright, sighed from the bottom of her heart.

"Alas! Poor oak!" she said. "We were such good friends."



The Frog Who Would Outdo the Ox

The old ox, penned in the meadow, had accidentally stepped on one of the little frogs and crushed it under the weight of his heavy hoof. And the little frog's brothers and sisters had rushed excitedly back to the pond to tell their mother what had happened.

"Oh, mother, the ox was big!" they said. "Bigger than anything you ever saw!"

"Was it as big as this?" she asked her young ones - and she drew a deep breath, held it a moment, and then swelled herself out like a great balloon.

Their round eyes bulged with amazement, but they said, "Bigger! Bigger! Mother, the ox was twice as big as that!"

"Not bigger than this!" said the mother

as she swelled herself out a second time.

"Far, far bigger," they exclaimed in chorus.

"As big as this?" she asked again - and she blew herself out until she was blue in the face with straining.

"Yes, yes! Even bigger!" the little ones agreed.

The silly old frog, insulted by their replies, rested for a moment. Then, taking another deep, deep breath, she blew herself out until suddenly there was a loud popping noise and she split open wide.

"Oh, dear!" said the little frogs in dismay. "Why did mother think she could make herself as big as the ox?"





The Squirrel and the Lion

All the morning the little gray squirrel had darted from branch to branch, shaking the nuts from the trees. On the topmost bough of the elm tree she steadied herself for a long leap and then, with a sudden lunge, sprang out into the air. But alas! She missed the bough and over and over she turned as she went spinning down to the earth below.

Taking his afternoon nap under the shade of the elm the lion was stretched out to his full length. He snored comfortably. All at once he felt something come thudding on top of his head. The dazed beast jumped and with one swoop of his paw pinned the little squirrel down by her bushy tail.

The squirrel shook with terror.

"Oh, great King Lion," she sobbed, "do not kill me! It was all an accident."

"Oh, all right," growled the lion -- he really had no cause to wish the squirrel harm. "I'm willing enough to let you go. But first you'll have to tell me why it is that you're always so happy. I'm lord of this forest but, I must say, I don't often feel in such good spirits."

"Oh, great sire!" chirped the little squirrel, as she darted up the trunk of the elm. "The truth is that I have a clear conscience. I take no life. I gather nuts for myself and my family, and never do anyone harm. But *you* go stalking through the forest seeking only to devour and destroy. You hate, and I love. So you are miserable and I am happy."

And with a flirt of her pretty tail she scurried out of sight among the leafy branches--leaving the lion to his thoughts.

The Lion and the Elephant

None of the animals could remember when the lion had not been their king. He was so much stronger and braver-- and, of course, so much handsomer--than most of his subjects that they all looked up to him. There was not one of them who would not have given a leg--well, perhaps not a leg; let us say a toe--if the lion had chosen him for an especial friend. But the lion had an especial friend already--one whom he spent most of his time with. That was the elephant.

When the lion went on a visit the elephant always trotted along with him, and although they did not eat the same kind of food, they had meal after meal together. Why the lion wanted to spend so much of his valuable time with the lumbering old elephant, the other animals could not explain. And do not think for a moment that they liked it.

One day when the lion had invited the elephant to go on a two-weeks' hunting trip his other subjects met in the forest to talk over the whole annoying business. The fox, who had never doubted that he was cleverer than other creatures, spoke first.

"Don't think I envy the clumsy, plodding elephant," he said. "But what can the lion see in him? Now if the elephant had a beautiful bushy tail like mine, I should know at once why he is such a favorite."

Swishing his own elegant tail to let the other animals see what he was talking about, the fox finished his speech and sat down.

The bear, who had not heard half of what the fox had said, got up and shook his head. All that talk about style annoyed him.

"If the elephant had long sharp claws like mine," he told them, "I could understand why the lion likes him."

"Or if his awkward tusks were like my horns," the ox broke in, "I shouldn't blame the lion for thinking a great deal of him."

"Don't make me laugh," said the donkey. "The whole thing is as plain as day. The lion likes the elephant because his ears are long. And that's that!"

"How these silly beasts do like themselves!" said the duck to his wife. "But then, creatures that can't quack aren't worth talking about anyhow."





The Wounded Stag

Deep in the forest shade and safe hidden inside a dense growth of brambles, a stag lay stretched out, dying of hunger. He had been shot by one of the hunters, and limping off into the woods had settled himself down in the sweet grass to recover. But a rabbit had found his hiding place, and feeling pity for the injured deer had visited him frequently. He even told other inhabitants of the forest about the stag who was lying in the sweet grass—sick and lonely. And so every day more and more friends came to call.

This was all very delightful, for the stag loved company and wanted to see his friends from the forest. But, alas! Only those friends came who liked sweet grass! At last the deer's food was gone, for the nibbling rabbits and the hungry goat had leveled off

the delicate grass down to its very roots.

As the poor stag lay on his barren plot, dying from hunger, the farmer chanced to pass by and heard the animal's groans. He parted the brambles and found the starving creature stretched out on his bed.

"What is the trouble, my poor fellow?" the farmer asked.

"I'm starving!" the stag replied. "The friends who came to sympathize with me," the stag went on, "have eaten up all my food."

"I'll warrant they have!" the farmer exclaimed. "You must always watch out for friends whose fondest love is located in their stomachs." And he went to gather armfuls of the tenderest grass in the wood and brought them back to his friend.

"Eat your fill and get well," he said.



The Vain Jackdaw

In the clearing at the edge of the wood an old jackdaw had draped himself with sweeping peacock feathers and was strutting about for the other jackdaws to see. As a matter of fact he looked very silly, for his own black feathers showed under his costume of plumes. But he strutted about proudly and jeered at his friends who stood watching him. The vain bird even pecked at one or two of them when they dared to come near.

"Conceited fellow!" they cried after him, and flew off into the forest.

Convinced that he looked as beautiful as the peacock the foolish bird sauntered over to a group of peacocks who were sunning themselves. He pretended to be one of them, and waved a claw in greeting. But the

peacocks were not deceived. They saw his black feathers beneath the colored plumes, and angered at his audacious pretense they flew at him in fury. With noisy cries they pecked at him unmercifully until his fine costume was in shreds.

Crestfallen and unhappy, the jackdaw now sought out his own mates for comfort. But they too would have none of him.

"No, no," they screamed. "Don't try to come back to us. You made your choice. Now you can take the consequences." And they pecked at him until he flew away.

The silly bird had no friends to whom to turn. He was punished by his betters for pretending to be what he was not, and by his equals for scorning them!



The Hare with Many Friends

No one had ever called the hare vain, but so many animals had told him he was their very best friend that you could not really blame him for feeling a bit proud of himself.

One gay, sunshiny morning he decided to call on some of his two hundred children. He got an early start and went bounding light-heartedly through the woods until, with no warning at all, a branch fell on him and bruised one of his hind legs.

It was not a bad bruise, and there was only one reason why he worried about it at all. The next day villagers were coming into the woods to hunt, and to escape from their hounds he would have to be especially alert and spry. He limped along a few paces and then, sitting down, he scratched one ear thoughtfully. Something, he began to suspect, was downright wrong.

"Why," he asked, wrinkling his highly movable nose, "just why should a creature so popular as I am have to run for his life every time he meets a hound? The very idea is foolish," he pointed out to himself, "and I'm going to do something about it."

He got up at once and hobbled on until he reached a pasture where he found his good friend the horse.

"Good morning, friend horse," he said. "I find I am in trouble. Tomorrow, as you know, is the day of the hunt, and with the bruise I have on my leg it will be hard for me to keep out of the way of the hounds. I wonder if you will let me ride on your back?"

"You know I would, willingly," said the horse, "but as it happens, I've got to work all day for my master. But that needn't worry a likable fellow like you. You'll get



help, I'm sure plenty of it."

The hare thanked him and started off again. His leg hurt a good deal and he was very glad when he came to the bull. Without pausing to get his breath he told his story.

"With those sharp horns of yours you could stand off a whole pack of hounds, and frighten the hunters away too," he said.

"Yes, couldn't I though—easily," replied the bull. "Unfortunately, I promised a friend of mine that I would visit his family tomorrow."

"I understand," the hare said quickly. "Don't give it another thought."

"I saw your friend the mountain goat a few days ago," the bull suggested. "He will probably be glad to help you."

It took the hare a long time to find the goat, but at last he succeeded and repeated his story.

"You know how I feel about you," said the

mountain goat. "There isn't anything I wouldn't do for such a grand fellow as you are. But the truth is, I'm feeling so poorly myself that I'd be of no use at all. I can't imagine what the matter is," he said, shaking his shaggy head. "Perhaps it was something I ate."

Late that afternoon the hare had visited the donkey, his old friend the ox, and even a bear whose life he had once saved. All of them were eager to help him, but they happened to be much busier than they had ever been before.

The hare limped home painfully. When darkness came he found a score or so of his children gathered around him. He had learned such a great and bitter truth that day that he had to share it with his family.

"If you want to know what kind of friend you have," he told them, "ask a favor of him. *Then* you'll find out."



The Hare and the Tortoise

The animals were all gathered along the road that skirted the edge of the forest. For it was the day of the great race between the hare and the tortoise. The frisky hare had jeered at the slow, lumbering tortoise, and had challenged him to a race. There was no doubt in anyone's mind as to who was going to win, but nevertheless they all thought it would be fun to watch the racers go by.

Down by the bridge that crossed the brook the hare and the tortoise shook paws and started off as the black crow, who was referee, gave a sharp cry for the signal. Up the road plodded the tortoise, jogging along with wobbling gait on his four stubby legs. The hare hopped excitedly around him, stopping every few inches to sniff and nibble at the tender shoots that grew beside the road.

Finally, by way of showing how lightly he took the whole matter, the hare lay down to rest on a bed of clover. But the tortoise kept plodding ahead, inch by inch.

"The race has started!" the goat warned from the sidelines.

But the hare answered impatiently. "I

know, I know! But it will take the tortoise until noon to reach the big elm at the other end of the wood." And he settled himself comfortably and fell fast asleep.

As the tortoise pushed slowly ahead, the watchers grew more and more excited, for the hare was still asleep. Each tiny step brought the tortoise closer to the elm tree that was the goal. Slowly he lurched along, while all necks were craned to watch for the hare who was still curled up in a small brown ball, taking his afternoon nap.

After what seemed an endless time the tortoise stretched his long neck to its fullest length and peered along the road ahead of him. There, only a few feet away, towered the great elm that he must reach. He was exhausted from going so far at his topmost speed, but he pulled himself together for a final spurt.

Just then the hare awoke! Seeing the tortoise almost at the goal, he sprang into the air. Down the road he came with great flying leaps. He seemed to be only a brown streak.

The birds screeched! The great lion

opened his cavernous jaws and roared! The rest of the spectators pranced and hopped about wildly. They never had dreamed it would be like this. With loud clamor they cheered the sluggish tortoise on, for he had still a foot or two to go and the hare was coming at terrific speed. Now, with only two inches left, the poor old tortoise had the hare almost on top of him!

But his fleet opponent might just as well have been a mile away. With a tremendous

lunge the tortoise stretched out his long neck and touched the bark of the elm tree just an instant before the hare arrived.

He had won the race!

The spectators applauded wildly. They thumped the tortoise on his broad flat back and sang that he was a jolly good fellow.

"That hare always was a great deal too sure of himself," the owl remarked to the eagle. "He'll just have to realize that it isn't always the swift who win the race."

The Wolf and the Crane

The poor wolf choked and coughed until the tears trickled down his nose, but he could not dislodge the bone that had stuck in his throat.

"Help!" he gasped piteously to the long-necked crane who had been watching him. "Help! A bone in my throat!"

But the crane eyed him doubtfully.

"Oh, help!" the wolf cried again in agonizing tones, and gasped for breath. "You shall have a fine reward if you pull the bone from my throat."

With the promise of a reward the crane took courage, and coming near the wolf thrust his head down the beast's throat. With his long pointed beak he pulled out

the bone. It was lodged very far down.

Panting from the ordeal the wolf gasped, "That's better! Oh, my! How it hurt!"

"And the reward?" the crane reminded him, prancing about on his long spindling legs.

The wolf roared with laughter.

"Silly bird!" he boomed loudly. "You've *had* your reward! Isn't it reward enough to have put your head into a wolf's mouth and brought it out safely again?"

"But I did you a kindness," squawked the crane.

"Oh no, you didn't," said the wolf. "A kindness is no kindness if it is done for a reward."





The Horse and the Donkey

"No," the stubborn horse said, and he stamped his hoof angrily like a spoiled child.

"Please!" moaned the donkey, straining pitifully under his heavy pack. "Please take some of this load or I shall die with the weight of it!"

But the horse answered disdainfully, "What have *I* to do with your bundle?"

So together they went on, trudging single file along the pathway which wound up and up along the mountainside. The horse pranced lightly as he nibbled the tender grass. But the donkey, his head down, his tail swishing away the tormenting flies, panted in great gasps as he labored under the crushing weight of his pack.

Suddenly the donkey faltered. His knees buckled under him and he sank to the ground—dead.

His master, walking several paces behind, saw what had happened and rushed to the beast's side. Quickly he loosened the straps that bound the load to the donkey's back and lifted the pack up on the horse. Then, strapping the legs of the dead donkey together, he hoisted the carcass, too, on top of the horse.

"This is terrible!" panted the horse. "I can't stand it to carry all that load and the donkey besides. If I'd known it was going to be like this I certainly would have given the fellow a lift. But how was *I* to know!"

The Fox and the Hen

Cocking an ear the fox listened intently to the slow, even breathing of the farmer's dog. Then, on soft padded paws, he crept up

to the barn door, stopping anxiously again and again to listen. Finally he pushed through a small opening near the barn floor and

prowled quietly about in the dark interior, sniffing meanwhile.

At last his sharp eyes spied the little red hen perched high on a ledge above. She was well out of his reach.

"Cousin hen," he cooed in sugary tones. "I have found some delicious kernels for you. Won't you come down and see?"

But the hen was a wise old bird. She had seen too many foolish chickens fall into the clutches of this sly beast. So she cocked

her head and cackled, "But I'm not hungry now, thank you."

The fox thought a moment.

"Dear little hen," he said sweetly, "I heard that you were ill and I've come to inquire how you are. Come down and let me feel your pulse."

But she was still too wise for him.

"True, I'm not feeling well," she admitted. "But I'm sure I should catch my very death if I came down from this cozy perch!"



The Boy Who Cried "Wolf!"

The shepherd's voice rang with terror as he dashed into the neighboring field.

"Wolf! Wolf!" he shouted frantically, waving to the men who were working there. "A wolf is killing my sheep."

But the farmers laughed merrily and jeered at the boy. "You've fooled us too many times, Jack, my boy," one of them said. "We'll not leave our work this time to go chasing after your make-believe wolves!"

"No! No!" the boy cried desperately. "Please believe me. This time the wolf has really come!"

"That's what you said last time. *Then* you said he was really there," they reminded

him with good humor. "Go along now and tend your sheep. You can't fool us again!"

But, alas, this time the poor shepherd boy was in earnest. This time the wolf had come and was tearing at the helpless lambs one by one. They cried pitifully to their master to save them. But there was nothing he could do. The men would not believe him, and alone he was defenseless against the ferocious beast. Shaken and miserable because he had not been able to get help to his flock, the shepherd boy slowly walked back across the fields to his dead sheep.

Why, he groaned, had he thought it was fun to play that silly trick?

How the Miser Lost His Gold

The farmer walked out of the leafless woods and into the clearing at the edge of the forest. There, to his surprise, sat an old man shivering pitifully as he drew a tattered coat about his shoulders. His wisps of gray hair stuck out like feathers about his head, and his beard was matted and unkempt. With gnarled and trembling hands he wiped the tears from his eyes but kept on sobbing piteously.

The good farmer was filled with sympathy and said to the old man kindly, "Tell me, friend, has something terrible happened?"

"Terrible! Terrible!" the old man cried, and burst into fresh sobs. "I sold my house and garden and nearly all I owned, and the gold I got for them I hid in this hole here. Now it is gone . . . gone . . . gone!" And once more the tears coursed down his cheeks.

"I'm afraid," said the farmer wisely, "that you are suffering the punishment of the miser. You've traded your good and useful things for a lump of worthless gold, which you could neither eat nor wear.

"Here!" he added. "Here is a stone. Bury that and pretend that it is your lump of gold! You'll never know the difference."

And the farmer walked on, leaving the weeping man staring into his empty hole.



The Country Mouse in Town



The country mouse had taken pains to put his best foot forward to entertain his cousin from the city. He had gathered a store of his finest dainties - nuts, peas, barley, and cheese parings - and had made a soft bed of lamb's wool in the safest part of his hole.

And they had, in fact, had a very good time frisking about in the open fields and playing hide-and-seek in the forest. But all the while the country mouse had been bursting with curiosity about life in town.

"Why don't you come back with me and see for yourself?" his friend finally said.

The invitation was accepted immediately. They started off, and in due time arrived at the splendid mansion in which the town mouse lived.

"We're just in time," he said. "I smell a banquet being prepared. We'll have a grand feast tonight." His nose twitched excitedly.

And a grand feast it was. They hid under a cupboard in the kitchen and were able to dart out and snatch no end of dainty tidbits such as the country mouse had never tasted.

How he gobbled them up! He was almost as round as a ball by the time the banquet was ready to serve.

At last the guests arrived and the door to the banquet hall was thrown open. The mice hurried upstairs to pick up the crumbs that fell under the table. But as they were crossing the back hall, two lively terriers came bounding along and made a rush at them.

"Follow me, quick!" said the town mouse, and they scurried under a chest where he had a hole.

They were not a moment too soon. The warm breath of the foremost dog enveloped the country mouse as he scampered into the hole. It made him shiver.

"It's a wonderful house, cousin, and you've given me marvelous food," he said. "But if you don't mind I think I'll be going home. I find city life a bit too exciting."

And he took himself off as fast as his little gray feet could carry him.





The Wolf and the Farmer's Dog

The countryside glistened in the snowy twilight as the lean wolf crept softly over the noiseless carpet that covered the farmyard. Curled snugly in his warm kennel the farmer's dog looked out and watched with interest as the marauder sniffed about in search of his dinner.

"Hi!" he finally said, as the wolf went sniffing too near the door of the hen house.

"Why is it that you look so fat and prosperous?" the wolf asked, coming up to the kennel. "What do *you* do for a living?"

"Oh, I keep the robbers away," the dog answered with an air of importance, "and I go hunting with my master, and I take care of his children."

"But *I* could do all those things, too!" the starving wolf replied.

"Oh, yes, I dare say you could," the dog said carelessly.

Then the wolf spied a mark around the dog's neck where the hair had been rubbed off down to the skin.

"What in the world is that?" he asked, frowning.

"Oh, that!" said the dog lightly. "That's nothing. It's just the place where my collar rubs when they chain me up."

"No," said the wolf emphatically, "you may keep your fat job and your warm bed. I'd rather be hungry and free any day than a well fed slave."



The Fox and the Grapes

The sly old fox was discouraged. All day long he had prowled unhappily through the dense woods and dragged himself up one hill and down another, but what good had it done him? He had not found a bite to eat, not even a field mouse. When he thought of it--and he was getting so hollow inside that he could think of almost nothing else--he decided that he had never been hungrier in his whole life. He was thirsty too terribly thirsty. His throat was parched.

It was in this mood that he rounded a stone wall and came upon what seemed almost like a miracle. There, right in front of him, was a vineyard hung with whole clusters of cool, delicious grapes just waiting to be eaten. They were plump and juicy, and filled the air with fragrance.

The fox did not waste any time. Taking a run and a leap he snapped at the lowest bunch with his hungry jaws--and missed it! He jumped again, this time a little higher. But

again he could not get his teeth on a single grape. When he failed a third time he sat down for a moment and with his parched tongue hanging out eyed the dozens and dozens of bunches, all dangling out of reach.

The sight was more than a famished fox could stand, and springing up he jumped and leaped and leaped and jumped until he was dizzy. It took a long time but at last he realized that the grapes were out of reach -

as surely out of reach as if they had been the stars in heaven. In disgust he slunk away.

"Oh well," he muttered to himself, "who wants the wormy old grapes anyway? They're sour - that's what they are. Sour! I wouldn't eat them if I had them."

"Haha!" said the crow, who had been watching from a near-by limb. "Just give him a bunch of them and you'll see how sour he thinks they are!"

The Hidden Treasure

The air hung heavy with the sweet fragrance of grapes and the rows of vines sagged under the crowded bunches. It was a splendid vineyard, beautifully kept. The grapes were round and purple and bursting ripe.

"How do you raise such magnificent vines?" the farmer from the next valley asked the three brothers who tended the grapes.

The eldest of them rested a moment on his hoe and answered, "When our father lay on his deathbed he called us to his side and told us that the vineyard belonged to all three of us. And he promised that if we worked hard we were certain to find a rich

treasure buried in the soil around the vines."

"For quite a while," the second brother joined in, "we worked night and day with our spades until we had turned over the whole surface of the farm."

"And then," the third brother continued, "we noticed that our vines, which had been low and scrubby to start with, were growing stronger every day and their fruit sweeter."

"Yes, yes, I know," the farmer answered. "The luscious fruit that you now can grow is the hidden treasure."

"Industry itself is a treasure," he added. And he leaned over the fence to pluck one of the tempting bunches.





The Fox and the Crow

With her beady black eyes the crow stared at the fox on the ground below her. She watched him lunge time and again at the tree in which she sat, yapping noisily meanwhile. The other crows cawed in alarm from the high branches till the air rang with their raucous clamor. But the black crow never made a sound, for grasped tightly in her beak was a large piece of yellow cheese.

When at last he realized that he could not get at her, the cunning fox tried to win the

cheese by strategy - a method he loved.

"My lovely, lovely crow!" he cooed softly. "Oh, beauty of the forest, your strength is greater than the wide-winged eagle's, your flight more graceful than the swallow's, your shining jet plumage more brilliant than the peacock's. What a pity," he added sadly, "that though you have all these charms, nature has refused to grant you a voice."

The crow's black eyes had sparkled with joy at the fox's flattery, but his last words

nettled her. What could he mean by hinting that she had no voice!

"Perhaps it's all a mistake," the fox said encouragingly. "It may be that the envious nightingale has spread the tale in order to banish from the wood the one voice that can excel her own in beauty. Sing me just a few notes, lovely crow, and let me hear the music of your song." And he licked his lips.

The sly fox's appeal to her vanity was too much for the crow.

"Caw! Caw! Caw!" she shouted loudly.

The piece of cheese fell from her beak, and the fox grabbed it and trotted away.

"If your common sense had been half as great as your vanity you'd still have your cheese," said the old black crow who headed the flock. And he cawed loudly in disgust.

Spilt Milk

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" wept the pretty little milkmaid, sobbing beside her bucket of freshly spilt milk. The heavy-lidded cow stood by her, chewing the tender shoots of grass. She switched her tail unconcernedly as she looked at the pail of milk she had just kicked over.

Covering her tear-stained face with her hands, the girl mourned bitterly. "I was going to buy some eggs with the money I got for the milk and then raise chickens from the eggs and sell the chickens at the fair and

buy me a fine silk dress. That would have made everybody want to dance with me. And now . . . now . . . !" and she sobbed afresh over her plight. It seemed more than she could bear.

"There, there," said the wise farmer, patting her head. "You'll get more milk to buy more eggs to hatch more chickens to buy more silk dresses! But you must remember that it's a foolish maid who weeps over her spilt milk-- and who counts her chicks before they are hatched."





The Dying Lion

No one knew how the news got around, but all the animals were talking about it. The lion was dying, and he wanted all his subjects to visit him and learn what he was leaving each of them in his will. The fox, who would never dream of being absent when anything was given away, hurried to the lion's den before all the others. But as he got nearer and nearer he walked more and more slowly.

He was thinking. He was thinking hard.

When he reached the mouth of the lion's cave, instead of going in he hid behind a bush and waited to see what would happen. He did not have to wait long. Five minutes later along came a young goat, who clickety-clacked ahead as if he could not get into the lion's den soon enough.

The fox sat still and stared at the entrance

with his shrewd beady eyes. If he was waiting to see what present the goat would bring out, or perhaps hear what dying message the lion had given, he soon found that he would have to be patient. The goat did not return.

Shortly afterward a calf trotted up and, just as the goat had done, hurried quickly into the cave. He too remained.

Within an hour a donkey, a sheep, and two rabbits had vanished into the cave, and the open-eyed fox had watched them all. Another hour passed and the fox decided that the lion would probably have no more visitors that day. But as he was on the point of leaving, a most surprising thing happened. The sick lion himself appeared at the mouth of the cave and spying the fox, spoke to him at once in a gracious tone.

"Come in, come in, friend fox," he called out. "I have a few last words to say to you."

The fox shook his head.

"If you don't mind," he said, "I believe I'll wait until tomorrow. From the tracks leading to your den I see that several of your subjects are visiting you already. I never could stand crowds, and until some of them come out, I'll put my visit off."

With a roar that was loud for an invalid the lion sprang at the fox and chased him for the better part of a mile. But he did not catch him—for two reasons. The fox had a head start, and the lion was so stuffed with rabbit, mutton, goat, veal, and donkey that he could not make much speed over the ground. He finally toppled into a thicket and lay there the rest of the day, gasping.

The Fox Who Lost Her Tail

Late one afternoon a young fox was skipping thoughtlessly through the woods when snap! went a steel trap, and she was caught fast by her bushy tail. She tried her best to get away, but the more she tugged the tighter the cruel trap held her.

It was getting dark, and once or twice she thought she heard dogs barking. Then, suddenly she was sure she heard them—and she knew the hunter was coming to find out what his trap had caught.

The unlucky fox thought fast. There was no doubt about it. She must lose either her life or her beautiful tail. She had only a few minutes to make her escape. Perhaps she could not free herself at all. She pulled and rolled over and twisted about until, with a final wrench, she broke loose, leaving her precious tail behind in the trap. Just before the first savage dog dashed up, she staggered painfully away into the woods. She crossed a stream to throw the dogs off her trail and made her way to her den.

The fox was so glad to be alive that for a while she did not worry much about the loss of her tail. But the next day as she stooped over the brook to drink she gazed into the water and saw the dreadful truth. Her beautiful tail was gone. How queer and ugly she looked! She shook her head sadly, and when

she thought how all the other animals, especially the foxes, would make fun of her, she ran deep into the lonesome wood and hid in a dense thicket.

But like all foxes she was sly, and after planning and scheming she got the brightest idea she had ever had. She was sure of it.

Early the following morning she walked boldly into a group of all her brothers and sisters and cousins, and before they could say a word about her missing tail she began to make a speech.

"You can't imagine how pleasant and—and how grand it is to be without a tail," she said. Her manner was important and assured. "I don't know how I ever stood that clumsy, heavy thing as long as I did. I feel so free and light without it. It's a marvelous sensation."

"But what happened to it?" one fox asked in surprise.

"What happened to it?" repeated the young fox. "Why, I cut it off, of course. It was too long and too heavy, and it was always dragging over the ground, picking up burrs. I suppose right now I'm comfortable for the first time in my life, and I advise all of you to get rid of your silly tails at once."

"And you expect us to believe that you really cut it off?" a wise old fox asked quietly.

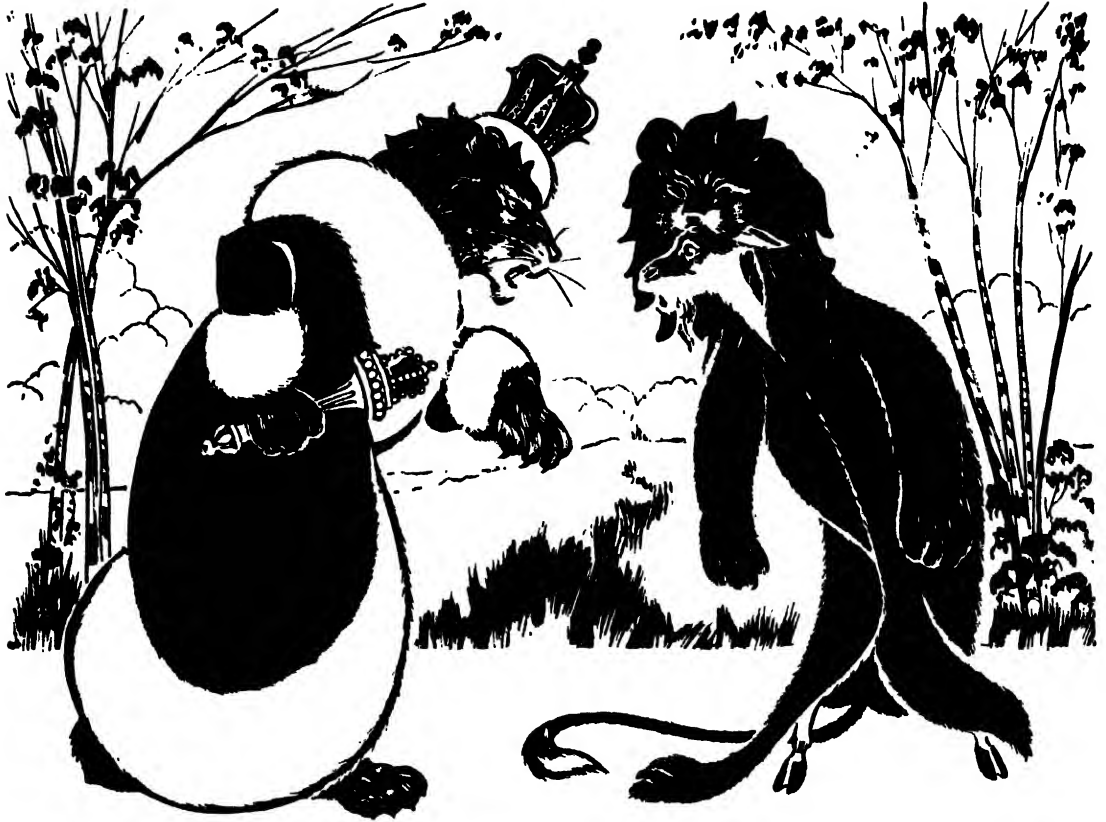


"Why not?" the young fox replied—a little too sharply. "The tiresome thing was forever getting caught in things, and -"

At that speech an old grandmother fox crinkled up her foxy eyes and laughed. In a minute every fox there began to laugh—louder and louder and louder. It was more

than the young fox could stand, and if she had had a tail to tuck between her legs, she certainly would have tucked it there as she ran frantically back into the forest.

"Misery," said the wise old fox—though the others were still laughing and probably did not hear her—"Misery loves company."



The Lion and the Goat

The old goat capered about in the lion's skin that he had carefully wrapped around himself. It tickled his vanity to see the gentle sheep go scurrying off to the meadows in terror and the squirrels fly up to the tree's topmost branches, chattering angrily as they went. Even the fox hid in his hole, his beady eyes staring out cautiously.

"They've all been fooled," said the goat gleefully. And he pranced about in delight. What a clever fellow he was!

But suddenly there was a commotion in the wood close by and a mighty lion walked into the clearing. For a moment the great

king of the forest stood motionless watching the antics of the little goat, who continued to caper about—so pleased with himself that he never saw what was going on beside him.

The lion snorted heavily through his leathery black nostrils and opened his cavernous jaws. His teeth gleamed cruelly and his tongue played about over his chops. He let out a thundering roar.

The goat jumped—and dropping his costume galloped in terror off to the woods. And all the little animals laughed uproariously. The false lion had no power to impress them when the real lion was by.

The Crow and His Mother

A young crow once stole a piece of bread from a farmhouse and took it back to the family nest. Instead of scolding him, as she should have done, the mother crow flapped her wings with pleasure and praised him for being such an unselfish son as to bring the

food home to his hard-working mother.

"What a bright young chap you are!" she exclaimed. "Mother is proud of you. Next time you must try to bring home a bit of meat, or perhaps something really valuable, like a silver spoon or a ring."



Delighted with his mother's words young Master Crow started to collect things in earnest. Within a short time he had brought home so many knives, forks, rings, gold pins, and other pretty trinkets that the crow family might almost have opened a shop. And the mother cawed with glee and told all her friends it was a shame that their own children were not clever too.

After a few months the over-busy young crow got tired of stealing things right under people's noses. That was so easy for him that it was not fun any more. So, with his mother still telling him that he was the most wonderful son any crow had ever hatched, he began to rob other birds' nests. It was risky, and it took more cunning, but how, he asked himself, could any dull-witted robin or grackle or even an eagle catch him at it?

Unluckily, in the end that is exactly what happened. He was caught red-handed, and two fierce eagles guarded him until he was to be punished.

For of course you must understand that, while human beings were regarded as more or less fair game, to steal from other birds was a serious crime.

Half the birds of the forest met that morn-

ing to decide on his fate. Although the crows pleaded long and hard for him they could not save his life. Finally he asked for one favor—that he be allowed to speak to his mother. No one could refuse that touching request, and all the forest was hushed as the mother bird and her son stood side by side for a last farewell.

Then, without any warning, the young crow clawed and pecked at his mother cruelly until the other horrified birds separated them. At last, more dead than alive, the young crow succeeded in making them listen to what he had to say.

"You think I'm a wicked and savage creature," he began, "and of course I suppose I am. But the blame isn't all mine. I wouldn't be here today if my mother had made me behave myself. Instead, she turned my head and made me feel that anything I did was wonderful. If you were fair you'd punish her too. But at least I've had my say. Now do what you like with me!"

Of course the crow's speech had done him no good, even though everything he said had been true. They strung him up on the bough of an elm—an example to all birds who might steal from others of their kind.



The Donkey Who Tried to Sing

Under the early morning sun the dew-soaked grass glistened like brittle glass. Again and again the donkey rubbed her nose in it. The droplets of water clung for a moment to her leathery black nostrils and then rolled off like beads. She was thin, and her ribs jugged out from her sides. Her spindly legs could barely support her weight. Several times she swayed dizzily and almost toppled over.

This was the pitiful condition in which the farmer found her still lapping the dew off the grass. It was plain that the poor beast was either ill or starving. But she paid no attention to the tender shoots of the thistles the farmer knew she loved.

"All for the cause of music," the donkey explained sadly when the farmer asked her

why she was ailing. "It's all for music!"

"Music!" the farmer exclaimed in astonishment. "What has music to do with it?"

"Well, you see," the donkey replied, "I heard the grasshoppers chirping such lovely songs that I wanted to sing as beautifully as they do. I thought how wonderful it would be to charm a great audience. When I asked them how they did it they told me they live on nothing but the dew in the grass. I've been eating nothing but dew for a week. I'm about dead of hunger. And yet all I can do is bray!"

"You foolish, foolish donkey!" laughed the farmer. And then, gathering the silly animal a handful of thistles, he added, "Do you suppose that if I tried to eat nothing but thistles I could learn to bray?"



The Frogs and the Boys

Like a shower of bullets the sharp-edged stones came pelting down on the little frogs that sat sunning themselves on the lily pads on the surface of the pool. They dove frantically to the bottom or burrowed into the mud to escape the stinging blows. But the boys, bent on mischief, threw stone after stone, and the flat missiles sang as they cut the air.

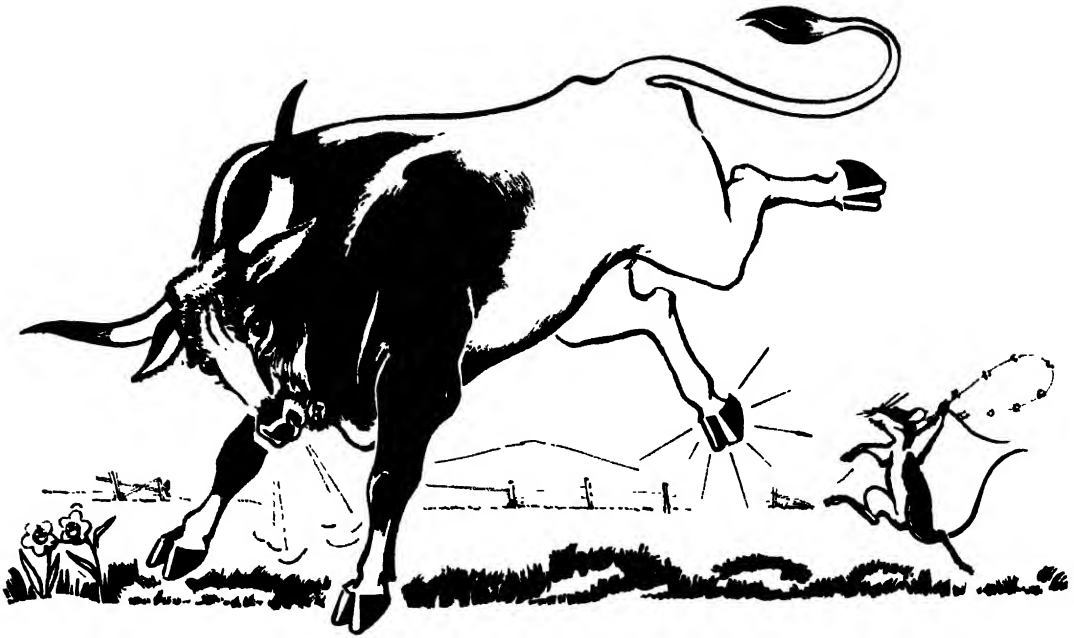
"Stop, stop!" pleaded one of the frogs as he leaped high over a lily pad to dodge a flying stone. "Stop! You're hurting us! Can't you see?"

But the youngsters only laughed and kept on with their sport.

The farmer, who came out from the clearing just at this moment, saw what was going on, and gathering a handful of stones began to pelt the boys with well-aimed shots. As the stones cut their bare legs the boys cried out in pain and implored the farmer to stop.

"Why should I stop?" he replied. "Did you stop stoning the frogs?"

Then he paused and added wisely, "You see! What is sport to one man can cause great pain to another."



The Bull and the Mouse

Her adventure with the lion must have put heart in the little mouse. A day or two later when she popped her nose out of her hole she saw the great bull peacefully grazing not a dozen yards away. Full of mischief, as always, she crept up behind him and gave his foot a gentle nip.

The bull let out a terrific bellow and went galloping off across the field, tearing up the ground as he ran and gazing wildly about him as if in search of an enemy. The little mouse scampered behind, for she did not want to miss the fun.

"Someone has pinched my foot!" roared the bull. "Someone has pinched my foot, and I'm never going to rest until I've found him. I simply won't stand for it."

"Did it hurt very much?" asked the little mouse, popping her head out of a tuft of grass.

"No," said the bull in a milder tone, "but I won't have my foot pinched."

"I pinched your foot, noble bull," squeaked the little mouse. "Though I am but a mouse I have gained a victory over four hoofs, a mighty body, and a pair of horns." And with a flirt of her tail she darted into the tall grass.

The bull looked at the spot where the mouse had been and then turned sheepishly away.

"I might have known that no one of consequence would dare to assault me," he said to himself in an effort to restore his lost dignity. "After all, it was only the mouse."

The Disappointed Wolf

The air was crisp with autumn, and the smoke rose merrily from the chimneys of the great mansion that stood among the pines. It was just the kind of evening for a good supper.

That was the thought that was uppermost in the mind of the hungry wolf lying huddled beneath a window at the side of the house, within easy earshot of what went on inside.

"I've certainly had a day of it," he grumbled to the squirrel running about in a tree

that towered overhead. "Waiting and waiting here all day! If I'd known they were going to use me this way I'd have been off after the lamb I saw in the farmer's pasture in the valley. Now, like as not, the lamb is safe in the fold and I'll have to go to bed on an empty stomach."

"Why did you want to hang around here all day?" asked the squirrel unsympathetically. "You should have inquired. I could have told you there wasn't any lamb here."



"It wasn't a lamb," said the wolf in a tone of scorn. "It was the baby! I heard the mother say to it when it cried, 'If you don't stop crying I'll throw you to the wolf!' It made my mouth water, I can tell you. But the child went on crying and I waited and waited and now here it is nightfall and never

a baby have I seen. She practically promised it to me! It's most annoying."

The squirrel bent double in silent laughter and flirited his tail in derision.

"You'll just have to learn that it's no use listening to people who say one thing and mean another," was his sage reply.

A Fish in the Hand

The fisherman had sat all the summer afternoon on the bank of the brook and had bated his hook with his choicest worms, but never a fish had he caught. Now, as the lengthening shadows began to reach across the stream, he had about decided to pack up and go home. Suddenly he felt a tug on his line. He gave it a sharp jerk and drew it in quickly—only to find on the end of it a fish so small as to be hardly worth the frying.

"Spare me! Spare me!" cried the little fish. "I'm such a tiny fish! Throw me back into the stream and in a month's time I'll be much bigger and more worth your catching."

But the fisherman gave a laugh.

"Ha, ha!" he said, as he shook his head. "You are in my hand now, but if once I let you off into the water, you'll change your tune. You'll be calling to me, 'Good fisherman, just catch me if you can!' A fish in the hand is worth two in the stream!"

And with that, he killed the fish and put it in his basket to take home for his supper.



The Two Friends and the Bear

The fields lay drowsing in the late afternoon sunshine, and tucked away in hundreds of cozy hiding places the animals of the forest were stretched out taking their naps. The babbling stream had shrunk to nothing but a ripple, and the rutted surface of the dirt road was hard and crusty.

Trudging slowly along, two men came around the bend, their coats slung over their arms and their hot faces gleaming with perspiration. They were talking to each other in friendly tones and seemed to be boon companions. A little way behind them slouched the great black bear. His head swung from side to side and he sniffed at their tracks.

As the road swerved around a boulder one of the men spied the huge beast stalking toward them. He screamed, and forgetting his friend he darted for a tree not far away. Like a monkey he swung up the trunk until he was safely perched on a branch above.

But his friend was old and could not reach the bough. Finding himself deserted he

looked about distractedly for a hiding place. The road was crossing an open clearing, and except for the tree the land stretched away flat and unbroken in every direction. In desperation he dropped to the ground and stretched out face downward on the grass. There he lay without making a motion, without even breathing, and pretended to be dead.

The bear poked about at him with its cold nose and growled like a rumbling motor in his ear. The time seemed endless. Finally, deciding that the man was dead, the great beast lumbered off.

The younger man, seated astride his limb, had watched intently while this went on, hardly daring to draw breath. When the bear was out of sight he dropped to the ground.

"What secret was the bear whispering in your ear?" he asked curiously.

"The bear?" said the older man, his heart still pounding. "Oh, he was warning me to beware of making friends with a man who leaves you in the lurch when danger comes and never tries to help you."



The Dog in the Manger

If there was anything the ox liked better than food he could not remember what it was. But then, even trying to think of other things was a waste of time so far as the ox was concerned. Besides, he was much too busy. All day long he plowed, pulled up tree stumps, or hauled a huge cart for his master. When night came he was tired and footsore, but most of all, of course, he wanted his supper.

At the close of one weary day, when he was unusually hungry, he had to walk three long miles back home to his shelter. After a cool drink of water he plodded as quickly as he could into his stall. He was not a glutton-

not really. All he wanted was enough food for an ox.

But on this particular night he had hardly thrust his nose into the fragrant hay in his manger when up rose a bulldog that had been sleeping there. It snapped at him viciously. The ox backed away, blinked his patient brown eyes, and waited. When the dog stopped growling and lay down once more, the ox tried again to nibble a little hay, this time from a corner of the manger. With a sudden snarl the dog leaped up and bit at the ox's tender nose.

Now the ox had always made the best of



things. He never got excited, and if there was anything he hated it was quarreling. On the other hand it was *his* hay the dog was lying on, and he had nibbled just enough of it to whet his appetite. He was an animal of few words, but after ten minutes more of the dog's savage barking and ill temper, he decided that something should be said about the matter—something that other four-legged animals—yes, and two-legged ones—might remember.

"Dog," he declared in his deepest bass tones, "I don't understand you at all. If you wanted to eat my supper I'd share it with you. But dogs don't like hay, and you

are neither eating it nor letting me eat it. Any creature that begrudges others what he can't enjoy himself is a knave and a nuisance. Besides," he added in even deeper tones, "I'm getting annoyed. I really am."

Having made this speech the ox stepped back and lowered his massive head threateningly. The dog took one quick look at the ox's blazing eyes and was out of the manger.

"I didn't really want to hurt him," said the ox to himself as he munched steadily away at his hay. "But just a toss or two would not have been amiss. Anyone who can't stand it to see other people enjoy themselves should have a good lesson."



The Turtle and the Eagle

Sunning himself on the warm flat rocks which lay by the brink of the pool the old turtle watched the wide-winged eagle soar up and up into the clouds. Now it was a mere speck against the sky. After a moment the bird swooped down and lighted on a rock close to the turtle's side.

"Hello!" said the eagle cordially. "How are you?"

"Oh, I'd be all right if I could only fly," the turtle answered with a heavy sigh. "I'm sick of creeping along the ground. I want to be able to soar through the heavens the way you do!"

The wise bird tried to reason with him, but the turtle looked at the sleek-feathered wings folded close against the eagle's body and said, "Teach me to fly and I will give

you all the treasures that lie at the bottom of this pond."

So the eagle took his shell-clad friend in his talons and mounted up higher and higher into the blue of the sky. For miles they flew, sailing blindly through clouds and swooping low over the tops of trees.

"Now," roared the eagle above the wind, "you see how it's done!" and he loosened his talons and let the turtle go.

Over and over the turtle spun as he fell crazily down to earth. At last he was dashed to pieces on the rocks beside his pond.

"Silly old turtle," the eagle said as he spread his great wings to sail away. "He'd still be alive if he'd just been contented to enjoy his life in that pretty pool."



The Farmer and His Sons

The three brothers quarreled bitterly over the chores their father had given them to do. The eldest stood by the barn door, waving his arms angrily. The youngest, facing him, shook his fist in a fit of temper. And the third boy leaned against the well, his hands thrust obstinately in his pockets and a sullen expression on his face.

The farmer saw his boys quarreling among themselves and came out of the house carrying with him three heavy sticks tied together.

"Boys," he called to them, "if you have time to pause in your bickering, I want you

to try to break this bundle of sticks."

The three sons tried, each one straining to snap the sticks across his knee. But the wood was stout and would not break.

Then the farmer untied the cord that bound the sticks together, and handing a stick to each he said, "Now try!"

Of course the sticks broke in two readily enough.

"You see, my sons," the wise father said, "if you are like separate sticks anyone can break you. But joined together you will be strong enough to resist any misfortune, and the land will prosper."

The Wolf and the Lamb

The lone gaunt wolf had been hungry all day long, and thirsty too. At last he came upon a brook and drank deeply. As he lapped up the cool clear water he wondered where and how he could get his supper—something filling but dainty at the same time. A pair of rabbits would do, or perhaps a fat young turkey. Best of all would be a lamb, a nice, tender little lamb. His thin lips twitched greedily at the very thought.

A sudden noise startled him. When he looked up he hardly could believe his eyes, for there, no distance at all down the stream, was exactly the meal he had been dreaming of. The most inviting, the most delicious little lamb any wolf could have imagined was wading innocently in the brook within three or four leaps of him. If the little lamb had looked at him that instant and had seen his two rows of gleaming teeth, she might almost



have thought he was smiling at her.

But that would have been a sad mistake. And it was a mistake the little lamb did not make. At the wolf's first words she began to tremble. She had not even known he was there.

"So you miserable little beast!" he snarled at her. "That's what you're doing, is it? Stamping around and muddying up the water I'm trying to drink."

"Oh no, I'm not—I'm not, really!" piped the little lamb. "How could I be stirring up the water you are drinking when I'm far below you in the stream?"

"Don't argue with me," the wolf snapped. "I see who you are now. You're the spiteful little animal that gossiped and told ugly lies about me a year ago."

The lamb's spindling knees shook as she

tried to raise a wisp of sound in answer.

"Oh no, sir! You must be mistaken," she replied. "I couldn't have said unfriendly things about you then. I wasn't born."

The wolf's flinty eyes narrowed and he edged nearer.

"It won't do you any good to bleat out stupid excuses," he said harshly. "If you didn't lie about me, then it was your worthless father. And that's all in the family."

"But please, good Mister Wolf," the little lamb went on piteously, "Surely you won't—"

"Won't I!" cried the wolf, slinking nearer. "And anyway, how dare you stand there trying to talk me out of my supper!"

So saying—for a bully will always use any excuse to get what he wants—he gave two violent leaps and, falling on the little lamb, killed her at once.



The Cock and the Fox

One fine morning at sunrise a fox that was slinking over the countryside looking for his breakfast heard the distant crowing of a cock. He stopped as suddenly as if he had been shot.

"Aha!" he breathed softly to himself as he peered ahead. "Now where can that be?"

In a moment he knew only too well. The cock lived in a farmyard he had passed by dozens of times. Merely thinking of its fat

hens and geese and ducks made him gulp greedily. He gave his tail a peevish swish. He had circled the farmyard night after night, but it was so stoutly fenced in that even the most cunning and hungry fox could not get inside.

"I guess I'll go take another look at it anyway," he decided. "Just in case!"

He trotted down a grassy hill, crossed a little gurgling brook, and at last crouched

under the plane tree that stood a little way from the fence. The farmyard was right in front of him. Just as he was going to creep a little nearer, the cock crowed again. A delighted little shiver ran up the fox's spine. For the cock was not in the farmyard at all. It was perched on a branch directly overhead -- out of reach to be sure, but not out of reach for long, the fox said to himself. Any fox who could not coax a brainless rooster out of a plane tree did not deserve to have chicken for breakfast. And without wasting another precious moment the fox began to talk.

"Well, well--if it isn't my dearest friend" he called up to the cock. "There isn't anybody I'd rather meet. Come down--come down at once, and let's greet each other as old friends should."

"I should love to," said the cock, "if it weren't for one thing. There are certain four-footed animals who kill cocks and hens, and if I were eaten up, I should never forgive myself."

"What a thing to say!" exclaimed the fox. "Surely you have heard the good news. Or haven't you? From now on all animals are to be bosom friends and live together in peace. So come down, Cousin Cock, and let's celebrate this happy day."

The rooster felt uneasy. Before he could get back to the farmyard he would have to fly down to the ground. And if the fox were still there--!

But he was far from hopeless. Before an-

swering he stretched himself and, standing on tiptoe, gazed searchingly toward the neighboring hill. He made no remark, but kept his neck stretched out as far as it would reach.

The fox, who was as curious as he was sly, could not bear not to know what was going on.

"What in the world are you staring at?"

"Oh, nothing! Nothing that would interest you," said the cock. "Nothing but a pack of hounds racing down that hillside. They seem to be coming this way. My goodness! How fast they do run!"

The fox was on his feet at once.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed. "What a terrible memory I've got. This is the morning I promised to go rabbit hunting with--er--I mean--go visiting with a nephew of mine. Sorry."

"But wait a minute," said the cock, jumping down to a branch below. "I'll be on the ground in a jiffy, and we can have our friendly talk after all."

But the fox was already deciding which way to run.

"Surely you're not afraid of hounds any more--not after the peace plan you told me about," said the cock.

"Certainly not," replied the fox as he bounded off. "but maybe these hounds haven't heard of it yet."

"Foxes certainly are stupid," said the rooster as he preened his feathers. "That's what he gets for underestimating the intelligence of chickens!"

The Eagle and the Fox

Everyone in the forest knew that the eagle and the fox had become friends. Why, they had even built their homes close together. Perched on top of a high rock the eagle and her family had their safe nest, while down at the foot the fox had hollowed out a comfortable den for his wife and cubs. Oh yes, they were wonderfully good neighbors! The little romping fox cubs thought it great fun to watch the broad-winged eagle swoop down to her screeching young, clutching food for them in her talons.

But tonight, as the sun dropped behind

the great elm in the forest, the eagle glided downward more slowly. She had searched the forest over, dipping low above the trees, but had found no dinner. Her talons were empty and her children were hungry. Spying the frolicking cubs below, the great bird suddenly plunged down to the base of the rock, snatched up one of the babies, and carried the squirming little creature up to her nest.

Its brothers and sisters were horrified! The mother was frantic! But the eagle, certain that her nest was too high for the



fox to reach, was deaf to their cries. In triumph she dropped the terrified cub to her squawking young ones and watched their little black beaks open wide.

But the fox had not stood helplessly by. Seizing a branch of burning wood from his fire, he flung it up to the top of the rock. Instantly the dry grass and twigs in the eagle's nest burst into bright flame.

In the excitement the little cub scrambled out of the nest and tumbled over the edge of the rock. As he came spinning down, rolling over and over in the air, his mother held out her paws to catch him.

"You may despise the cries of those you injure," the fox said wrathfully to his one-time friend, "but you can't protect yourself from their revenge."



The Ant and the Grasshopper

It was going to be a long cold winter. No one knew it better than a certain ant who had slaved away all fall lugging sand and twiggy bits from here to there and back again. He had tunneled out two bedrooms and a brand-new kitchen for his house, and of course had stored up food to last till spring. He was probably the busiest worker in eleven ant hills.

He was still hard at it when, late on an autumn afternoon, a frost-bitten grasshopper, looking half starved, limped up and begged for a bite to eat. The fellow was so thin and feeble that he had not been able to take more than a one-inch hop for days. The ant could scarcely hear his shaky voice.

"Speak up!" said the ant. "Can't you see I'm busy! I've worked only fifteen hours so far today, and I haven't any time to waste."

He spat on his two front legs and lifted up a grain of wheat twice as heavy as he was himself. Then, as the grasshopper leaned weakly against a dead leaf, he scurried away with it. But he was back again in a jiffy.

"What did you say?" he demanded again,

tugging at another load. "Speak louder."

"I said anything you can spare!" begged the grasshopper. "A morsel of wheat, a bit of barley. I'm dying of hunger."

This time the ant stopped work, and resting for a second on five legs, wiped the sweat from his forehead.

"What were you doing all summer long while I was planting and harvesting?" he asked.

"Oh, don't think—don't think for a minute I was idle," said the grasshopper, coughing. "I chirped and sang and chirped day after day."

The ant darted in front of the grasshopper, and tugging at another grain of wheat hoisted it to his shoulder.

"So you sang all summer," he repeated. "Do you know what?"

The grasshopper's faded eyes lit up.

"No," he said hopefully. "What?"

"Then for all I care," the ant replied, "you can dance all winter."

And he skittered away over the nearest ant hill—to get another load.

The Dog Who Lost His Bone

The old dog held his magnificent big bone firmly between his jaws and started across the narrow bridge that led to the other side of the stream. He had not gone far when he looked down and saw what seemed to be another dog in the water below. And strangely enough, that dog too was carrying an enormous bone.

Not satisfied with his own good dinner our dog, greedy fellow that he was, decided that he must have both bones. He growled and snapped at the dog in the water, and in doing so dropped his own bone into the thick mud at the bottom of the brook. As it fell with a splash the second dog vanished— for of course it had been only a reflection.

Mournfully the poor fellow watched the ripples die away, and then, with his tail between his legs, took himself hungrily home. The silly beast! He had grasped at a shadow only to lose the thing that was real.



The Lion and His Councilors

Once upon a time a lion, who was never very good-natured anyway, met a quarrelsome and ill-natured skunk. The skunk had never lost an argument with any animal in the forest, and wolves, bears, and lions did not frighten him in the least. In fact, he had come to be so surly and so rash that he ambled through the woods fairly begging for trouble.

On the day he met the lion they had not exchanged more than three sentences when each of them lost his temper. Before the lion stopped to think twice, he had raised his paw to knock the ill-mannered skunk clear through a briar patch. But he never hit the fellow at all. Before he could put a paw on him the skunk fought back in the way skunks fight. Half drenched and blinded, the lion slunk away smelling horribly. He was so ashamed of himself that he did not go home for three days. Even that was too soon.

The morning he returned, his mate stood it as long as she could. At last, holding one paw over her nose, she blurted her feelings right out.

"Why don't you go hunt an elephant—or visit your mother?" she suggested. "The

whole den reeks." Then she squinted at him crossly. "Besides, I've told you over and over to stop fighting skunks. You've never bested a skunk yet."

The lion lashed his tail angrily. "I am the King of Beasts!" he scolded back, and to prove it he let out several great roars.

His mate was now holding both paws over her nose. With one furious glance at her the lion ran out of the den in a towering huff.

When in trouble before, he had called on three other animals for advice. This time he did not know exactly what he wanted to decide, but nevertheless he summoned the bear, the wolf, and the fox.

"Friend bear," he said, "would you say that there is an unpleasant odor about me?"

Believing that the lion wanted a straightforward answer, the bear told what certainly seemed to him the truth.

"Friend lion," he replied, "I hate to have to tell you, but the fact is—you smell very bad indeed. To me the odor—"

But that was the last word the bear ever spoke. The enraged lion fell on him and tore him to pieces.

"And you, wolf," he said. "What do you



think? *You* have a good keen nose."

The wolf, who did not have to have a tree fall on him to get an idea into his head, spoke up quickly. He was sure he knew what the lion wanted to hear.

"Your Majesty," he began in sugary tones, "when I stand near you, I think of honeysuckle and roses. Even without your strength and cunning you would still rule us because of the delicate fragrance--"

That was as much as the lion could stand, and he killed the wolf on the spot because the fellow was a stupid flatterer. Only the fox

was left, and eyeing him darkly, the lion asked his question a third time.

"Speak up, friend fox," he ordered. "Is there an unpleasant odor about me?"

A sudden coughing spell kept the fox from answering at once. Then after clearing his throat, he replied hoarsely.

"It's a pity that I am unable to help you, sire," he said. "The truth is, I have such a bad cold in my head that I can't smell anything."

When it is dangerous to speak, the wise say nothing.



A Wolf in Sheep's Clothing

The road stretched bleakly away in the gray morning and topped the crest of the hill. There, swinging from a branch that dipped low over the highway, hung a dead wolf, a cord knotted tightly around its neck. A sheep's skin had been draped about the carcass, so that the wolf looked like a large sheep dangling from the tree. As the farmer plowed the field beside the road he looked at the wolf wrathfully from time to time.

"Why did you do that?" the farmer's neighbor asked as he came by, and he pointed at the beast.

"Why did that rascal do what he did?" the

farmer replied angrily. "One of my sheep died, and I left the skin lying out in the field. The scoundrel found it and wrapped himself in it, and then he came into my pasture and grabbed two of my lambs. He even had the audacity to get himself locked in the fold with the other sheep. Luckily I needed some mutton, and when I went into the fold I killed the first sheep I laid my hands on. But instead of a sheep I got hold of that black-guard! And now he hangs there where he so richly deserves to be."

"Sly tricks bring their own punishment," the farmer's friend replied.



The Lion's Share

One day the lion, tired of hunting alone, invited the bear and the fox to go along with him. It was not often that the proud lion asked his subjects to join him in a jaunt, and the bear and the fox were delighted and flattered. As it turned out, things could not have gone better—for a while.

Their luck was so good that before night they had killed several rabbits, two goats, and a deer. The lion picked out a camping spot near his den, and licking his chops he told the bear to divide up their catch.

The willing and honest bear did at once what the lion had ordered. In fact, he was so busy and so careful in dividing the game into three equal piles, that he did not once look in the lion's direction. And that was a pity, for the lion was pawing the ground, lashing his tail, and getting angrier every minute. Finally, just before the bear had finished, the lion sprang on him with a roar and tore him to pieces. Then, hungrier than ever, the lion eyed the fox impatiently.

"Now, let's see if you know how to divide

things more sensibly," he ordered. "And be quick about it."

Without a word the fox went to work. In no time at all he had heaped all the game they had killed, including the dead bear, into one huge pile. For his share he kept only one small rabbit.

The lion nodded his massive head in approval.

"That's my idea of a fair division," he

said. "You are a beast with good sense."

Just before the fox left the camp with his puny rabbit - for he had suddenly decided he would rather eat it by himself - the lion spoke to him again.

"Friend fox," he inquired, "who taught you to divide things so well?"

"What little I know about it," the fox answered, "I have just learned from our late friend the bear."

The Sun and the Wind



High above the forest and hidden behind the dense screen of the clouds, the sun and the wind were waging their age-old argument as to which of them was the stronger.

"Of course I am!" insisted the sun. "My rays are so powerful that I can scorch the earth to a parched black tinder."

"Yes, but I can puff out my cheeks and blow and blow until the mountains topple over, the houses splinter into kindling wood, and the great trees in the forest are pulled up from the very roots."

"But I," said the sun, "can set the forests ablaze with the heat of my rays."

"And I," replied the wind, "can turn the old ball of the earth over on its side with one blast of my breath."

As they sat bickering behind the cloud, each one making prouder and prouder boasts, a farmer walked out of the wood into the clearing. He wore a heavy woolen overcoat and a hat pulled down over his ears.

"I'll tell you what we'll do!" said the sun. "Whichever of us can get the coat off the farmer's back will have proved himself the stronger."

"Splendid!" roared the wind, and he drew

in a long deep breath and puffed out his cheeks like two round balloons.

With a great gasp he blew—and blew and blew. The trees of the forest swayed. Even the great elm bowed to the wind as he battered against it unmercifully. The sea rose up into crested horses, and the animals of the forest hid from the lashing gale.

The farmer turned up his collar, wrapped his coat tighter about him, and trudged on.

Completely out of breath at last, the wind gave up in disappointment. Then the sun peeked out from behind the cloud. When she saw the battered earth she sailed into the heaven and smiled with a warm, shining face on the forest below. There was a great calm and all the animals came out from their hiding. The turtle crawled up on the hot rock to bake and the sheep nestled down in the soft grass.

The farmer looked up, saw the smiling face of the sun, and with a sigh of relief took off his coat and briskly walked on.

"You see!" said the sun to the wind. "Often it is gentleness that has its way."



FAMOUS STORIES RETOLD

Reading Unit

No. 17

STORIES FROM THE WORLD'S GREAT WRITERS

*Note: For basic information
not found on this page, consult
the general Index, Vol. 15.*

*For statistical and current facts,
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This is the hero Siegfried and his mighty sword, Balmung. Among all the northern peoples of the Heroic Age, to which Siegfried's story belongs, a warrior loved and honored his sword as though it were a dear, living

friend. All noteworthy swords had a name. The poets wrote stirring songs about them. And swords were passed from father to son as precious heirlooms, or won from conquered enemies as prizes of war.

The TALE of the VALIANT SIEGFRIED

And of the Tragic Fate That Lay upon All Who Owned the Hoarded Treasure of the Nibelungs

AMONG the heroes famous in song and story, few have been better loved than Siegfried (sĕg'frĕd), whose sad history is told in the "Nibelungenlied" (nĕ'bĕ-lŏng'-ĕn-lĕt). Now the name "Nibelungenlied" means "the lay, or tale, of the Nibelungs," and the lay indeed tells of the great hoard of treasure which the people called Nibelungs (nĕ'bĕ-lŏng) had gathered together, and of the evil that came to everyone who touched it, until in the end it brought about the death of all the Nibelung race. But the finest part of the story is about the young hero Siegfried and the fair queens Brunhild (brŏn'hĭlt) and Kriemhild (krĕm'hĭlt), and that is the part we are going to retell here.

It is a very old story—one of those tales that men tell and retell until no one knows

exactly which way of telling them is the true one. The "Nibelungenlied" itself is a noble poem written in German somewhere around 1200 A.D. But there is another telling of the tale, almost as famous, in the language of the ancient Scandinavian lands. In this telling, which is called the Saga (să'gă), or Tale, of the Volsungs (vŏl'sŏng), Siegfried is called Sigurd (zĕ'gŏort) and Kriemhild is called Gudrun (gŏod'rŏon), and the story, though in most ways the same, differs at certain points.

Modern poets, too, like to tell the story, just as they like to tell the stories of King Arthur. The most famous of these modern tellings is that of the great German musician Richard Wagner (văg'nĕr) in his four glorious operas called, together, "The Ring of the

Nibelungs." So if we are lucky, we may even to-day see Siegfried on the stage and hear his voice.

But now to the story!

In Burgundy there dwelt a maid so noble and fair that in all the world you could not find a nobler or a fairer. Kriemhild was her name, and she was the sister of Gunther (gōon'tēr), Gernot (gēr'nōt), and young Giselher (gē'zēl-hēr), the three powerful kings who ruled the land. With Uta (ōō'tā), their lady mother, and all their mighty warriors, the royal brothers and sister lived at the city of Worms (vōrms) upon the Rhine. And though many a hero and many a mighty prince would have been glad of Kriemhild as his bride, yet the maiden would have none of them.

Now the fame of Kriemhild's beauty traveled far and wide throughout the lands, and came in time to the court of Siegmund, king of the Netherland. And there it came to the ear of the young Prince Siegfried, who promptly fell in love with Kriemhild before he had so much as set eyes on her, from merely hearing report of her beauty and her nobility.

The Wooing of Princess Kriemhild

So nothing would answer but that Siegfried should set out at once for Worms to woo the Princess Kriemhild. He took with him

twelve valiant companions in arms, and they were not in the least afraid of Gunther and all his men, though they meant to avoid a fight if they could. The Lady Sieglind (sēg'lind), Siegfried's mother, with her ladies, made splendid raiment for their journey, but Sieglind could not help weeping a little to

see her son set out so boldly for a strange and perhaps unfriendly land.

So Siegfried and his companions journeyed up the Rhine until they came to Worms. King Gunther saw the stranger knights from the window of his castle, and sent for Hagen (häg'ēn), his chief warrior, to ask him if he knew who they were. Hagen looked long at the splendid trappings and proud mien of the strangers and admitted that he had never seen any of them before.

"Yet I should not be at all surprised," he added, "if their leader, who strides along

in such lordly wise, were Siegfried of Netherland, one of the greatest warriors in the world. It was he who slew the leaders of the Nibelungs and won the great hoard of treasure that was theirs. From them too he won Balmung (bäl'mōōng), his sword, and afterwards also the Cloak of Darkness, which, if a man wrap himself in it, makes him invisible to everyone whatsoever." Neither Siegfried, Hagen, nor Gunther knew that there was a curse on the Nibelungs' hoard, and that no one who owned it could prosper.



According to one way of telling the story, the Nibelungs' hoard was accursed because it had been stolen from the Rhine Maidens, lovely mermaid-creatures who dwell in the waters of the Rhine. In this version the Nibelungs themselves are not human beings but gnomes who live under the earth. In our picture Alberich, their king, is stealing upon the Rhine Maidens to snatch away their gold. This part of the story Wagner tells in "The Rhine-gold," the first opera of "The Ring of the Nibelungs."

SIEGFRIED

"He must be a very mighty warrior," said King Gunther.

"There is nowhere in the world a mightier," Hagen replied. "And I'll tell you another thing about him. Once he slew a fierce dragon and bathed in its blood, so that his skin is hard as horn and no weapon will cut him. It will be best if we greet this Siegfried warmly and make him our friend."

So the King spoke courteously to his guests. Siegfried—for fear they would think he was afraid—boasted loudly that he was quite able to fight them all, but in the end they decided to be friends.

Siegfried stayed at the court for a whole year and gained much honor among the Burgundian warriors. Kriemhild watched him from her window whenever she had a chance, and sighed for love of him as he for love of her. Yet in all that time Siegfried did not once see his dear lady.

The Quest for Queen Brunhild

Then it happened that two powerful Saxon kings made war on the Burgundians, and Siegfried went to the battle as leader of the Burgundian host. He fought so mightily that he took one king prisoner, and the other surrendered the moment he discovered his marvelous enemy's name. Then the knights came back to court in triumph, bringing with them the two captive kings.

Gunther made a great festival to celebrate the victory, and that he might do the heroes every honor he asked his fair sister Kriemhild to show herself to the guests.

How beautiful she looked as she stepped from her bower among her maidens! Then many a knight wished in his heart that she

were not so far above him. As for Sir Siegfried, no words could express his feelings as he looked for the first time on his lady.

Then Lord Ger-not spoke to King Gunther, his brother. "Dear brother," he said, "you ought now to honor Siegfried before all this assembly, for it was he who won the battle. Therefore bid our sister Kriemhild greet him kindly."

So they led the hero up to Kriemhild, and she blushed rosy red when she saw him standing before her.

"Welcome, brave and noble knight," she said.

Then she laid her hand in his, and together they walked to the door of the church where the Princess was to hear mass. And when she came out again, he once more took her arm in the sight of all the people.

"May God reward you, Sir Siegfried," said Kriemhild softly, "for the service you have done my kinsmen."

"I will serve them as long as I live," Siegfried answered, looking at her tenderly, "and I will do it to win your love."

Not very long after all this, new tidings came to the city of Worms. The tidings told



In Wagner's telling of the story, Siegfried is an orphan of noble blood brought up in a wild cave by Mime (mé'mé), one of the Nibelungs. At the young hero's imperious command, Mime tries again and again to forge the broken pieces of Siegfried's father's sword. At last the youth seizes them himself and forges them to so stout a blade that with it he cleaves the anvil at a single blow.



Great was the rejoicing in Netherland when Prince Siegfried returned from Worms with his fair and queenly bride. Envoys had gone before them to tell

Siegfried's father and mother of their coming, and both Lord Siegmund and the Lady Sieglind, with a great company, rode out a day's journey to meet them.

of a queen beyond the sea whose like was to be found nowhere in the world. She was as beautiful as any maid might ever be, and so strong that she could hurl a spear and lift a stone better than any of the knights who came to woo her. The hero who would win her as his bride must first defeat her at the games. And if he failed to do it, he was doomed to die. The name of this haughty queen was Brunhild, and her castle was called Isenstein (ē'zēn-stīn).

"I will go down to the sea and woo Queen Brunhild," said Gunther to Siegfried. "For if I cannot win her for my wife, I shall gladly die."

"You do not know how strong she is," Siegfried warned him.

Hagen spoke then. "I advise you to ask Siegfried to help you win her, since he knows so much about her," he said.

"Will you do it?" asked the King.

"I will do it," said Siegfried then, "if you will promise in return to give me the hand of your lovely sister Kriemhild."

"That will I do gladly," Gunther replied,

"if we bring Brunhild back to be my queen." And they sealed the bargain by claspings hands.

Four warriors only were to go on this adventure, Gunther, Siegfried, Hagen, and Dankwart (dangk'vārt), another of the King's most valiant knights. And the story tells of the marvelous raiment, lined with costly furs and glittering with gold and gems, which was made for the heroes by Kriemhild and her maidens. So they sailed down the Rhine until they came to Isenstein.

Siegfried Wins a Bride

There Brunhild and her people gave a courteous welcome to the strangers, wondering much at their lordly bearing and splendid clothes. Since Siegfried had come to help Gunther win his bride, he let the Lady Brunhild think that Gunther was his liege lord.

"And he has come," Siegfried added, "to try his strength with you in the games. For he has set his heart on winning you to be his queen."

"If he should win," said Brunhild, "then

SIEGFRIED

I will marry him. But should he lose, all four of you must die."

While Brunhild was putting on her armor for the spear throwing, Siegfried slipped away to the boat and wrapped himself in his Cloak of Darkness, which made him quite invisible. When he came to the place where the games were to be held, he went up to Gunther, who could not see him any more than could the others, and touched him gently on the arm. You may be sure the King was glad to know that his champion had come, for he was beginning to be very much afraid. It had taken four men to bring out Brunhild's shield!

"Let me take your spear," Siegfried said low to Gunther, "and also your shield. You shall seem to manage them, but I will really be the one to do it."

Now besides making the person who wore it invisible, the Cloak of Darkness made him as strong as twelve ordinary men. So however mightily the warrior maid wrought, Siegfried could always do better. She almost overthrew both him and Gunther when she cast her spear against their shield; but when Siegfried threw his, she could not stand before it. Angrily she arose, and lifted and threw a great stone that it had taken twelve men to set in place; then she leaped after it in all her armor. But Siegfried threw the stone farther, and leaped farther, though he had to carry Gunther in his arms.

Brunhild was red with anger, but she kept her word.

"Come," she said to her followers, "now you must be subject to Gunther, the valiant king." For she thought certainly that it was Gunther who had done these mighty deeds.

Now the story tells of how Gunther led Brunhild back to Worms, and of how Siegfried went on before to bring the good news of victory, and of how Kriemhild and all her household made ready to welcome the King and his fair and valiant queen. Kriemhild herself rode outside the city walls to meet her new sister, and it was a marvelous sight to see the two noble ladies kiss and greet each other. And some said that Queen Brunhild was the more beautiful, but others said that Kriemhild was fairer than the other.

Then Siegfried reminded Gunther of his promise. "We have brought back the Lady Brunhild," he said. "Shall I not now have Kriemhild for my bride?"

"You shall in truth," said Gunther, "if I can bring the thing to pass."

But if Gunther thought that his sister might be unwilling to help him keep his promise, he soon found that he was wrong in that. That very day there was a great feast and a double wedding, Brunhild and Gunther, Siegfried and Kriemhild--with all Burgundy making merry for many days thereafter.

Then when the festival was over, Siegfried and Kriemhild said farewell and went away



That was a foul blow which killed the hero Siegfried as he bent, unarmed, above a spring! "In after times your names will be remembered with shame," said the dying man to his murderers; and it has happened just so.



When Siegfried was dead, Queen Kriemhild did nothing but weep her loss and brood over her wrongs. King Etzel of Hungary sent her his noblest knight, Count Rudiger, to woo her as his queen. But when

Rudiger laid before her the mighty King's suit, the sorrowful Queen would have none of it—until he whispered a dark hint that Etzel might perhaps help her to avenge Siegfried's death on those who killed him.

to Siegfried's country, where they lived and reigned in the greatest honor and happiness. Because they had the hoard of the Nibelungs, which Siegfried had won in his youth, no other king and queen could be quite so rich and splendid as they. For they did not yet know that the hoard was accursed.

When Two Queens Quarrel

Now Queen Brunhild was very proud, and she had always been a little jealous of Queen Kriemhild, whether for the sake of the hoard or for the sake of Siegfried's valor. Even on their wedding day she had spoken scornfully of Siegfried's wife as married to a vassal of King Gunther; for she remembered how Siegfried, for Kriemhild's love, had journeyed to Isenstein calling Gunther his lord. And from the jealousy between the two queens much sorrow was to come.

After ten years Brunhild persuaded Gunther to invite Siegfried and Kriemhild to visit them, for Netherland was so far away that in all that time the two kings had not seen each other. So Siegfried and Kriemhild said

good-by to their little son, and with great pomp sailed up the Rhine to Worms. They were welcomed royally, and for a while everything went smoothly enough. Then one day the two proud queens fell to quarreling.

They had been watching the knights as they jousted for pastime together.

"By rights," said Kriemhild, "my husband should be ruler over all these lands."

"How could that be while Gunther lives?" asked Brunhild.

"But see how right royally he walks before the knights! He is like the moon followed by all the stars."

The Contest for Power

"However worthy Siegfried may be," said Brunhild proudly, "the worthiest of all the kings of the world is Gunther."

"Siegfried is Gunther's equal."

"That can hardly be, for when Gunther won my hand at the games, Siegfried himself said he was Gunther's liege man. Therefore he is my vassal, and I do not see why I

SIEGFRIED

should give him up, and all his noble knights."

At that Kriemhild was very angry indeed, but Brunhild would not take back what she had said.

"Very well, then," said Kriemhild haughtily, "we shall see whether I hold myself a vassal's wife. I will prove to-day before all the world that I dare go before Queen Brunhild into the church. Then the people will know that my husband is a worthier knight than yours and not your vassal at all." For in those days the lady of highest rank always went first into the church.

So Queen Kriemhild went off in high dudgeon, dressed herself in her gorgeous best, and started with all her ladies for the church. Everyone who saw wondered why she and Brunhild did not go to church together as usual.

On the steps of the church the two queens met, with all their train.

"Stop!" cried Brunhild angrily. "No vassal's wife shall go into the minster before the queen."

Then Kriemhild in her anger began to say hard things of Brunhild before all the people, and to scoff at her because it had really been Siegfried who had won her, and not King Gunther at all as she had always supposed. For Siegfried out of his great love had told Kriemhild the real story of that wooing.

The Plot against Siegfried

After she had said her say, Kriemhild swept on into the church—before the Queen. When the two came out again, there were more angry words. Siegfried came, and did his best to calm Brunhild's anger, reproaching Kriemhild bitterly for her cruel and

haughty words. But the proud Brunhild, shamed before all the people, would not soon forget that day. In her heart there grew up a great hatred for Kriemhild and for Siegfried, and she vowed vengeance upon them both.

So it came about that all the joy of that royal visit was turned to dark looks and weeping and secret treachery.

Hagen, who served Brunhild most truly of all her knights, went to the Queen and found her weeping.

"Lord Siegfried shall rue this day," vowed Hagen darkly.

Then came Gernot, the King's brother, and the King himself, and one or two others, and they treacherously plotted Siegfried's death, to avenge the Queen.

Gunther, who had sworn brotherhood with Siegfried and who owed him his Queen and even his life, drew back and hesitated, as well he might. But in the end he yielded to the evil counsel of the others.

Then, with treason in his heart, Sir Hagen went to Kriemhild. How should she guess that Hagen, who had been Siegfried's friend, was now his enemy?

"Lady," said Hagen, "the Saxons are again in arms, and your husband has promised to march with us against them." This Kriemhild believed, for the plotters had raised a false rumor of war as part of their plot.

"I am proud of my husband," Kriemhild said, "that he is so quick to defend my kinsfolk. Remember this, dear Hagen," she begged, "and never let him suffer because of the words I said to the Queen. He has made me sorry enough for my anger."

"Tell me," said Hagen falsely, "how I can



Though Hagen was ruthless and treacherous when he brought about Siegfried's death, no man could ever say that he was other than a bold and mighty warrior. In the dark doings at King Etzel's court, doings by which all who had owned the Nibelungs' hoard met their deaths, he was one of the most heroic figures. Here he is in the midst of the carnage, standing guard over the body of his fallen comrade, Volker.

serve your husband. 'There is no one I should rather do a service for than you.'

Then Kriemhild, in her foolish faith, told Hagen the one spot on Siegfried's body where he could be wounded.

"When he bathed in the dragon's blood," she said, "a linden leaf fell down and lay on his back between his shoulder blades. There and there only his skin is not horny, but like that of other men. If you would serve us both, Hagen, stay close by him in battle and protect him from being wounded there."

Of course this was exactly what Hagen had been wanting to find out. So he was glad enough in his treacherous heart. But to Kriemhild he said, "Sew a thread on his corselet over this spot, and I will guard it well."

The Merry Prank of a Hero

So Kriemhild put a secret cross on Siegfried's coat of mail. And when Siegfried and Hagen rode together to the war, Hagen marked well where he must strike.

Since the rumor of war had been set afoot only to give Hagen an excuse to find out this secret, the plotters now let it be known that the news was false. Coming back to court in merry mood, the warriors were glad enough to fall in with the plan to hold a great hunting party.

Great were the feats of the hero Siegfried in that hunt. He killed so many and such fierce wild beasts that it was a marvel to all the knights. Then in high spirits from his triumphs, he played a merry trick on the camp. He caught a bear with his hands and bound it alive and unwounded on his saddle bow. What a scuttling and scurrying there was about the camp when he let it loose in the kitchen!

The Foul Death of a Hero

But the joy of that feast soon turned to sorrow. For this was the day when Hagen would do his dark deed. He challenged Siegfried to race him to a spring some way from the camp. Siegfried was there first, though burdened with his shield and spear. He laid them down at the spring, and bent over to drink of the water. Then Hagen crept up behind him, took away his arms,

and foully thrust a spear through the hero's back, between the shoulder blades.

In spite of his terrible wound, Siegfried leaped to his feet, looking for his arms. He saw that they were gone, all but his shield. With that alone, though wounded to death, he rushed on Hagen and felled him to the ground. But he could not kill his enemy, for his strength failed and he fell heavily.

Now Gunther was at the spring also, and Siegfried saw that he too had betrayed him.

"Cowards that you are," he cried between his teeth, "is this the reward for all my friendship to you? In after time your names will be remembered with shame." Then he begged Gunther at least to cherish Kriemhild, Gunther's sister and Siegfried's wife. "She will mourn me 'bitterly," he said. And with that he died.

"We must let Kriemhild think that robbers have done this," said Gunther, as they laid Siegfried on his shield.

"I will take him home," said Hagen stoutly. "I do not care whether Kriemhild knows I did it or not, for Kriemhild has made Brunhild sad."

Kriemhild's Tragic Revenge

So the hero was brought home dead on his shield. And Kriemhild found him laid outside her door, and knew by the wound in his back that he had been foully murdered.

Now the story tells much more of the sorrow that came from the quarrel of the queens and of the curse that followed all who owned the Nibelungs' hoard. It tells how Kriemhild nourished hate in her heart for Hagen and even for her brothers, because they had done Siegfried to death. It tells how the hoard was brought from Netherland, and how Hagen stole it from Kriemhild and hid it away, and how Kriemhild was married to the King of Hungary. Then the story tells how Kriemhild took dreadful vengeance on Hagen and her brothers for Siegfried's death, inviting them to her new kingdom and then causing them all to be slain. And lastly it tells how Kriemhild herself was slain.

But it is the first part of the tale that we like to remember. Then the two fair queens, though proud, were not poisoned with hatred.



Photo by Historic Museum, Oslo

In a little open boat with curving prow and bellying sail the hero Beowulf sets out for Denmark and high adventure. A sea voyage was perilous going in Beowulf's day. No compass, no chart, no shelter from

the storm, no power to drive the vessel except oars and an unruly sail! Yet the bold hero loved his ship, his "timbered vessel," his "well-braced floater," "foamy-necked," "birdlike"—so the poet describes it.

The HEROIC MIGHT of BEOWULF

Here Is the Brave Story Which Our Rude Forefathers Brought to England When They First Came There, and Which They Made into a Mighty Poem

THE oldest heroic poem in the English tongue was written in a language that no one can speak now, and very few can read—the language that the Angles and the Saxons brought to Britain when they overran the country about fifteen hundred years ago. In order to read the poem we have to study Anglo-Saxon, or Old English, just as we have to study Latin to read Virgil. But the few of us who learn Anglo-Saxon have a door opened for us into a whole realm of mighty legends.

Of all those legends, the story of Beowulf (bā'ō-wōlf) is the most famous, and the oldest long poem in our tongue is the epic of "Beowulf."

We do not know who wrote this heroic poem, or just when it was first written. We know that the legend of it was familiar to

the Angles and the Saxons even before they came to England, and that is why the scene of the poem is laid in the Scandinavian land from which they had come. We know how the skalds (sköld), or poet-singers of early days, used to strike the rude harp and chant heroic tales to the warriors gathered in the great bare hall, when they had drunk their mead and eaten their meat, and were eager to hear about the glory of great heroes and the news of mighty deeds. We know that some time in the sixth century a few of the events told about in "Beowulf" really happened; and we know that Beowulf's strong grip, like a bear's, and tales of the dragon that he slew, had grown into marvelous stories, often told and believed among the folk.

So we suppose that what happened was about as follows:

BEOWULF

Perhaps about 700 A.D. or a little later, when the Angles and Saxons had become more civilized, had learned to read and write, and had been converted to Christianity, some great poet wrote down the old stories he had heard of Beowulf. He may have been a monk in one of the monasteries of Northumbria, for these were full of learned men in those days. Whoever he was, he wrote with great fire and force, making his hero very brave and altogether glorious. It is a great pity we cannot hear his very words, chanted aloud as they were meant to be; for Anglo-Saxon poetry swings along with great thumping accents, like the clashing of shields or the tramp of war horses. It is impossible to get the same effect in the verses of modern English.

But we should be glad enough that this splendid story has come down to us at all. For when the Danes came to invade England, in the ninth century, they burned down the monasteries, and left only scraps of the old poetry to descend to our day. We have only one copy of "Beowulf," written down about 1000 A.D.—and that one was lost for many a century, and also came near being destroyed by fire before any other copies had been made from it!

Here, then, is the heroic story of the first great poem in English literature—or, for that matter, in the literature of any of the Germanic peoples. It is a genuine epic, because its hero stands for the things the Angles and Saxons held to be noblest in life—loyalty and generous daring, and mighty strength in battle.

The great hall of King Hrothgar (hröth'-

gär) was desolate. Little had the King supposed, when he fastened over the door the deer's antlers and named his fine hall Heorot (hā'ō-röt), that he and his queen and his faithful thanes would see it standing thus deserted for twelve long years. But what could be done? Every night the fiend Gren-

del—that fell monster in human form—would slink across the moors, break into Heorot, and, seizing one of the King's brave thanes as he slept, would greedily devour him! No mortal weapon could pierce the monster's horny hide, and what hero had strength to fight bare-handed with the fiend?

Such a battle was for one hero only. And he did not dwell in Hrothgar's kingdom of Denmark, but far away in Sweden, in Geatland (yē'ät-länd).

But Beowulf, the young hero, nephew of Hygelac (hi'gē-lāk), king of the Geats, was as generous as he was daring, and he longed above all things to win fame by mighty deeds. He had heard of the sorrow of good King

Hrothgar, and he was eager to come to grips with this grisly foe. So he called about him fourteen of his noblest comrades, asking if they would share his adventure.

Gayly the bold youths set forth for Denmark, and having made due offering to heaven, pushed off in their little viking boat, which floated lightly on the water, its curving prow white with foam.

So they passed across the "whale road," the bright and perilous water, and came in sight of the coast of Denmark. Then came galloping down to the shore King Hrothgar's sentry, shaking his spear fiercely at the strangers.

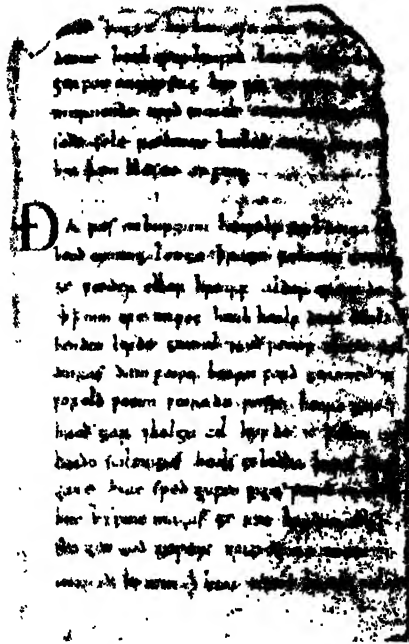


Photo by British Museum

This is how a page of our only manuscript of "Beowulf" looks. Can you read it? You are very clever if you can, for learned scholars have to puzzle over some of the pages. For one thing, bits have been burned off around the edges, as we can see. The precious manuscript is now in the British Museum, in London, and is a sight not to be missed if you have a chance to see it.

BEOWULF



There was feasting once more in Heorot, now that the hero Beowulf had come to do battle with Grendel. All the warriors drank deep of Hrothgar's good mead, and ate of his bounty. There was boasting of heroic deeds done in youth, and the chanting of the bards. Then

"No bearers of shields ever tried so coolly to land here!" he cried, warning them.

But Beowulf, strong and handsome in gleaming helmet and corselet of cunningly woven chain mail, stood up before him in friendly wise, reassuring him. Then the man's manner changed, and he cordially invited the visitors to come before the King. So they strode off in their clanging armor, leaving the ship to sway gently about on her rope as she lay at anchor.

King Hrothgar stood amazed when he had heard the stranger's errand.

"Only let me meet this monster alone," cried Beowulf. "Let no one but the Geats stay to-night in Heorot. With my naked hands will I seize hold of the fiend and battle with him for life—and whoever finds his death may fall knowing it is God's will. If Grendel should overcome me"—and his proud look told Hrothgar that he thought of such a thing as scarcely possible—"let him eat up these my comrades without fear!"

Hrothgar's queen, Wealtheow, rose, as we see her here, to pass the mead horn to Beowulf in token of her trust in his might. And the hero told her he would not fail. When the feast is over, the warriors from across the sea will stretch out on the benches to sleep.

Thus Beowulf boasted, after the manner of the heroes of those old days. He asked for no reward if he should be successful; but if he should fall, let his helmet and corselet be sent home to his uncle, King Hygelac.

That night Heorot rang once more to the sound of feasting, the shouts and boastings of the warrior thanes, and the brave chants of the skalds. When the feast was over, the Danes went out of the hall, leaving the fifteen heroes from over the sea to await what might befall.

When Hrothgar's gracious queen had offered mead to Beowulf, he had answered her, boasting. "I propose to show in this mead hall to-night a princely courage," he had said, "or pass here my last day."

Now had come the moment to stand fast by his boast.

The visiting warriors lay down to rest in the gloomy hall. Beowulf, too, lay down. He had put aside his armor and his goodly sword; for the sword was useless against

BEOWULF

Grendel, nor would the hero deign to use it or to shield himself by helmet and mail against one who neither wore corselet nor understood the art of the sword, how to return doughty blow for blow. Thus the hero lay waiting in the darkness, hearing all about him the quiet breathing of his sleeping comrades.

Suddenly the door of the hall was torn open by some mighty hand, and before Beowulf could raise a finger, one of the sleeping warriors had been seized and devoured by the fiendish monster. Then Grendel strode on to Beowulf himself, ready to destroy him where he lay.

But the fiend had met his match at last. Now it was that the hero was glad of that famous grip of his, strong as the grip of a bear. He laid hold on Grendel's arm. Heorot rocked and rang with the mighty struggle that followed. But

for the monster neither struggling nor wrestling was of any avail. When at last, yelling with rage and pain, Grendel fled to his death over the desolate moor, he left behind him his arm and shoulder still clutched in Beowulf's terrible grasp.

Great was the joy in Hrothgar's court at Beowulf's victory, and high was the feasting at Heorot. That night the King's thanes would sleep in the great hall without fear.

But alas! Who knew that Grendel had a mother even more terrible than himself? That night she came slinking over the moor to avenge the death of her son. Breaking into the hall, she seized upon King Hrothgar's

favorite thane, Aeschere (ăsh'ĕ-rĕ), and dragged him off to his doom. She took with her, too, the arm of Grendel, which had been hung up in triumph on the wall.

Here, then, was another adventure for the hero with the grip of a bear. This time he would not wait for the monster to return,

but set off at once to track her to her den, following the blood trail left by Grendel as he fled. Finally he and his companions came to the margin of a lake. Here the trail ended. The monster's home must be in a cave beneath the waves.

Now Beowulf was a mighty swimmer. He had even boasted of how once he had swum for nine whole days and nights in a match with a youthful rival. As he stood looking at the waters of the lake, he saw the sea monsters and reptiles swimming angrily about, as though they remembered

how their brothers had fared at his hands in that old adventure. Listening to their clamor, the hero determined not to lay aside his armor but to plunge into the waves just as he was, and fight his way to the cave.

He plunged and disappeared from the anxious sight of the watchers. Then blood began to surge up through the waters. Would they ever see their hero again? At last, weary and disheartened, they went homeward, sorrowing.

But Beowulf was not dead. He had fought his way through the sea reptiles and climbed up into the monster's cave. There Grendel's mother grappled with him fiercely and threw



Horrible was that weird fight in the cave under the lake, when Beowulf met the foul monster, Grendel's mother. But he brandished aloft the magic sword and strode toward his fearsome enemy.

him down. But in his sore need the hero spied upon the wall of the cave a mighty sword, and seizing it, he slew his enemy. It was a magic sword, or it never could have availed against her charmed life. Then, looking about him, Beowulf saw the body of Grendel lying in the cave. With the magic sword he cut off Grendel's head, and taking it as a grim trophy, he swam back through the angry waters and returned in triumph to Heorot.

Beowulf Becomes a Danish Hero

King Hrothgar and all his court rejoiced greatly at this amazing victory. The King fell upon Beowulf's neck and kissed him, weeping for very joy and affection. Then, laden with riches pressed upon him by the grateful Danes, the mighty hero set sail with his companions for the land of the Geats.

There King Hygelac, Beowulf's uncle, greeted him joyfully, and listened in admiration as he told of his adventures. So the hero lived at his uncle's court in even more honor than before. And when Hygelac was killed on a raid against the Franks, Beowulf could very easily have made himself king. But he only helped and guarded the boy king his cousin, until the lad died. Then Beowulf took the throne in all honor.

For fifty years King Beowulf reigned, and he was a good king, a father to his people and a generous giver of favors. Then when he had grown old in years and honors, came the time for the great hero's last adventure.

Now you must know that in those old times the heroes were buried in great burial mounds, and with them were buried great treasures of gold and other precious things. To Beowulf's kingdom in those days came a monstrous fire dragon and took up his abode in the richest of the burial mounds, guarding the treasure. But a rash thief one night robbed the dragon of a golden cup. In raging fury the huge wormlike beast sallied forth to revenge himself with fire and slaughter.

The aged king then roused himself for a final battle, that he might save his people from the fiery pestilence. Taking with him eleven of his thanes, he approached the dragon's lair. Challenged by the hero, the mighty worm answered by belching forth

flames from the mouth of the cave. The cowardly thanes fled in terror—all but the youngest, Wiglaf, who stuck by his lord, crying loyally that death was better than a life of shame.

Beowulf, fearless as in the days of his youth, attacked the dragon with his sword. But his strength was not what it once had been, and the blade was turned aside by the scaly armor of the foe. Wiglaf rushed forward to help his lord, and though his shield melted like wax in the dragon's breath, he would not retreat. The dragon seized Beowulf by the throat, but even as he felt his death wound, the King thrust at his foe with his short knife. At the same moment Wiglaf thrust his sword into the creature's belly. Then Beowulf cut the great worm in two.

But alas, the hero had struck his last blow and won his last victory! He lay panting on the ground, a dying king.

Then Beowulf bade Wiglaf bring out the dear treasure that he might see the wealth he had brought to his people before he died. He commanded that when he was dead a great mound should be made on a promontory overlooking the sea, where it might serve bewildered sailors for a landmark. "So shall it be called in days to come the Mound of Beowulf," he said. Last of all, he gave to his loyal young kinsman his corselet and his helmet and the circlet of gold about his neck, as a sign that he was to be king.

The Hero's Death

When he had said these things, Beowulf, best of heroes, gave up the ghost. Wiglaf knelt by him, grieving bitterly.

So it came about that a great mound was raised on a promontory over the sea, and on it was built a mighty funeral pyre. On the pyre the sorrowing warriors hung helmets and bucklers and bright coats of mail. In the mound, with the ashes of the heroic dead, they would later lay the dragon's treasure, deeming it too sacred to be used in any other way.

Sadly they laid the body of the hero on the funeral pyre. The fire was lighted and the dense smoke rose up, and the sound of the crackling flames mingled with the loud weeping of the mourners.



Photo by Husegut

"God give you great honor and worship, Sir King!" said wily Reynard, kneeling before the throne of Noble the Lion. "There was never king that ever had a

truer servant than I." Who would ever have thought that the Fox had been called to this court to be tried for his life! Of course his flattery saved him.

The STORY of REYNARD the FOX

And of All His Sly Misdeeds in the Kingdom of Noble the Lion

PEOPLE have always liked to imagine that animals were once able to talk to each other and to go about acting very much like men and women. So story-tellers are always thinking up tales about the animals to explain the way they act or look to-day. The Indians in California will tell you that the whole world was made by a great Coyote, and they will add all sorts of adventures he had with the other animals. Uncle Remus, as we all know, was full of

tales about Br'er Fox and Br'er Rabbit and the rest. We still remember the stories the old Greek Aesop told long ago—about the fox who thought the grapes were sour or the frogs who insisted on having a king. Nothing, in fact, pleases us better than a good story about the animals.

The truth is that in some ways men and animals *are* alike—and that is just what makes these stories so much fun. Lions are brave—and some men are "brave as a lion."

REYNARD THE FOX

Foxes are sly and clever—and some people are “sly as a fox.” Rabbits scuttle away to their holes when they are frightened—and some of us are “timid as a hare.” So when we tell stories about the animals we find it amusing to make sly fun of ourselves and other people by showing how foolish some of the things we do may look when done by animals.

Now the most famous of all the longer stories about animals is the story of Reynard (rĕn'ărd) the Fox. This story has been amusing people ever since the Middle Ages, when for a long time it was very popular indeed. It was told by various poets in France and Germany and the land we now call Belgium, and finally, in 1477, a Flemish, or Belgian, version was printed in prose. Two years later William Caxton, first and most famous of English printers, translated this tale into English and printed it as “The History of Reynard the Fox”—one of the very first books ever printed in English.

A Tale of Castles and Knights

It is a lively tale, full of laughter and adventures. You will notice that there is much in it about castles and knights; that is because it was written when those were things of every day. Indeed, if you have read the stories of Arthur and his Round Table you will see that part of the fun of “Reynard” is that the animals act rather like knights and ladies who have forgotten how noble knights and ladies are supposed to be—just as too many real knights and ladies forgot it!

But even though we enjoy the sly digs

the story pokes at human kind, we like “Reynard” mainly because it is a lively tale. It goes like this:

Noble the Lion, king of all beasts, had determined to hold a great court of justice and hear any complaints his subjects might have one against another. And when the court

was gathered together, along came Isegrim (ĭ'sĕ-grĭm) the Wolf to complain of Reynard the Fox.

“High and mighty Prince,” said he, “have pity on me for the misdeeds of the Fox. For while I was away he came into my house and abused my wife and children. And so many other evil things has he done to me that no man could possibly tell them all.”

No sooner had Isegrim spoken than many others began to complain of the Fox. Courtoys (kŭr'tois) the Hound cried that Reynard had stolen his last pudding from him. Pancer the Beaver

told of how he had rescued Cuwart (kŭ'ărt) the Hare from being murdered by Reynard while saying his prayers. To be sure, Tybert (tĭ'bĕrt) the Cat said that Courtoys had stolen the pudding, and Grymbart the Badger put up an excellent defense for Reynard, who was his uncle. But just then forth stepped Chanticleer the Cock, who “smote piteously his hands and his feathers.” And with him he brought the coffin of a dead hen, by the side of which walked two weeping hens with lighted tapers and two young hens who cried aloud with grief at their mother's death.

“My Lord the King,” said Chanticleer, “may it please you to hear my complaint. Fifteen fair sons and daughters had I once,



Photo by Itischigita

“Reynard came to me dressed like a hermit,” said Chanticleer, “and brought me a letter sealed with the King's seal. In the letter it was written that the King had made peace among all the beasts. Then the false Fox swore that he had himself repented of all his sins.”

REYNARD THE FOX



Photo by Huelgitta

Whenever Reynard found himself in an especially tight corner, he would pretend to repent of all his sins and try to act very pious for a while until the trouble blew over. But if you watched him shrewdly enough, you

might always observe that he could not help sneaking a glance from the holy book whenever a fat chicken or a tempting rabbit passed by. It was a foolish animal that trusted in the Fox's repentance!

and now have but four. For Reynard the Fox came to me, dressed like a hermit, and said that I need never fear him more, since he had turned him to a holy life. Then the false thief lay hid in the bushes and seized one after another of my children. Only yesterday he slew this my daughter Coppen, but could not eat her because of the hounds."

Then the King was very angry, and decided to send Bruin the Bear to Reynard, bidding him appear at court for trial.

"And look to it, Bruin," said the King, "that Reynard does not deceive you with his wiles."

How Reynard Deceived Bruin

The Bear was quite sure he was a match for Reynard. But when he came to the Fox's den, Reynard did deceive him. Knowing Bruin's love of honey, Reynard led him

to a tree which had been split to get at a hoard of wild honey. The split was held open by a wedge. When Bruin had pushed his head far into the split to get his nose in the sweets, Reynard pulled out the wedge. Poor Bruin had such a hard time getting his head out that he lost the skin off it and even had to part with his ears.

How the Cat Was Fooled

When Bruin sneaked back to court—without the Fox—King Noble sent out Tybert the Cat.

"Reynard trusts you," said the King to Tybert, "and will take your advice."

But Reynard knew that the Cat was as fond of mice as the Bear was of honey. So he promised to take Tybert to a place where he could find his fill of mice—and Tybert was caught in a trap which had been set

REYNARD THE FOX

there for Reynard himself. He managed to escape, but not before he had been soundly beaten by the people in the house.

Then Noble the King decided to send Reynard's best friend, Grymbart (grīm'bärt) the Badger, to bring Reynard to court.

"You had better come," the Badger told Reynard when he had found him. "If you do not, your castle will be besieged. But if you do come, doubtless you, with your quick wit, can think of some way to save yourself."

"That is true," said Reynard thoughtfully. "I have many enemies, but I know very well that the court cannot get along without me."

So they went back to court together. But this time nothing the Fox could say did any good, and he was sentenced to be hanged. Then they all went out to the place

where Reynard was to be hanged. Bruin went on one side of him and Isegrim on the other, and Tybert the Cat went blithely ahead with the rope. But Reynard was still thinking of some way in which he might save himself.

The Fox's Treacherous Story

"My Lord the King," he said when they had come to the gallows, "I pray you grant me one last boon. Since I am going to die, I should like to confess openly all my sins."

This made everyone think that the Fox had really repented at last, and both the King and the Queen were very sorry for him. So they told him to tell his tale.

Then the Fox, pretending to be very humble, told a long story of his misdeeds—

but always telling them in such a way that it sounded as though other people had injured him more than he them. Finally he managed to bring in a reference to a great treasure he had once owned, which, as he said, had been stolen.

"And if it had not been stolen," he told the King, "you would have been murdered by your own people."

At that the Queen cried out in great terror and begged Reynard to explain what he meant. He put on a long face and replied that since he must needs die he would indeed confess everything for the good of his soul.

So the false Fox made up a long story, not one word of which was true, all about Tybert the Cat, Isegrim the Wolf, Bruin the Bear, and Grymbart the Badger—Reynard put his friend Grymbart in so that

the King would be more likely to believe the story—and how they had conspired with Reynard's father to kill the King. He, Reynard, had spoiled their plans by stealing away the treasure with which they had intended to pay their followers. Alas, Reynard's father had then hanged himself for grief. But what thanks was Reynard getting now for having given his father's life to save the King's?

At that Reynard heaved a deep sigh and the Queen was sorrier for him than ever. Besides, both she and the King hoped to get this treasure for themselves. But you may be sure Reynard would not tell them where it was until they promised to forgive all his misdeeds and set him free.

So the wily Fox not only saved his life



Photo by Raschig

Here are Reynard the Fox and Dame Ermelyn at home in their castle, with the little foxes playing about them. And here comes brave Tybert the Cat, bearing a summons for Reynard to appear at court before the King.

REYNARD THE FOX



Photo by Fischlitz

The peace that the King had proclaimed in his realm meant nothing to Reynard, and his hand was ever against all the beasts. The little ones he chased and

but was taken into the full favor of the King and Queen. King Noble wanted Reynard to go to Flanders with him, where Reynard said the treasure was hidden. But the Fox said that he had vowed to make a holy pilgrimage to Rome and could not possibly go to Flanders. That made the King think that the Fox had certainly reformed.

The other animals could hardly believe it when they heard what had happened. But Reynard's enemies were destined to have even more unpleasant surprises. Bruin was thrown into prison for the treason Reynard said he had done in trying to kill the King, and the poor Bear had to give Reynard enough of his skin to make a pilgrim's wallet for the Fox to carry to Rome. Isgrim too was accused of treason, and he and his wife had each to give two shoes so that the pilgrim could go to Rome well shod.

The Sad End of Cuwart the Hare

Reynard said he would first go to his house and say good-by to his family. Bellyn the Ram and Cuwart the Hare were with him, and Cuwart foolishly let the Fox persuade him to go inside the castle.

bullied and devoured; the big ones he deceived. And in the lying knave the people of the Middle Ages recognized certain of their statesmen and kings.

"The King has given us Cuwart, to do what we will with him," Reynard told Dame Ermelyn (ûr'mē-lîn) his wife. "You remember he was the first to complain about me."

With that he seized poor Cuwart by the throat and killed him. The little foxes had a good meal that night. And Reynard put the Hare's head in his wallet and sent the wallet back to the King by the silly Ram, who supposed all the time that it contained letters for His Majesty.

The Ram's Punishment

Of course when the King opened the wallet and saw what was really in it, he was furiously angry. He knew then that Reynard had deceived him, and he supposed that Bellyn (bêl'in) the Ram was guilty too. So to comfort the Bear and the Wolf for what they had unjustly suffered, he decreed that forever after they might prey on all the Ram's people whenever they got a chance.

Of course Reynard had no intention of ever really going on a pilgrimage. And while the King was still making merry at a great feast he had ordered in honor of Sir Bruin

and Sir Isegrim, complaints began again to come in about the Fox's doings.

"He tried to seize me yesterday as I passed his castle," cried the Cony.

"He caught my wife Sharpebec and gobbled her up before my eyes," cried the Rook.

So Grymbart the Badger went once more to summon Reynard to court. Dame Erme-lyn begged her husband not to go this time, but he decided to risk it.

Magic Gifts for King and Queen

The Cony and the Rook were so afraid of him that they dared not press their complaints. Besides, Reynard's aunt, Rukenawe the She-Ape, helped him out by telling stories of his former services to the King. Reynard was really frightened when the King brought up the matter of Cuwart the Hare, but even then his smooth tongue did not fail him.

"Alas, Sir King!" he cried, pretending to weep, "is it true that Bellyn the Ram brought you Cuwart's head in my wallet? What a villain was that Ram! For I put in the wallet three priceless gifts for you and my lady the Queen, and the foul wretch must have stolen them away!" And he told a long tale about the magic ring, the magic comb, and the magic mirror which he said he had put in the wallet, until the King and Queen could hardly bear having lost such treasures.

The Tourney of Fox and Wolf

Reynard was so good an actor that nearly everybody, including the King, believed him. But Isegrim knew him better.

"My Lord," he said, "do not trust this false thief." And he began to complain of him again. But the silly fellow then allowed Reynard to tell the story himself, and you may be sure that when the Fox was through the Wolf had little chance of finding anyone to see *his* side of the matter.

In the end Sir Isegrim had to challenge Sir Reynard to a fight. He was so much bigger and stronger than the Fox that he thought surely he could get the better of him.

So King Noble the Lion proclaimed a mighty tourney, at which the Fox and the Wolf should decide their old quarrel. And all the animals gathered together, expecting

to see the clever little Fox humbled at last.

But before the battle Dame Rukenawe went to her nephew and gave him good advice as to how he could win by wit since he could not hope to win by strength. He was to clip his hair and grease his body all over so that the Wolf could not keep hold of him, and during the fight he was to flip mud and sand into the Wolf's eyes with his bushy tail.

When the Fox came to the tourney all shorn and oiled he looked so funny that everybody laughed at him. But he said not a word except to swear on his knees before the King and Queen that Isegrim's story was false. As for Isegrim, his words were proud and boastful, for he thought the victory was surely his.

How Reynard Became Chief Counselor

But nobody was going to get the victory easily that day. The Fox had to stand many a buffet, but just when the Wolf thought he was going to get his slippery enemy down, he would have to stop and wipe the dirt out of his eyes. Finally he did get Reynard down, but the wily little Fox first got him off his guard by flattering him as of old, and then with a quick twist got himself loose. In short, Reynard finally won the day, and Sir Isegrim slunk off the field sorely wounded and very much humbled in his pride.

Great was the feast that the King and his court made for the victor. And Sir Reynard came proudly, with trumpets and pipes playing before him, and knelt at the King's feet.

"Rise up, Reynard," said the King, "and be joyful, since the victory is yours." Then King Noble promised to take revenge on all Reynard's enemies, and asked the Fox to be his chief counselor.

"Dear Lord," said Reynard with mock humility, "I am not worthy this honor." Then he made a sweeping bow before the King and Queen, and went off with his friends and relatives to his own castle.

So the Fox became the greatest man in all the kingdom.

And the good folk who heard his story were reminded that kings very often believe people who are merely good talkers, and that a quick wit is often more powerful than brawn.

THE CANTERBURY TALES



Photo by Fischgutz

Here is the merry company of pilgrims who are about to leave the Tabard Inn and, with its jolly host, set out on the journey to Canterbury. To while away

the time, each pilgrim will tell a story—and, of course, there will be gossip and jesting, and the miller will play on his bagpipes.

The MERRY TALES of OLD "DAN" CHAUCER

Wittiest and Shrewdest of All Our Great Authors, Chaucer Left Us, in His "Canterbury Tales," a Picture Gallery of All the Motley Life of the Later Middle Ages

IN THE great cathedral at Canterbury, in the old days, lay the bones of the holy St. Thomas à Becket, who had been martyred at the very altar by four villainous knights. From all over England came a stream of pilgrims to do honor at his tomb, and many were the miracles of healing which were wrought by the relics of the saintly man. Sometimes, too, the good people would call upon his name when far away, and, when their sickness had left them, would arise and journey to Canterbury in token of their gratitude.

Now in the latter half of the fourteenth century there lived and wrote, as you may know if you have read his story, a very great

poet in England—Geoffrey Chaucer. It is probable enough that Chaucer once made the pilgrimage to Canterbury, splashing on horseback along the muddy roads with some gay company bent on the same errand. At all events, when he came to write his greatest work, he called it "The Canterbury Tales"; it is the record of an imaginary pilgrimage to Canterbury and of all the fine or merry tales the pilgrims told each other to pass away the long hours of the journey.

They had gathered together quite by chance, he tells us, "full nine and twenty in a company," at the Tabard Inn in Southwark (sūth'erk), on the outskirts of London. Harry Bailey, the host, was a jolly man, and

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Here they all are! The miller, holding tight to his bagpipes, is leading the way. Behind him ride the gentle prioress, the rollicking friar, the chivalrous knight and his manly son, the monk, the parson, the

scholar, the plowman, the lawyer, the wife of Bath, magnificent in her bright red stockings, and of course the jovial host of the Tabard Inn. Mine host will act as master of ceremonies.

he bade the company a pleasant welcome. Seeing them so many and so merry, he suggested that they all go on to Canterbury together, and that each one tell two tales for the amusement of the others on the way to the shrine, and two more coming back. Then they would all gather at the Tabard Inn again and toast the one whose tale was best.

A Glimpse of Merrie England

Chaucer never wrote all the tales that such a plan would call for, but he wrote a good many of them, and no better stories in verse were ever told. He gives us, too, a vivid picture of that motley company who gossiped and quarreled and jested as they rode down to Canterbury. We see the grave and noble knight, pattern of chivalry, and the gallant young squire, his son, who sang serenades all night to his lady and slept "no more than does the nightingale." We see the stately, gentle-hearted prioress, the rollicking friar, the magnificent monk, who loved fine clothes and hunting better than a good monk ought. We see the princely merchant, the physician, the tradesmen, the distinguished man of law. We see rascals from the lower ranks too—a drunken miller, a rascally seller of false pardons which he claims have "come from Rome all hot," a quarrelsome steward from some big estate, and many others. There is a sturdy farmer and a poor country parson, altogether good though possibly a little too fond of preaching. There is a gay and talkative woman called the Wife of Bath, who knows the world and

is willing to tell all about it. Last of all, there is Chaucer himself—but he keeps very quiet except when he is telling his own tale.

We can tell only a few of the stories here. The one about the cock and the fox is told by one of the priests in the party; the tale of the patient Constance is told by the lawyer; the story of the two noble kinsmen comes most appropriately from the knight. These are good tales, and worth retelling. But we shall never really know Chaucer and love him as he deserves unless we read his own words. With only a little trouble we can find out how to pronounce his English; and then we can laugh at his sly humor and live with his sprightly characters and marvel at his witty poetry as we never can in any other way. To many a man Chaucer is the most amusing poet who ever wrote the English tongue. And here are some of his tales:

The Widow and Her Barnyard

There was once a poor widow who lived on a tiny farm. She was very happy, for her food was so simple that she never had the gout or any other illness, and she was very proud in the possession of two daughters, three large sows, three cows, a sheep named Malle (mäl'ě), a cock, and seven hens.

Now, as everybody ought to know, birds and beasts can talk to one another at sunrise. So we need not be surprised to hear Chauntecleer, the widow's fine cock, in conversation one morning with his favorite hen, Pertelote (pěr'tě-lōt), as they sit side by side on the roost. He began by groaning in his throat as though he were in dreadful pain.

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Scarcely had Chauntecleer opened his beak to crow when the false fox seized him by the neck. Wild

confusion reigned over the farmyard, and the poor cock thought his last hour had come!

"Heart's dearest," cried Pertelote, aghast, "what ails you? Why do you groan in this sad manner?"

Chauntecleer only groaned the more as he told his loyal spouse that he had had a fearful dream. In this dream he had seen a beast rather like a hound, of a color between yellow and red, and with ears and tail tipped with black. His snout was small, said Chauntecleer, "And oh, my dear!" he concluded, "his eyes looked at me until I feared that I should die."

Chauntecleer and the Fox

"Nonsense!" scoffed Pertelote. "Away with you! How can I love a coward?"

Then she gave Chauntecleer a lecture, telling him that he ought to be ashamed of himself to confess that anything made him afraid. Besides, she told him, it was absurd to take any stock in dreams. Chauntecleer had a long argument with her about this last, and told her many marvelous stories of dreams that had come all too true. But he could make no impression on her. And in the end she persuaded him to get down from

the safety of the roost and go out into the yard as usual.

Proudly he strutted about with his seven hens, little knowing that a sly fox had broken through the fence and was crouching in a bed of weeds until his chance should come. Pertelote and the other hens were wallowing merrily in the sand, and Chauntecleer, who was a famous singer, lifted his voice "merrier than a mermaid in the sea."

Presently he let his eye follow a butterfly that was fluttering among the weeds. Then all at once his dream returned to him in all its horror—for there, half hidden in the weeds, lay the beast with glaring eyes!

"Cok! cok!" cried Chauntecleer in terror.

But the sly fox spoke to him politely.

"Nay, gentle sir," he said, "surely you are not afraid of me, who am your friend?"

The Cunning of a Fox

Chauntecleer stared at him, too stupefied with terror to reply.

"I came only to hear you sing," the smooth-tongued fox went on. "Your voice is as lovely as an angel's. How well I re-

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member the matchless singing of your father! I had both your father and your mother in my house, and greatly enjoyed their company. How your father used to stand on his toes and wink his eyes and stretch his neck, so as to be able to voice his glorious song! I wonder whether you can sing like your father?"

Then Chauntecleer, who was very vain of his singing, was so flattered that he forgot to be afraid. He stood on his toes and began to crow, to show how splendidly he could do it. But alas! at that very instant the false fox sprang at him, seized him in his mouth, and dashed away.

What a commotion there was then in the farmyard!

The widow ran, her daughters ran, the dog, the hired man, and the maidservant ran. At the barking of the dog, the cow, the calf, the sows, and the ducks ran. The geese flew over the trees, and the bees swarmed out of the hives.

The Cock Outwits the Fox

"Ah," said Chauntecleer to the fox, "if I were you, I should despise all this noise, and say, 'I will wait here and eat him, and that at once!'"

"It shall be done!" cried the fox. But alas for him that he should let Chauntecleer flatter him exactly as he had flattered Chauntecleer! No sooner had he opened his mouth than the wily cock escaped and flew safely out of reach to the branch of a tree.

"Come down! come down!" cried the fox. "Let me explain that I meant no harm!"

"No, no, I can do very well without your explanations," said Chauntecleer.

And off he flew to tell the story to Perte-

lote and the other hens. There was nothing for the false fox to do but to trot mournfully home.

The Tale of Princess Constance

The princess Constance, daughter of the

Roman emperor, had sailed away to Syria to be the Sultan's bride. It had grieved her to leave her dear home and the Christian land of Italy to dwell among strangers and followers of Mohammed. But she loved the young Sultan, and rejoiced that he and all his court had been baptized as Christians when he sought her hand. So both she and her bridegroom supposed that all was well.

Alas, they had not reckoned on the Sultan's mother. The news that her son had been baptized and was bringing home a Christian bride was more than her fierce spirit could bear. So as her son and his company sat peacefully at supper, she basely sent ruffians to murder them all. Then she bade her henchmen stock a vessel with food and clothes and set Constance adrift in it without sail or rudder.

Now Constance was brave and steadfast, and she made no complaint, only praying that God might keep her as He had helped Daniel in the den of the hungry lions. And in answer to her faith came a mighty miracle. For though the lonely vessel drifted on for a whole year and more, she never wanted for water or for food. At last the winds drove her to the distant shore of Britain, and she was found and cared for by good folk who served the Northumbrian king.

When the King, whose name was Alla, came back from his wars and saw the lovely



Photo by Graustorff Bros

Unhappy Constance! Set adrift in an open boat without sail or rudder, it seemed that she must surely perish—and all through no fault of her own.



When the banquet was over, King Alla was taken to the senator's home, and there he found his beloved wife working as a servant. This is the scene of their meeting. Constance is so overcome at seeing her

husband after all the cruel years of separation, that she has let her dishes fall to the ground unheeded. She is waiting for the British king to explain his seeming cruelty.

Constance, he was so enchanted that he married her, and became, for her sake, a Christian.

The Sultan's Cruel Mother

But once again neither bride nor groom had counted on the bridegroom's mother. King Alla's mother hated Constance no less than the Sultan's mother had hated her—not so much because she was a Christian, perhaps, as because she was a strange girl cast up out of nowhere by the sea and now set in authority over the Queen Mother herself. For Constance had never told anyone that her father was emperor of Rome.

The Queen Mother hid her hatred deep in her heart, and the King went off to the wars without suspecting it. Then his mother wrote him a letter, accusing Constance of

monstrous crimes; but the King bade them be kind to his wife until he could return and see what all the trouble meant. That did not suit the Queen Mother at all; so she changed the letter, pretending that the King had commanded his followers to set Queen Constance and her little babe once more adrift upon the sea, in a boat with neither rudder nor sail.

The Princess Is Set Adrift

Constance could not think what had come over the King, for she had supposed he loved her dearly and she knew that she had done no wrong. The people loved her and wept bitterly at her plight. But there was nothing for it but to obey the King.

The poor Queen knelt humbly in the sand before she entered the ship, and prayed so

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that all the people of that heathen land might hear. "God can keep me from harm and shame," she said, "even on the cruel salt sea. My trust in Him shall be like a rudder and a sail on my journey." Then she bent over her babe, who was crying piteously. "Peace, little son," she said soothingly. "I will not harm you."

Then she took off the kerchief that was around her head and placed it over the baby's eyes; and as the ship floated away, she lulled the tiny Prince to sleep and cast up her eyes to Heaven.

For five years this time that strange boat drifted on the waters, through storm and sunshine, cold and heat, and the mother and her child lacked for nothing. Then one day they came in sight of the shores of Italy, Constance' native land.

A Roman senator, walking on the shore, saw with amazement the beautiful woman and the lovely little boy drifting in the boat alone. He took pity on them and brought them to his house. There Constance, thinking it shame after all that had happened to tell anyone who she was, served contentedly as a waiting woman. She was happy enough, and everyone loved her and Maurice, her son.

But in far-off Britain she was not forgotten. When King Alla came home from the war and found what his mother had done, he was half mad with grief and rage, and in

his passion slew his mother. Then when his passion cooled he repented of his deed, and set out on a pilgrimage to Rome to beg forgiveness from the pope. In Rome he was received most graciously, and many notable people were bidden to a feast in his honor.

Now Constance, living at the senator's house, could not fail to hear of these things that went on in Rome. Great was her distress to know that her husband was so near, for she still supposed that it was his mysterious displeasure that had sent her wandering over the sea. But she said nothing, though the senator took her handsome young son with him to the feast.

At the banquet little Maurice looked very curiously at the British king, and the King noticed the boy's eager gaze.

"Whose fair child is that standing yonder?" he asked the senator.

"I cannot tell," was the reply. And the senator told Alla that the boy had a mother, but no father, and that his mother was the truest and noblest woman he had ever known.

King Alla Finds His Princess

But what was King Alla's amazement when, going home with the senator that afternoon, he saw his own true wife serving as a waiting woman! He knew her at once, and greeted her joyfully, though Constance stood dumb as a tree, her heart bursting



Photo by Metropolitan Museum of Art

This is fair Emelye, Duke Theseus' daughter, whose appearance in the castle garden broke up the lifelong friendship of Palamon and Arcite. Behind her stands the tower where the two young men are imprisoned, and where they are eating out their hearts for love of the beautiful maiden, who as yet is quite unaware of their existence.

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When Duke Theseus had stopped the fight in the wood and had found out that the two knights were his with distress at the thought of his injustice and cruelty.

But all was soon explained, and Constance knew the truth at last. She and her dear husband kissed each other a hundred times, and there was more gladness between them than you could suppose anyone might know in all this world.

So Constance's troubles were over at last, and her patient faith rewarded. As for little Maurice, he had found his father, and grew up to be a great prince in Britain.

The Tale of the Theban Princes

The two noble kinsmen, Palamon and Arcite, princes of Thebes, had sworn love and loyalty to each other forever. And each held the other very dear and they were loyal friends until jealous love parted them for a while, as you shall hear.

A day came when there was fighting between Athens and Thebes, and when the battle was over, alas! the two noble cousins found themselves prisoners of Theseus (the'sūs), duke of Athens. He shut them up in a strong tower belonging to his castle, and, refusing all ransom, doomed them both to imprisonment for life.

enemies, he doomed them both to die. In the picture above, Emelye is interceding for her two rash suitors.

For a long time they comforted each other as best they might in this sad case. Then one fatal morning Palamon (pāl'ā-mōn), looking out of the grated window into the castle garden, saw walking there fair Emelye, Duke Theseus' sister-in-law. Her yellow hair fell down her back a yard in length, and she was very beautiful. Poor Palamon fell deeply in love at that first sight of her, and groaned in an agony of despair to think that he was but a luckless prisoner and could not hope to win her hand.

He poured out his grief to Arcite (ār'sīt), sure of his cousin's sympathy. But even as he spoke, Arcite too had looked on Emelye, and knew that he must see her every day or he would die.

In grief and amazement Palamon reminded Arcite what they had sworn together: that "never for death nor pain, till life departed" would either of them hinder the other in love. But Arcite could not see why Palamon should have any more right to love the lady of his choice than he. High words arose, and a tragic bitterness sprang up between the cousins, to make even more unbearable their captivity.

Then one day Arcite was told that through

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the pleadings of a friend the Duke had been persuaded to set him free—but only on condition that he leave Athens, never to return on pain of death.

You would think that Arcite might rejoice at this news. But no, he only fell into bitterer grief. For it meant that he must go away and never see fair Emelye any more.

"Now would that I might die!" he groaned. "Farewell, sweet life, and all its joys!"

Indeed, when one thinks of it, it is hard to say which lover was in more piteous case. For one might see his lady every day, but must live forever in prison, and the other might ride forth at will, but must see his lady nevermore!

So Arcite left Palamon a prisoner, and rode forth into banishment. But so sorely did he pine for sight of his lady that he grew thin and pale, for in truth he wanted greatly to die. At last he could bear it no longer, and, braving death, came back to Athens in disguise. Calling himself Philostrate, he ventured even into the castle of the Duke, and speaking Theseus fair, managed to become fair Emelye's page.

This was too much for Palamon. When he heard of it, as he shortly did, he was beside himself with misery and rage. So desperate was he that he actually managed to break from prison, and to reach a wood in which he hid till morning.

Here he met Arcite—the very man against whom his jealous fury raged. Nothing would do but that they should fight it out. Of course Palamon had no arms; so Arcite brought him some and chivalrously waited until he was ready for the fray. Then they fell to with such a will that you would never have thought the two had once sworn friendship and brotherhood so loyally.

What might have happened no one can say. But luckily—as it turned out—Duke Theseus with his wife and daughter and many knights and ladies of the court chanced to come riding through those woods to the hunt.

Instantly the Duke stopped the duel and demanded to know the whole story. Mighty was his wrath when he discovered that one

of the fighting knights was a prisoner escaped from his tower and the other a banished man who had been living at his court in disguise—and that it was his daughter they were fighting over! Sternly he doomed both Palamon and Arcite to die.

But how could the lovely Emelye and her gentle mother bear to see two fair and gallant youths thus die for love? They and all their ladies fell upon their knees before the Duke, crying out their pity and begging him to be merciful. Finally he relented, and was even willing that Emelye should marry one or the other of her rash young suitors. As it was impossible that she should marry them both, he ordered a great tournament to be held at which the matter might be properly decided.

From far and near the knights assembled for the tournament, and all Athens went wild with excitement. The joyous shouting of the people rose till it seemed to reach the sky. Desperate was the fighting, with blood flowing in torrents and horses and men going down all over the field. How Emelye's heart must have trembled for both her lovers, how anxiously she must have strained her eyes to see who was destined to be her plighted lord!

In the end Arcite was proclaimed the victor.

But all this time, you must know, the gods had been taking sides in this quarrel between the two kinsmen, and had settled it that Arcite might never enjoy his reward. So Pluto, at Saturn's request, shot up through the ground a flame of fire which so frightened Arcite's horse that the knight was thrown violently to earth. And although all the other combatants who had been wounded in the tournament recovered of their hurts, it was fated that Arcite must die.

On his deathbed he remembered his old love for Palamon, his friend and kinsman. And he begged his bride to marry his rival when he should be dead, saying that there was no nobler knight or worthier to be loved.

So Arcite won the victory, and Palamon won the bride. And before Arcite died, the old friendship between him and Palamon was made whole again.

THE BRAVE FIGHT OF FAMOUS ROLAND

This bronze group is one of the famous monuments of Paris. The majestic rider is Charlemagne, emperor of Rome and king of the Franks. To the right, holding the horse's bridle, is Roland, brave hero of the trouvère's song.



Photo by Ollivier, Paris

The BRAVE FIGHT of FAMOUS ROLAND

*This Is the Tale That Has Come Down through the Ages about
the Best of All the Knights of Charlemagne*

WHEN the Normans under William the Conqueror marched to victory against the Saxons at Hastings, a trouvère (trōō'vēr'), or singer, went before them urging them on to warlike deeds. And the song that he chanted told of the princely courage and high chivalry of Roland, mightiest hero of the court of Charlemagne (shār'lē-mān). Often and often had the tale been told before that great day in 1066, and often has it been told since. It was told in France; it was told in England. It traveled to Italy, where the hero's name became Orlando, and his exploits filled the vast length of the poet Ariosto's famous romances. Even to-day, among Italian people at home or abroad, we may hear this story, or see parts of it acted out night after night with nodding little dolls, called marionettes, for actors.

But Roland was a Frank, and the story really belongs to France. In truth, the greatest telling of it is in the quaint Old French verse of the eleventh century. This poem

is called the "Chanson de Roland," or "Song of Roland"; it is the greatest of French "chansons de geste" (shōN'sōN' dē zhĕst), a phrase which means something like "songs of daring-do."

There actually was a battle a little like that described in the "Song of Roland." It was fought in 778 A.D. somewhere in the lofty Pyrenees, probably at the pass of Roncevaux (rōNs'vō'): and a leader with a name very like Roland took part in it. To be sure, in 778 Charlemagne was still a young and vigorous king, not the hundred-year-old gray-beard sage we hear of in the poem; and the Franks really fought some straggling native Spaniards at Roncevaux rather than a vast army of Saracens. But there were plenty of Saracens, or Moors, in Spain at that time, and Charlemagne did have many fights with them at one time or another. We must not expect the poets to be too literal! Besides, for centuries after the battle of Roncevaux, pious pilgrims used to travel through this

THE BRAVE FIGHT OF FAMOUS ROLAND

pass of the Pyrenees (pîr'ê-nêz) on their way to the holy shrine at Compostela (kôm'pô-stā'lā). Would it have been quite human if all the minstrels and poets of Roncevaux had managed to keep from exaggerating the tales they told these tourist-pilgrims of Roncevaux's glorious history?

As for the magic horn Olifant, of that we shall say nothing. If King Arthur has a magic sword, Excalibur, who will grudge Roland his magic horn?

Charlemagne's Years of Glory

Now this is the way the story goes: The emperor Charlemagne was seated on a throne of gold, his long white beard sweeping his bosom and making him look very wise and venerable. A hundred years old was Charlemagne, but each year still added to the tale of his victories and his glory. Even now his army was resting in a wood after a great victory at Cordova (kôr'dô-vä) over the Saracens (sâr'â-sën), as the Mohammedans of that day were called. The Emperor's heart warmed to his doughty knights, who had fought so gallantly. Just now they were lightly passing the hours with fencing and with chess. It would be good to think that, after this famous victory, he and his Franks might leave off fighting the heathen Saracens and go home to the fair Christian land of France, which they had not seen for seven long years. But Saragossa (sâr'â-gôs'â) still remained unsubdued; and until that fell, the Franks must stay in Spain.

The Messengers from Marsiles

"Sire," said a messenger, bowing low before the throne, "know that thirteen Saracens are approaching, each bearing an olive branch. They come with a message from King Marsiles."

Now King Marsiles (mâr'sël') was ruler of Saragossa, and you may be sure that the Emperor was eager to hear what he had to say. So he gave command that the visitors be brought at once into his presence.

They came respectfully, at their head Blancandrin (blân'kôn'drân'), one of King Marsiles' wisest councilors. It was he indeed who had urged the King to send this embassy.

"O mighty Emperor," said Blancandrin,

"my master, King Marsiles, sends you greetings. He bids me say that he would count it an honor, so valorous are your arms, to swear fealty to you as his lord. Moreover, if you will spare Saragossa and withdraw your forces altogether from Spain, he will send you vast presents for the reward of your soldiers, and will himself follow you to France and be baptized a Christian. For powerful is the right arm of your God in dealing blows!" He added that the people of Saragossa would send hostages in token of their good faith.

When Blancandrin had spoken, the great emperor sat silent a moment, his chin sunk thoughtfully in his beard. Then he commanded that the visitors be given hospitality worthy of their degree, and called his barons into council.

Most fiery among the councilors was young Roland, the Emperor's nephew. With him at Charlemagne's call came Oliver, his bosom friend, Ganelon (gä'n'-lôn'), his stepfather, and many another. The Emperor told them what Blancandrin had proposed.

How Ganelon Became Envoy

Roland made no secret of his passionate wish to go on fighting to the bitter end; it seemed to him shame to make peace with the heathen, whatever fair promises they might choose to make. But Ganelon, who had no love for his stepson, immediately took the other side. The council, he said, should not accept the proposals of fools—meaning Roland—for surely enough blood had already been shed. An aged baron named Duke Naimes (nēm) also urged peace, and suggested that Charlemagne send an ambassador to King Marsiles to discuss the matter.

Now this last was a dangerous proposal, for King Marsiles had already treacherously killed two of Charlemagne's envoys. But the council determined to try it again, and Roland, Oliver, Duke Naimes, and the Archbishop at once offered to go, even at the risk of their lives. But Charlemagne said he could not get along without every one of these trusted men. So Roland slyly suggested that Ganelon would make an excellent envoy. And the council instantly acclaimed the choice!

THE BRAVE FIGHT OF FAMOUS ROLAND



It was an evil day when Charlemagne gave Ganelon the glove and sent him forth to make peace with King Marsiles; for as the black-hearted traitor and

Blancandrin traveled toward Saragossa, they plotted treason against the Emperor—that Ganelon might work out his spite upon his stepson Roland.

Ganelon, fierce with the grudge he bore his stepson, went pale with anger. He felt that he had been trapped into danger. But when he spoke threateningly to Roland, the young knight only mocked him with laughter.

The Plot against Roland

"Give me the glove, Sire!" cried Ganelon furiously. The glove was the sign of his office as ambassador. But when the Emperor handed it to him gravely, the angry man accidentally let it fall. A thrill of dismay passed around the council, for they all knew that a dropped glove was an evil omen.

And in truth it was an evil day when Ganelon was made ambassador. For he had the black heart of a traitor, and left the council glowering with thoughts of revenge.

So as Ganelon and Blancandrin rode off together to Saragossa, they plotted treason against the Emperor that Ganelon might take out his spite on his stepson.

"It is not the Emperor who wills more war," said Ganelon. "It is the warlike Roland. If only he were destroyed, peace would surely come."

King Marsiles was glad enough to fall in with Ganelon's scheme. As for the Emperor, he suspected nothing, and was delighted

when Ganelon returned from Saragossa, bringing with him seven hundred camels laden with gold, the keys of the city, and twenty hostages from high families. Without ado he ordered tents to be struck, that his hosts might leave Spain at once.

Now there was only one narrow pass by which they could get through the high mountains of the Pyrenees, which lay between them and France. Charlemagne decided that he must have a worthy general to command the rear guard which must protect his army as it passed through.

Roland's Fatal Mission

This was exactly what Ganelon had been counting on. Instantly he suggested that there was no one nobler or fitter for such a command than his stepson, Roland. The Emperor frowned, for there was many another he would rather run the risk of losing. But Roland knew that this was his stepfather's revenge for that sly suggestion that Ganelon be sent to Saragossa. So he lifted his young head in scornful pride and cried that nothing would satisfy him but to be given this post.

"Only give me the Bow of Command and twenty thousand men," he begged of Charle-

THE BRAVE FIGHT OF FAMOUS ROLAND

magne. His uncle looked sadly and proudly at him, and agreed.

Then, with a stirring of arms and a fluttering of banners, the main army moved forward.

Roland, with Oliver ever at his side, and Turpin (tür'päN'), the archbishop of Reims (ràNs), and the other Twelve Peers of France, was encamped in the lovely plain of Roncevaux. All about them, except where the narrow pass ran through, rose towering mountains. The air was sweet with flowers. The soldiers were happy in the thought that at last they were going home.

"Hark!" cried Oliver, rushing up to Roland. "Do hear those sounds? Horses hoofs! the clashing of arms! The Saracens are upon us!"

No news could have pleased Roland better, for he was one of those warlike spirits to whom fighting is the joy of joys, because they can do it so well and because of the proud fame it brings them.

"God grant it!" he cried. "Now shall we make an end of them. To arms! For God and the Emperor! God fights on the side of the Cross against these heathen Saracens!"

He and Oliver rushed up a hill. There they could see the enemy approaching in vast multitudes, their jeweled armor shining under the noonday sun.

"Blow your magic horn, Roland!" urged Oliver. "Blow Olifant! Its blast can be heard for many a long mile. Charlemagne will hear it and return."

"Never!" returned Roland haughtily. "We

will win our fair fame alone. Have I not my good sword Durendal? No Saracen shall be seen alive this night."

Still Oliver tried to persuade Roland to blow his horn, and still Roland refused, so bent was he upon battle fame. Yet he knew in his heart that Ganelon had betrayed them.

So there went forth the order to fight to the death. The Archbishop rode up on a hill and cried out to the soldiers to stand stoutly against the heathen, promising them that if they died they should be noble martyrs and go straight to Paradise. Then the men confessed their sins and the Archbishop gave them his blessing. He had barely finished when the two armies came together with a mighty clashing of spear on shield and a tumult of cries.

Aelroth, King Marsiles' nephew, rode at the head of the Saracens.

"To-day your doom is come!" he shouted tauntingly. "You are betrayed into our hands!"

But Roland put spurs to his horse, dashed upon him, broke away his shield, and swept off his head.

So the battle went forward. Roland, Oliver, the Peers, and the warrior Archbishop did stupendous things, as indeed did the Saracens too. At the end of the day the beautiful flowers were stained with blood and crushed with the bodies of the dead and dying. Valiantly as they had fought, the Franks were hopelessly outnumbered; and as the shadows began to lengthen only two thousand of Roland's twenty thousand remained alive.



The Saracens were well acquainted with Roland's prowess and with the fatal might of Durendal, his sword; for the warrior nephew of Charlemagne had fought many a fierce battle on Spanish soil. They were only too eager to catch the hero unaware in the narrow pass at Roncevaux, and so be rid of him forever.

THE BRAVE FIGHT OF FAMOUS ROLAND



At last Roland grasped his magic horn and blew a mighty blast. Again and again he blew. Would Charlemagne hear and come to the rescue of his

nephew and his knights? Only a few were left. The rest of the proud company lay dead or dying, victims of the treachery of the evil-hearted Ganelon.

But still Roland would not blow his magic horn.

A second Saracen army, fresh and eager, came sweeping up the plain. But not even they could stand against the Franks, and Roland and his men cut them down ruthlessly as they fled. Though but a few of the Christians were by now left alive, Roland would not yet blow his horn.

When Roland Blew His Horn

King Marsiles sent his third army; at the head of it was Abime (â'bēm'), his fiercest general, who bore the Royal Dragon as a standard. But when the Archbishop saw Abime, he galloped toward him.

"Yonder shield of gold and gems," he cried, "once belonged to Satan." He crashed at it, it was shattered, and Abime was no more.

Of the Franks there remained but three hundred men. Against that heroic band King Marsiles himself now led the assault.

"May Mahomet destroy them!" was his wail. "Down with Roland!"

Roland, Oliver, and the Archbishop stood together fighting valiantly, with now but sixty men behind them.

"It is no disgrace to be overwhelmed with

numbers," admitted Roland at last. And he blew his horn.

"It is too late!" groaned Oliver.

Far away, Charlemagne heard the strange note of a horn sound through the still air. He turned quickly to Ganelon.

"Surely that is Roland's Olifant! He must be in danger!"

"Nay, Sire," said Ganelon smoothly, "he but sounds it as he rides with the Peers hunting."

But again the horn sounded, and yet again.

"Roland is betrayed!" exclaimed Charlemagne. "And you are the betrayer!"

It was vain for Ganelon to deny it. He was delivered over to the cook to be guarded; he was buffeted and chained, and led along like a beast.

Oliver's Tragic Deathblow

Meanwhile the Emperor had given instant orders to his army to turn and gallop off to Roland's rescue. And ever as they sounded their clarions, they could hear in answer Roland's horn. But even as they drew near it the sound grew fainter and still more faint.

For Roland and Oliver and the Archbishop were fighting desperately with the brave remnant of their men.

THE BRAVE FIGHT OF FAMOUS ROLAND

Oliver went down. Looking up with eyes fast glazing with death, he saw a warrior bend over him, and he struck out blindly, giving one more deathblow ere he died. But the bending warrior was Roland, his friend, who knelt beside him in love and sorrow.

"Alas, Oliver," said Roland sadly, "you have done what the Saracens could not do."

"The Clarions of Charlemagne"

Piteously Oliver begged his forgiveness, and prayed with clasped hands for France, for Charlemagne, and for Roland, his friend. As he uttered Roland's name, he died.

Then Roland, wounded to death but struggling still, faced again toward the foe. With him were the Archbishop and a baron named Gaultier (gōl'tyā'); against him the whole Saracen host. The horn sounded ever more feebly, while nearer and nearer Charlemagne's warriors galloped at desperate speed, knowing that some dread thing must have occurred.

"The clarions of Charlemagne!" A great shout of terror went up from the Saracen host. "We must slay this Roland before we leave the field!"

When the Saracens Fled

Roland and the Archbishop made one last rush at the enemy, striking death to left and right. Then suddenly the Saracens, sure that the hosts of Charlemagne were upon them, turned in a panic and fled.

Roland's horse was killed and he could not pursue them. He knelt to bind up the wounds of the Archbishop, who was dying. Then he struggled to the battleground, that he might bring the bodies of his dead friends for the holy man to bless.

But as the Archbishop made the sign of the cross over Oliver's body, Roland sank down in a swoon.

It was the Archbishop's turn to struggle to his feet, and grasping Olifant, he managed to get some water for the dying hero. When Roland opened his eyes, he perceived that the Archbishop too was at the point of death. In bitter grief he commended his soul to God.

Roland looked then at his good sword Durendal. And thinking that he could not bear that any man should ever swing it after he was dead, he tried with a desperate last effort to smash it against a rock. But the true steel would not break; so he placed it and Olifant beneath his body and lay down with his face to the foe, hoping that so Charlemagne would find him.

How Roland Died

Then he begged God's mercy on his sins. And the Song tells us that as he breathed his last breath, holy cherubim came down from Heaven to bear his soul to Paradise.

So it came about that when the Emperor came to that sad plain he found his valiant nephew dead among the trampled flowers, and all his host lying dead around him. And the Song tells of the terrible vengeance that he took on the enemy, and of the miracles God worked on his behalf, and of the punishment of Ganelon, and of other things.

But no vengeance could bring back to life the host that Ganelon's treachery had slain. Neither could any valorous deeds done thereafter by Charlemagne's knights surpass the heroic memory of Roland and Oliver and their brave death at Roncevaux.





Photo by Itsehgita

What a surprise it was for Gulliver when he awoke! He found that his arms and legs were bound with rope and that his hair was pegged to the ground. The ropes were scarcely larger than threads, but there were so many of them that the poor fellow could not

budge. What *had* happened to him? Suddenly he felt something moving on his chest—something tiny and alive. Why, it was a little man—he must be dreaming—a little man barely six inches high! Soon he was surrounded by a whole army of them.

The MARVELOUS TALE of GULLIVER

Of All the Travelers to Imaginary Lands the Hero of Jonathan Swift Is the Most Famous

THE places that the famous Lemuel Gulliver visited are as wildly impossible as fairyland, and Gulliver himself was born in the brain of Jonathan Swift. Yet Gulliver's travels are much more famous than those of most of the great travelers and explorers who have really lived. Who has not heard of Lilliput (lil'li-put), the land of tiny people?—or of Brobdingnag (bröb'ding-näg), the land of giants? They are so familiar that we call little things Lilliputian (lil'i-pü'-shän) and big things Brobdingnagian (bröb'-dīng-näg'i-än) and expect everybody to understand just what we mean.

How did Swift do it? Why do we still read and like this book of imaginary travels published long ago in 1726? Well, in the first and most important place, Swift could

tell about as fascinating a story as any man who ever lived. He had a way of relating the most fantastic adventures so quietly that we are quite ready to believe they must really have happened. And what adventures they are! Besides those in Lilliput and Brobdingnag, which we are retelling here, there are others almost as famous. Gulliver visited Laputa (lä-pü'tä), a city on an island that flew in the air. He went to Balnibarri, where the people were so taken up with the ideas and speculations in their own heads that they had no time to notice what was going on around them. He discovered Glubbdubdrib, where ghosts waited at table, and Luggnagg, where he had to crawl on his stomach and lick the dust before the king. Last of all, he found the land of the Houyhnhnms (hö-

in'm), a noble and wise race of horses who were served by stupid human creatures called Yahoos (yā'hōō).

Now all these tales are meant to show men how silly they are at times, and so Swift is not only a great story-teller but a great satirist. The Lilliputians act very much like men, but because they are tiny we can see how foolish their acts sometimes are; and in Brobdingnag the tables are turned and human beings seem very little and foolish to the giants. But as we read the stories we can think of the satire or not, just as we choose. With it or without it, Gulliver had glorious adventures.

Lemuel Gulliver Becomes a Sailor

Until the day when he first suffered shipwreck, Lemuel Gulliver had led the most quiet and respectable of lives. His father had a small estate in Nottinghamshire, and Lemuel went up to Cambridge at fourteen, stayed there three years, and then apprenticed himself to a surgeon. The young man wanted to see the world, and so as soon as he was qualified, he went to sea as a ship's surgeon. Even so, nothing very strange happened to him for a long time.

Then on one of his voyages the ship was wrecked. Gulliver and his companions took to the little boat, but that went down, too. Gulliver was the only one to get to land.

All wet with the sea, he wandered inland. He noticed neither houses nor people, and being very tired he lay down on the soft grass and fell sound asleep.

Gulliver's First Great Adventure

After a while he awoke. But what was his astonishment, when he started to get up and go on, to discover that he could not stir!

He tried to move his arms and legs, but they were fastened down tightly to the ground. He could not even turn his head, for his long thick hair also was somehow pegged down so that the least movement hurt him cruelly. And as he was lying on his back, he could only stare at the blazing sun and blink his smarting eyes.

The worst of it was that he did not understand what had happened to him. He could hear a confused noise going on all around

him, but he could see no one. Then he felt something little and alive walking along his leg, and pretty soon he managed to turn his eyes enough to see what it was. On his chest was a tiny man not more than six inches high! A crowd of others followed him, each carrying a tiny bow and arrow.

Gulliver roared so loud that they all sprang back in a fright. But they returned and shot their arrows at his hands and face. It was like having a shower of needles shot at him.

Gulliver had managed to wriggle his left hand free, but decided to lie quiet till night and then try to escape. It was the best thing he could have done. For when the little people understood that the "Man Mountain" meant them no harm, they were quite willing to be friends. One of them made him a long friendly speech—of which he could not understand a word—and others cut the strings that fastened the left side of his head.

The Queer Land of Lilliput

They even fed him when he made them understand by signs that he was hungry. And feeding a Man Mountain was no easy task! At the Emperor's order whole joints of mutton, enormous quantities of bread, and barrel after barrel of beer were slung up his mountainous sides and put into his mouth. The mutton was beautifully cooked, but a joint was no bigger than a lark's wing, and Gulliver ate three of the loaves of bread at a mouthful. No wonder the little men who were feeding him shook all over with terror!

Meanwhile the Emperor had ordered that an enormous trolley should be built to move the Man Mountain into one of the largest buildings in Lilliput. It took nine hundred men to sling him up on the trolley, and fifteen hundred of the finest horses to draw it along. Gulliver lay at full length on the platform, still tightly bound. He was fast asleep as he was rolled along, for the shrewd little people had put a sleeping draught in his beer. But pretty soon one of the soldiers stuck his pike up Gulliver's nostril—and the Man Mountain woke up, sneezing.

The big building which the Lilliputians had chosen to be Gulliver's home was a long

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS



Photo by Rosehita

After Gulliver had been in Lilliput for a time, he learned the language of the country, and so was able to talk with his funny little captors. Of course, since they were so tiny, the Lilliputians had piping little voices, while to them, Gulliver's voice sounded like a lion's roar. To make conversation easier he set them

way off, as things go in Lilliput, and they could not reach it the first day. So Gulliver lay all night on the trolley, with five hundred little men as guards, some with torches and some with bows and arrows. The next day they started on, and pretty soon Gulliver found himself at the end of this strange journey.

The building turned out to be a temple—it was the only thing large enough to hold the gigantic Gulliver. As it was, he could

on a table in front of him. When the Princess of Lilliput visited him in her smart little coach, he lifted Her Highness up, coach, horses, and all, and put her on the table. Her attendants made themselves at home on the floor, and one of them explored the mysteries of Gulliver's hat.

just manage to lie at full length in it. The Lilliputians, however, decided to unbind him and let him sit outside and even walk a few paces—to the extent of the chains wound around one of his legs.

As you may very well imagine, Gulliver led a strange life in his temple. His bed was made of six hundred mattresses sewed together, and his daily supply of food was six bullocks, forty sheep, and huge quantities of bread. It took three hundred tailors to make

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS

him a suit of clothes. And all day long he had to be stared at by the curious Lilliputians. For the little people came in such crowds to see the Man Mountain that villages were emptied and necessary work stopped, and the Emperor had to make strict regulations to keep the people from idling all their time away looking at Gulliver.

The Emperor himself came to visit his strange guest, or prisoner, and with him came the Empress, the young princes, and the ladies and gentlemen of the court. Gulliver tried to speak to them in English, but they did not understand. Then he tried them with the scraps of Dutch, French, Spanish, and Italian that he had picked up in his travels; but it was of no use. Nor could he make out a word of what they said.

Finally the court party retired, and the people crowded back about Gulliver in great excitement. One of the crowd had the impertinence to shoot an arrow which narrowly missed one of Gulliver's eyes. This made the soldiers very angry, and seizing six of the mob, they bound them, and marched them up to Gulliver. The crowd gasped and waited to see what terrible punishment the Man Mountain would mete out to his prisoners.

The Man Mountain and His Captives

Gulliver put five of the frightened little men in his pocket, and holding up the sixth, he made a dreadful face at him. Then he took out his pocket knife and made as if he

were going to chop off the poor little fellow's head. But instead he cut his bonds, set him down on the ground, and let him scamper away. Then he took the other five out of his pocket, lifted them to the ground, and let them run away too.

Of course the people were delighted to find their giant so gentle and friendly, and the story made a great impression at court. The Emperor ordered teachers to attend Gulliver, and he was soon learning the language. It was not until then that he learned that he was in Lilliput among the Lilliputians.

So Gulliver continued to live in his temple that was rather like a kennel, and the Lilliputians continued to crowd about him in curiosity and amazement. They could not wonder enough at his personal belongings. The ticking of his watch sounded to them like thunder, the powder from his snuffbox set them to sneezing violently, and they were terrified indeed when he fired off one of his pis-

tols for them to hear its thunderous report.

Then at last Gulliver was set free. Naturally the Emperor thought a long time before he trusted such a huge giant loose among his people, for Gulliver could probably have destroyed the whole nation if he had wanted to do it. But when he had finally convinced them all that he was harmless and friendly, the Emperor ordered his chain to be loosened.

But he had to sign a solemn agreement and swear to keep it. Here are some of the things he had to promise:



Photo by Itzehgita

The Lilliputians, all in their smartest uniforms, paraded before their prince; and in honor of the occasion, the mighty Man Mountain, Gulliver, stood astride the marching column, like a triumphal arch. The tiny drumbeats of the marching host sounded no louder than the patter of raindrops on the windowpane.

He would never leave the country without permission.

He would never visit the capital city without leave, for when he came the inhabitants must have two hours' warning to keep indoors.

He would walk only on the principal roads, and would never walk or lie down in any meadow or field of corn.

He would be careful in walking never to trample on horses, carriages—or Lilliputians.

He would act as messenger to the Emperor when required.

He would help workmen lift great stones when needed.

He would act as an ally against the people of Blefuscu (blê-fûs'kû) —with whom the Lilliputians had a great quarrel — and do his utmost to destroy their

fleet, which was preparing an invasion of Lilliput.

For their part, the Lilliputians agreed to feed their new ally. They measured him carefully and decided that he was as big as 1,724 Lilliputians. So the Emperor ordered that he should have enough food and drink for that number exactly.

At last the day came when Gulliver was allowed to visit the capital. He had to step very carefully over the houses and make sure that the flaps of his coat did not injure any of the roofs. He had to take especial pains

about these things because, although the people had been ordered to stay indoors, there nevertheless were stragglers on the streets and crowds of sightseers on the roofs. When he got to the palace, Gulliver was allowed to step over the wall into the Emperor's garden, but he was much too big to go into the palace itself.

As Gulliver began to understand the language better, he learned more about this quarrel with Blefuscu, and he also discovered that all was not peace and happiness at home in Lilliput, any more than in England or any other land.

It had all started because once, long ago, a royal prince had accidentally cut his finger while cracking an egg. From the most ancient times, Lilliputians had always cracked their eggs at the big end; but when the prince cut his

finger in cracking one that way, the Emperor had proclaimed, on pain of most horrible punishment, that everyone in Lilliput must break his egg thereafter at the small end.

How Mighty Wars Begin

The Secretary of State for Private Affairs himself explained the matter to Gulliver. This is what he said: "The people so highly resented this law that our histories tell us that there have been six rebellions raised on this account, wherein one emperor lost his life and another his crown. Eleven thousand people have, at different times, suffered death



Photo by Fischgatz

If the ticking of Gulliver's watch sounded like thunder to the people of Lilliput, how terrible must have been the roar of his pistols! The report was violent enough to send the little people tumbling over in heaps.

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS

rather than submit to break their eggs at the smaller end."

Now across the water there lay the island state of Blefuscu, and a great many of the rebellious Big-Endians had gone over to the emperor of Blefuscu for support. He had received them with open arms, and a bloody war had now been going on for more than two years between the two nations. That is how it happened that at the time when Gulliver arrived in Lilliput the people were expecting a great invasion from Blefuscu.

Naturally the Lilliputians expected their Man Mountain to help them out. Gulliver would not use his mighty strength to attack the people of Blefuscu, who were no bigger than the Lilliputians. But he thought of a wonderful scheme to stop the invasion and bring peace to the warring nations.

His scheme was no less than to capture single-handed the enemy fleet.

It was really very simple. Having provided himself with spectacles to save his eyes from the arrows of the enemy, he waded or swam across the sea, and in half an hour had arrived where their navy lay proudly at anchor. The sailors were so terrified when they saw this Man Monster that they leaped out of their ships and swam to shore.

Gulliver Captures a Navy

Gulliver had brought along iron hooks and a cable as thick as a pack-thread. He now set about fastening a hook to the prow of each ship. Then he tied all the cords to-

gether at the end, grasped the cord, and began to pull. But the ships were anchored and he had to let go the cables and cut the vessels loose. All this time the soldiers of the enemy were pelting him with arrows, which stuck in his hands and face like so many needles. But Gulliver went right

ahead with his work, and, picking up the cables again, started back to Lilliput—drawing fifty of the enemy's largest men-of-war after him.

Such a scream of grief and despair as the people of Blefuscu set up when they saw what he was doing! But Gulliver calmly stopped a little way off to pick the arrows out of his skin and rub the little wounds with ointment. Then, waiting till the tide had ebbed, he waded onward and brought the fleet safely to anchor at the royal port of Lilliput.

When they saw the fleet of Blefuscu coming toward them so fast, the Lilliputians were wild with terror, for only Gulliver's head was above the water and they

thought surely he was drowned and that the ships were coming under command of the enemy sailors. But as the channel grew shallower at each step, Gulliver heaved himself up out of the water, first his shoulders, then his waist, then his legs, so that all could see him plainly.

"Long live the most powerful Emperor of Lilliput!" he cried.

Gulliver Leaves Lilliput

Sorrow was turned into wild delight. The Prince received Gulliver with every mark of



Photo by Rusehigita

It was a great day for Lilliput when Gulliver came wading through the sea, dragging the whole fleet of Blefuscu behind him. You will notice that Gulliver is still wearing the spectacles which he had put on to save his eyes from the arrows of the enemy.



Photo by Ruschiga

Poor little fellow! As he was struggling through the "forest" of wheat, Gulliver narrowly escaped a hor-

rible death at the edge of a sickle. Luckily the giant farmer saw him just in time.

graciousness and gratitude, and created him a Nardac on the spot—the highest title of honor in all Lilliput.

Blefuscu at once sent an ambassador to sue for peace. But the Emperor of Lilliput had become so proud and confident and swollen-headed that he refused terms and determined to reduce Blefuscu to a mere province of Lilliput.

But when he told Gulliver that he expected his help, Gulliver flatly refused.

"No, no!" he cried. "I will never be an instrument for bringing a free and brave people into slavery!"

From that moment Gulliver's troubles increased in Lilliput. He was accused of treason and even had to flee to Blefuscu. He was thankful indeed when he found a swamped boat and could set sail for his native land. He had tucked some tiny sheep and cows in his pocket as curiosities, and had great fun showing them after he had arrived safe and sound in London.

The Second Great Adventure

You might think that after all the strange things which had happened to him in Lilliput Gulliver would have been ready to settle

down. But not he! In two months he was off again, this time in a ship bound for Surat.

Of course he never got to Surat, for from this time on he was fated to have stranger and ever stranger adventures. His ship ran into terrible storms in the southern seas and was blown off her course. Then a boy on the topmast discovered land, and with great thankfulness a party went on shore to look for fresh water. Gulliver asked leave to go with them.

In a Land of Giants

As the sailors wandered off in their search, Gulliver examined the shore. He found it barren and rocky and not particularly interesting; so he went back slowly toward the creek where the boat had put in.

What was his amazement when he saw the sailors rowing off to the ship for dear life with a huge giant stalking after them through the sea!

Gulliver did not wait to see what happened to those poor sailors. He was so terrified that he darted up toward some hilly ground to find out what sort of country he had been left stranded in. To his astonishment he noticed that the grass was twenty feet high, and as he passed through a wheat field the grain rose on each side of him to the height of forty feet. Even when he came to a stile, he could not climb over it, for each step was six feet high.

"I must be in some land of giants!" thought Gulliver fearfully.

Lost in a Giant Wheat Field

And so it was. Instead of being a Man Mountain among tiny people, he was now himself a tiny person among giants.

He almost lost his life at the very beginning of this new adventure. For a terrible sickle swept through the grain, and he was saved only because by a lucky accident the farmer caught sight of him.

This giant farmer took Gulliver up between his finger and thumb, just as Gulliver had sometimes picked up a Lilliputian. Without meaning to, he pinched so hard that Gulliver groaned and tears sprang to his eyes. Luckily the giant seemed to understand, and loosened his hold.

There was great excitement at the farmhouse, you may be sure, when the farmer brought home this curious little mannikin. The farmer's wife screamed when she first saw Gulliver, for she thought he must be a toad or a spider. But when she saw he was really a human being, she grew kind and tender.

At noon the giant family sat down to dinner—the farmer, his wife, their three children, and an old grandmother. The table was thirty feet high, and the dish of meat the servant brought in measured twenty-four feet in diameter. They set Gulliver on the table. He was naturally afraid of falling off and kept as far as he could from the edge. But when the farmer's wife minced up some meat and crumbled some bread for him as though he had been a pet kitten, Gulliver took his knife and fork from his pocket and started to eat.

A Pigmy among Giants

The family watched him delightedly. They were charmed with the polite way he bowed to them. Once, when he stumbled over a crust, they were terrified lest he should be hurt, but he waved his hat gayly to show them that he was all right. Once the farmer's boy picked him up and nearly dropped him, once the baby got his head into her mouth, and certainly the monster cat glared at him horribly. But he came through it all safe and sound.

The next day Gulliver was put into the charge of the farmer's little daughter. Her name was Glumdalclitch (glüm-däl'klich), and she was nine years old and forty feet high. She took the greatest delight in looking after Gulliver. The first thing she did was to make him a cradle to swing up out of reach of the rats—for they were bigger than mastiffs and Gulliver had had a horrid battle with them that first night. Then Glumdalclitch started to teach him the language of this strange land, which was called Brobdingnag.

All went well, until one day—alas!—Glumdalclitch came to Gulliver in the greatest trouble. Her father, she said, had determined to make a fortune by taking his funny little mannikin around the country as a show.

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS

The poor child wept with grief and shame, for she was sure some mischief would come to Gulliver—some rude countryman would squeeze him to death or at the least break a leg or an arm.

But there was nothing to be done about it, and the very next market day Gulliver was put into a box and carried off on horseback. The farmer himself rode the horse, and Glumdalclitch sat on a pillion behind.

Poor Gulliver! How he was shaken up on that horseback ride! The horse went forty feet at every step and trotted so high that the movement was like the rising and falling of a ship in a tempest. If Glumdalclitch had not thoughtfully put a quilt into the box there would have been no standing it at all.

Even so, for the next ten weeks Gulliver had a very bad time. It was extremely tiring to be shown around to crowds of ridiculously large people, to whom he was supposed to show off all his "tricks." He was soon worn down to nothing but skin and bones.

In the end his getting so thin and worn was what saved him. The Queen of Brobdingnag, hearing of him, offered to buy him from the farmer, and because the farmer thought his pet was going to die anyway in a month or so, he was willing to sell. So Gulliver went to live at the court.

The Royal Court of Brobdingnag

At the court it did not take him long to get well, for everyone was kind to him and he lived in the greatest luxury. The best of it was that Glumdalclitch was engaged to

be his attendant, and she eagerly supplied his every want.

The royal family made a great pet of Gulliver. His little table was placed on the great dining table so that all the court could watch the funny way he ate. Of course the way *they* ate looked just as funny to Gulliver.

He was rather horrified to observe that the Queen took at one mouthful as much as a dozen English farmers could eat at one meal.

Gulliver had a fine tank, too, as big as a lake; it was all fitted out with rowing and sailing boats which looked like dolls' things to the Brobdingnagians but would be just right for you and me. Gulliver amused the court mightily by rowing and sailing before them, and the Queen and her ladies enjoyed making storms for him with their fans.

Gulliver had one enemy, the court dwarf. The fellow was only thirty feet high, but naturally that did not look so dwarfish to

the Brobdingnagians since Gulliver had come; and the dwarf was jealous. One day out of spite he picked Gulliver up and dropped him into a bowl of cream, where he nearly drowned. The Queen was very angry, and forced the dwarf first to drink up all the cream and then to go into exile.

Nor was that Gulliver's only narrow escape. Another time a monster monkey seized him, stuffed him full of the nasty food it produced from the pouches of its cheeks, and carried him off with it to the palace roof. It was only with the greatest difficulty that he was rescued.

Meanwhile Gulliver, with Glumdalclitch



Photo by Rimchitta

In Brobdingnag, the land of the giants, Gulliver had a terrifying experience. Imagine wasps as big and as fierce as wolves! It was lucky for our hero that he was a brave fellow, and had his sword by him when the terrible insects attacked him.

as a teacher, soon mastered the Brobdingnagian language, and he greatly enjoyed learning about the manners and customs of the country and trying to explain those of England. But all the time, in spite of everybody's kindness, he could not help being homesick. If he could only be among people his own size again, and walk about the streets and fields without being afraid that some great foot might accidentally tread him to death as if he were a frog!

Gulliver Has Another Adventure

Gulliver had been two years in Brobdingnag, and now followed the court wherever it went, traveling in a wonderful box furnished with all he could possibly want. Then one day he persuaded the boy who was carrying his box to set it down for a while on the seashore. The boy went off searching for seabirds' eggs, and Gulliver fell comfortably asleep in the hammock swung from the roof of his box.

Suddenly he was wakened by a violent pull upon the ring which was fastened at the top of his box as a handle. He felt the box rise and spin through the air at tremendous speed. He called out, but calling did no good, and as he looked from the window, he could see nothing but the clouds and the sky.

At last it struck him that there was a clapping of wings above him. Some giant eagle must be carrying his box—with him in it—high over land and sea. Then he knew that his danger was great indeed, for at any moment the bird might drop him on the rocks or into the water.

Going to Sea in a Box

And sure enough, all at once he felt the box falling with such swiftness that he almost lost his breath. Then it struck with a terrible crash—louder, he said later, than the cataract of Niagara. For a moment all was pitch-dark; then Gulliver felt his box rise, and he could see light from the top of the windows. He now knew that he had fallen into the sea.

Now there were staples fixed to the outside of the box, so that a servant, when riding horseback, could buckle it to his belt. Presently, while Gulliver was groaning with

anxiety, it seemed to him that something was tugging at these staples. At least there was a commotion that made the waves rise nearly to the tops of his windows, leaving him almost in the dark. Suppose some ship had sighted this strange box of his and decided to grapple it and take it along? Certainly the sailors would never guess that a miserable mortal was shut up inside it!

He would have to find some way to make them guess it. There was a sliding board in the roof, and he had already managed to push it back enough to get a little fresh air. Now he fastened a handkerchief to a stick and pushed it up through the hole.

Nothing happened.

Yet it was by now quite clear that the box was being dragged through the water. At last it struck violently against something hard, which poor Gulliver thought might be a rock. Then he felt the box swing upward, and he waved and shouted with all his might.

Back to Merry England

What was his mad joy to hear English voices speaking and shouting back to him!

The sailors released the poor prisoner, and Gulliver, almost crazed with happiness, stepped out on the deck of an English ship. He was taken to the captain's cabin, and there he told his story.

At first the captain could not believe him. But Gulliver brought from his box certain treasures—the Queen's ring, which was as large as a collar, the footman's tooth, which was twelve inches long, needles and pins a foot to half a yard in length. At that the captain was convinced, and in his wonder would not even take pay for bringing Gulliver back to England.

As for Gulliver, when he stepped ashore in his native land everything looked so tiny to him after Brobdingnag that he almost thought he had come again to Lilliput. He could not help walking carefully, as though for fear of treading on someone.

Thus Gulliver came once more safely home to his wife and daughter, though only to leave them again for fresh adventures. But what other lands he visited and what other marvels he saw, you will have to read for yourself in his incomparable book.



Gay was the life Robin Hood and his Merry Men led in Sherwood Forest. They did not mind the hardships and dangers that outlaws have to bear, but on the contrary thought no life could be more pleasant.

They laughed when they could set right some unjust law. They laughed at the rueful faces of the rich rascals they robbed. And whenever there was food and drink, they feasted and sang right merrily.

The MERRY JESTS of ROBIN HOOD *And the Brave Deeds of All His Merry Men Who Lived in* *Sherwood Forest*

IF YOU have read the stories of King Arthur and his Round Table, you know that they are all about kings and queens, knights and ladies, prancing war horses and beleaguered castles. But of course not everybody in the Middle Ages could be a knight or stately dame—most of the people, then as always, had to till the soil and do the work of the world. Now the simple people told their own stories and had their own heroes. And the greatest of their heroes was Robin Hood.

And what a delightful hero he is, to be sure! A gallant outlaw, clad all in Lincoln green, roaming the forest with his mighty

bow, robbing the rich to give to the poor—courteous and dauntless, ever ready for a jest! He is outlawed for breaking laws which the people privately liked to see broken, and all his lawless acts are much juster than the unjust laws. He is the protector of women and of anyone who cannot protect himself. He is a devout worshiper of the Virgin, but he has no use for idle monks and overfed churchmen. He stands out against Prince John, who is oppressing the land while the rightful king is in a foreign prison, but when King Richard himself returns, no subject is more stoutly loyal than Robin Hood. Above all, he is gallant and merry and full of fun,

so that Sherwood Forest rings to the laughter of bold Robin and his Merry Men.

There probably was really a person a little like Robin Hood, some bold outlaw of the time of Richard the Lion-hearted. But in those days the simple people could not read and write, and so they passed the tales of their heroes about from mouth to mouth. Every singer or story-teller, eager to please his listeners, would leave out anything he thought was dull, add details to make the tale more thrilling, change the names in the story for names that would be better known in his native village, or forget something and fill in the story out of his own head. So the stories changed and grew. After a time there arose a legend that jolly Robin was not a yeoman or peasant at all, but an outlawed nobleman, the Earl of Huntingdon. Finally the stories in the many ballads about Robin were retold in a longer poem called "The Little Geste of Robin Hood," which means a "little epic" about bold Robin. After a while the ballads were written down and printed, and many writers since then have retold the stories, each in his own way.

But the simple old ballads are still the best. We shall give you a snatch of one now and then, not even changing the queer old spelling of the early printed versions. They carry us back to the old days when dense forests covered much of England, when monks ambled along the highways on their mules and knights rode by on champing war steeds, when the poor people told tales at the village merry-making—and when Robin himself and his Merry Men roamed through the woods!

Sir Richard of the Lees

One day Robin, having gone forth with some of his Merry Men to see what rich men he could surprise and unload of their riches, saw a knight coming toward him, heavy with grief.

"Good Sir Knight," said Robin, "why are you so sad?"

"Alas," said the knight, "my son had the misfortune to slay a man, and for his defense I had to borrow four hundred pounds from the Abbot of St. Mary's York. Unless the money is paid on the morrow, my land

will be taken, and I shall be a beggar and my wife with me."

"And what is your land worth, Sir Knight?"

"It is worth four hundred pounds a year."

"I' faith, the Abbot wants a good deal for his loan!" cried Robin. Then—for it never took him long to make up his mind—he called Little John and commanded him to give the knight four hundred pounds, with some new clothes and a fine horse, and to go along to York as the knight's servant.

How Sir Richard's Estate Was Saved

"We will give my lord Abbot an unpleasant surprise," said Robin merrily. "He wants not your four hundred pounds, but your whole estate—the vile robber!"

So the knight, overwhelmed with joy and gratitude, promised to repay the money at the end of the year, and at once set out for York with Little John, to pay the Abbot his debt.

Meanwhile at the abbey of St. Mary, the Abbot and his Cellarer were rubbing their hands in glee at the thought that the knight would not be able to pay. How vastly would the unlucky man's estate swell the glory of St. Mary's!

Just as the Cellarer was adding up to see what sum the land would be worth, the news came that the knight, Sir Richard of the Lees, was at the gate.

Sir Richard came into the Abbot's presence humbly enough, and pleaded for time to pay; for he wanted to see what would happen. Of course the Abbot and his Cellarer refused to hear him, so eager were they to win the land.

Then it was that Sir Richard brought out the bag of gold. The Abbot and the Cellarer looked at it, scarcely able to believe their eyes. The Cellarer was so furious that he tried to set up some legal quibble to keep the knight from paying his debt after all. But there the money was, for all to see—and really the Abbot and the Cellarer could do nothing but take it.

Sir Richard met his wife, who was waiting at the Abbey gate, and together they went home, laughing merrily.

Some time afterward, the knight, having



Robin Hood always looked closely at the people he stopped, for he was interested in everyone. If the man had money—that meant good feasting in Sher-

wood Forest. If he had none—perhaps he was in trouble and the outlaws might help him. Here Robin is listening intently to Sir Richard of the Lees.

lived most carefully that he might save up the money, rode into the depth of Sherwood Forest to pay his debt to Robin Hood. Besides the four hundred pounds he carried a present of one hundred bows and one hundred sheaves of arrows, each an ell long, with burnished heads, fletched with peacocks' feathers, and notched with silver. With Sir Richard rode a hundred men, wearing his livery of white and red.

Why Robin Took the Monks' Fortune

Now that very day Robin Hood, with two of his men, had gone to the high road to look for plunder. They saw two black monks coming, each on a fine palfrey. These monks were on their way to London, carrying treasure packed, as was the custom, in bampers or casks on horses. They were attended by a guard of fifty-two archers.

But the fifty-two archers had no sooner set eyes on Robin and his men than they took to their heels and fled, leaving the treasure

to be guarded only by the two monks, a page boy, and a groom.

Robin laughed to himself—for St. Mary's Abbot had indeed sent him pay! At a blast of his horn, his company gathered about him. Then he noticed that one of the monks was the Cellarer who, according to Little John's report, had behaved so roughly to the unfortunate knight. But Robin was always polite.

"And pray, sirs, what money do you carry?" he asked the Cellarer civilly.

"But twenty poor marks," said he, falsely.

"If you bear but twenty marks," Robin told him, "then I will double the sum; for to the poor, Robin Hood is always bountiful."

But he had no mind to take the monk's word for it. And when he came to look, behold! the treasure was worth some eight hundred pounds. Furthermore, he discovered that the monks were on the way to

London to set the law in motion against Sir Richard of the Lees.

That settled the matter for Robin. He took the monks deep into the forest. There he entertained them royally—and sent them off stripped of every penny of their treasure. They turned mournfully back to the abbey, thinking that they could have dined as well—and more cheaply—at Doncaster.

Robin and his Merry Men were still laughing over this adventure when who should appear but Sir Richard himself, eager to pay his debt and ten marks over, and to present his fine gift of bows and arrows.

"I take not a penny," cried Robin boisterously. "The good Cellarer of St. Mary's has already paid me! As for the bows and arrows, I accept them gladly, and for them you shall have another four hundred pounds."

Allan-a-Dale

One day on the highway Little John overtook a young gentleman and asked him what moneys he had.

"I have but five shillings and a ring," said the youth.

"If that be true," said Little John, "then I want nothing from you."

Just then Robin came up and asked the young man why he looked so sad.

"Ah, you may well ask!" cried young Allan-a-Dale. "This ought to be my wedding morning; but my bride is being given away by her father to an old knight who can offer gold by the bushel for her."

"And where is the church," asked Robin, "where this wedding is to take place?"

"It is but five miles from here," said Allan, and the tears streamed from his eyes.

Robin Hood would have no tears, but he told young Allan to keep with his Merry Men and follow him, when summoned, to the church. Then Robin disguised himself cunningly as a harper, and went off to the home of the bride's father to ask whether he might play music at the wedding feast.

"By all means," said the father. "Here is the bishop; he can tell whether you are a good harpist or no."

"Nay," cried Robin, "there shall be no

music of mine until I have seen the bride and the bridegroom."

The bride came in, pale as snow and drooping with sadness. The bridegroom, who escorted her, was old and wizened as a winter-tossed oak.

"Now, now!" cried Robin, "this is no fit match, sir! Would you wed a snowdrop with an old thistle? By my faith, this bride shall choose her own bridegroom."

At that he blew a lusty blast on his horn, and twenty-four archers answered the call. They were led by Little John, and among them was Allan-a-Dale.

"Now, sweet bride," said Robin, "will you have yonder gnarled trunk for your dear, or will you choose this youth, with five hundred pounds in his pouch and brave young limbs to work for you?"

"Allan! It is Allan!" cried the bride. "He is my love and my dear!"

Allan-a-Dale knelt at her feet and took her hand. The aged bridegroom glanced at the terrified father, then at the sturdy archers, then at Robin Hood—who was merry-eyed enough but resolute in every muscle of him. Then the bridegroom begged leave to be let off from his bargain.

"But indeed," cried the bride's father, "she cannot marry any but you, sir, for no bishop can wed a pair unless they have been asked three times in church."

"That is soon done!" cried Little John. Then he led the way to the church, and, standing under the desk, he published the banns seven times instead of three, just to make sure.

Then the bishop married the bride and Allan-a-Dale, and every one of the Merry Men was bidden to the wedding feast.

The Fair Maid Marian

Now Robin Hood loved a certain maiden dearly, and her name was Maid Marian. Maid Marian loved Robin too, but her father would not let her marry him. Bold Robin had given her a ring, and she had sworn to marry no man till King Richard should be freed from his prison and come home again.

One day as Robin strode at adventure through the wood, disguised as a husband-

ROBIN HOOD



Here are Allan-a-Dale and his pretty bride reunited at last—and in the nick of time. How confounded the fat old bridegroom looks! But Robin Hood is fairly

bubbling over with glee. Nothing in the world pleased him so much as to help poor people and annoy greedy rich ones at the same time.

man, a proud youth appeared in the forest glade, and Robin challenged him. The youth answered him hotly, and drew sword. As the singer of the old ballad tells us:

"They drew out their swords, and to cutting they went,
At least an hour or more,
That the blood ran apace from bold Robin's face,
And the youth was wounded sore."

"Hold!" cried Robin at last for indeed he was sorry to hurt so brave a lad—"Hold, fair youth! Let us fight no more."

"Why," faltered the brave lad, ready to faint from his labor, "who are you, then?"

"My name is Robin Hood," the outlaw answered with a laugh. "Now you know."

But the stranger gave a cry and stretched out one white hand. And on a finger of it Robin saw the ring he had given to Maid Marian!

"That ring—"

"You gave me, Robin!"

Then it was that Maid Marian fell forward, and Robin clasped her in his arms.

"Maid Marian—you have come to me—into the wild forest?" he cried in joy and wonder. "And how have I greeted you!"

"Yes, I have come," she said.

Robin blew his horn, and up dashed his Merry Men.

"Allan-a-Dale," he cried, "I helped you to win your wife. Let your wife now look after my bride. She shall wed me--"

"Never!" It was the high-spirited girl herself who interrupted him. "Never—until the King himself shall come to give me away! Would you have me forget my vow?"

"Be it so," said Robin then, and kissed her tenderly. "Yet to-night, when Maid Marian has rested from her brave fight with a quarrelsome husbandman, we shall crown her queen of the Forest."

The Return of King Richard

For long months had King Richard the Lion-hearted been held a prisoner in Austria. At home his evil brother John oppressed the unhappy people and conspired treacherously with certain of the barons for Richard's ruin. At last the King was ransomed by his loyal subjects, and suddenly he was at home again. Then all who had oppressed the people or followed the traitor John had to scurry about and cover up the tracks of their misdoing.

Now the Sheriff of Nottingham and the Abbot of St. Mary's had evil tracks enough to cover up, and it occurred to them that a fine way to do it would be to bring King Richard report of the lawless deeds of the outlaw Robin Hood and all his band. It would be easy enough, thought they, to hide from the King the fact that Robin's men, whatever their crimes, had always stood out against the cruel Prince John and been loyal to the absent King.

But King Richard, wary and bold, determined to see for himself. Disguised as an abbot, he rode alone into the forest.

He had not gone far when, sure enough, he fell among Robin's men, who made him prisoner and hurried him off to their camp in the depth of Sherwood Forest. There they intended to banquet him courteously, as was their wont with any unfortunate churchman who fell into their hands, and to set him free again—robbed of all his gold. So—

"Robin toke the Kynge's hors
Hastily in that stede,
And sayd Syr Abbot, by your leave
A whyle ye must abyde.

"We be yemen of this Forrest,
Under the greenwode tree
We live by our Kynges dere,
Other shift have not we.

"And ye have chyrches and rentes both
And gold full grete plente.
Give me some of your spendynge
For Saint Charyte."

But the false Abbot pleaded that he had no more than forty pounds; for the King, he said, was staying with him, and he found it very expensive. Robin took the money and distributed half of it among his men. Then he returned the other half to the King.

"Now, indeed," said the seeming Abbot, "let me tell you, bold outlaw, that I have a letter for you from the King himself, commanding you to come to him at Nottingham."

"The King! King Richard! God and the holy saints bless him!" cried Robin Hood eagerly. "The King is come to right the wrongs Prince John has done! Come, my Merry Men all, a rousing cheer for King Richard!" And they gave it with a will.

"What are you cheering about?" And there came into their midst a lovely maiden, all clothed in brown and gold to match the autumn woodland.

"'Tis that the King's come home again, sweet Maid Marian!" said Robin. "This worthy Abbot brings good news—better news than he supposed. For I love no man in all the world as I love my King!"

"Nor I," said Maid Marian archly, "save only you, Robin Hood, king of the Forest!"

Why Robin Hood Left Sherwood Forest

You may well imagine that King Richard was amazed at all he heard and saw, and that he eagerly accepted Robin's invitation to feast with them, to see good sport of archery and strong buffeting.

The King played his part as a merry Abbot well enough, but he could not help showing unusual strength in buffeting—for Richard was a mighty warrior, as everybody knows, gigantic of stature and great in strength.

"Ha! ha!" cried Maid Marian roguishly when she saw that the strange Abbot had

ROBIN HOOD



Behold, it was no abbot after all, but King Richard himself, at last come home from the wars! He has just thrown back the hood of his disguise, and Robin, Maid Marian, and all the rest are offering their homage.

ROBIN HOOD

buffeted Robin Hood to his knees. "It gladdens me to see you bow before an Abbot!"

Then it was that Richard threw off his Abbot's mantle, and stood forth for all to see.

"The King!" exclaimed Robin, falling on one knee—this time without need of buffet-ing.

"The King!" breathed Maid Marian, and she knelt by Robin's side.

"The King!" shouted all the rest, and bowed themselves.

King Richard was heartily enjoying his jest, and he was thankful enough for the loyalty of bold Robin Hood and all his band, when his kingdom was rent with quarrels because of Prince John's treachery. So he forgave them all and bade them be outlaws no longer. His only condition was that they leave the forest and the hunting of the King's deer, and serve him faithfully at his court.

"And this maiden, Sir King?" asked Robin Hood, taking Maid Marian's hand. "She has steadily refused to wed me until the King should come home."

"The King has come home now!" cried Richard gayly, "and a wedding feast will be to the liking of us all. Afterwards your wife shall grace the court among the best."

So Sherwood rang no more with the shouts of the Merry Men, and Robin and Maid Marian were married and lived happily at the court of the King.

The Last Day of Robin Hood

The story goes that in time bold Robin grew weary of the court. King Richard died, and King John was a bitter enemy. Maid Marian too was dead, and the days weighed heavily on Robin's heart. At last he was taken so suddenly and violently ill that he knocked at the door of the nunnery

of Kirklees, and implored the nuns to bleed him.

Some say it was the abbess who cut Robin's vein, some say a nun, some say a friar. Whoever it was, instead of binding up the wound as a good leech should, he or she left Robin bleeding, went out, and locked the door.

Then Robin knew that his last day had come. Weak as he was, he managed to blow a feeble blast on his trusty horn. Little John, lingering near the nunnery where his master lay, just caught the sound, and came rushing to his aid. But it was too late, for Robin Hood was dying.

"I will burn their foul nunnery over their heads!" cried Little John furiously. But Robin shook his head.

"I have never in my whole life hurt a woman," he said, "nor even a man in a woman's company. Should I begin doing such things now?"

Little John's eyes were dim with tears, but Robin smiled at him bravely. Then he told Little John how he must bury him. This, according to the old ballad, is what he said:

"Lay me a green sod under my head,

And another at my feet,

And lay my bent bow at my side,

Which was my music sweet."

"And where must this grave be made, dear master?" asked Little John.

"Lift me—give me my bow—stretch it for me, and lay the arrow," said Robin, the old smile struggling with his weakness. "Where the arrow falls, there dig my grave."

Then Little John opened the window wide and gently raised his master. The last arrow twanged from Robin's bow.

And where it fell they buried him.



THE ARABIAN NIGHTS



Photo by Constantin Brancuși

Upon the interest of her story the life of its author depends, for this is no other than the brave Scheherazade, who, as the story goes, so enthralled her royal

husband by her tales that for a thousand and one nights he listened entranced—and then made up his mind to keep his talented wife for the rest of his life.

The ARABIAN NIGHTS

ONCE, long ago, there was a mighty king of the Indies who, because he had been deceived by his queen, issued a proclamation that he would take a lovely maiden as his bride every day and have her put to death the next morning. For three years he followed this terrible plan, until fathers fled from the city with their daughters and the King's vizier, or prime minister, became deeply depressed, for it was now almost impossible to find a new bride for his master.

The vizier was the more astonished one day when his own daughter Scheherazade (shē-hā'rā-zā'dē) said to him, "By Allah, O my father, give me in marriage to this king; either I shall die and so save the life of one of the daughters of the people, or I shall live and be the cause of their deliverance."

The vizier was deeply distressed; but at last Scheherazade prevailed upon him to agree.

Now the fact was that Scheherazade had a strange plan in mind. She had learned a vast number of legends and tales of the East, and always loved to tell them. Suppose she should tell the King a splendid story every night! He might be willing to keep her alive in order to hear another.

Happily, Scheherazade's plan succeeded.

Night after night, for a thousand and one nights, she told a story, and beguiled the King so thoroughly that she not only saved her own life but the lives of countless maidens of her nation. She finally became the King's faithful queen, and all the maidens in the land devoutly thanked Allah—the name they gave to God—for what He had put into the heart of the brave and clever girl.

And what were the stories by which the vizier's daughter charmed the unwilling King? They are called "The Arabian Nights' Entertainment," or "The Thousand and One Nights"—and here are some of them:

ALI BABA AND THE FORTY THIEVES

Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves

Ali Baba (ä'lê bā'bā), a poor woodsman, was one day in the forest with his donkeys. In the course of his work he chanced to look up and saw a cloud of dust in the distance. So he climbed a tree that grew close to a mighty rock and, hidden as he was, looked down upon a troop of forty robbers, who were mounted, armed, and carried bags of plunder.

The captain of the band went up to the rock and said, "Open Sesame!" (sēs'ā-mê). And to Ali Baba's astonishment the rock opened and the whole troop, leaving their horses, disappeared within.

Filled with curiosity Ali Baba waited. When they came out the captain said, "Shut Sesame!" and the robbers, taking their empty bags with them, mounted and rode off.

As soon as Ali Baba thought that all was safe, he went up to the rock and said, "Open Sesame."

The rock opened, and he entered a cave which was well lighted from an opening in the rock far above. The plunder lay all about him—gold, silver, jewels, silks, rich carpets, and fine clothes. Ali Baba hastily gathered together the most valuable things he

could carry, left the cave, said, "Shut Sesame!" and hurried off to tell his wife of his good fortune.

He impressed upon her the need for secrecy; but before they buried the treasure in the garden, his wife, eager to know how much the gold measured, went to the house of Ali Baba's brother Cassim to borrow a measure.

Now Cassim had married a rich wife, and was proud and scorned his poorer brother. When Ali Baba's wife came to borrow the measure, Cassim's wife was full of wonder as to why she wanted it, and smeared the bottom with grease. Lo, when the measure was returned, a tiny gold coin had stuck to the bottom.

The Tragic Death of Cassim

Here was a fine tale to tell her husband, who soon got the whole story out of the good-natured Ali Baba.

That very night Cassim went to the cave and said, "Open Sesame!" In he went, and seeing all the riches, he knew that what his brother had said was true. But, alas, when he had collected his treasure,

he could not remember the password, try as he might. The robbers, returning, discovered him and killed him. They cut his body into four

The humble woodsman Ali Baba has just learned the magic words that will open a cave full of untold riches. Those remarkable syllables have come down to us to-day, but sad to tell, no one seems to know just where to find the cave.



ALI BABA AND THE FORTY THIEVES

Repeating the magic words, Ali Baba had the immense satisfaction of seeing the cave yawn before him, so he seized his trusty axe and strode valiantly in.



pieces and nailed it to the inner door, as a warning to anyone else who might try to rob their den.

When her husband failed to return, Cassim's wife was filled with terror and appealed piteously to Ali Baba, who hurried off to the cave, found his brother's body, and brought it home on his donkey.

Morgiana, the Wise Slave Girl

Now Cassim's wife owned a very wise slave girl named Morgiana. Ali Baba impressed upon her that the murder must be kept secret, and that the neighbors must be made to imagine that Cassim had died a natural death. So Morgiana, pretending that she needed medicine for her sick master, went to the druggist; and on the following day she was able to announce to all that her poor master had died.

It was necessary that Cassim's body should be put together in some way. So Morgiana, by means of golden bribes, persuaded a cobbler to let himself be blindfolded and brought to the room in which the corpse lay. At Morgiana's instruction he sewed the pieces together very neatly, and went home trying to guess in which house he had been.

There was a great public funeral for Cassim, and his wife wailed with grief. And shortly afterwards Ali Baba, now a rich

man, moved with his wife and family into his brother's house. He comforted Cassim's wife by marrying her, for in that country it was thought quite right for a man to have as many wives as he pleased.

The Wealthy Oil Merchant

One evening a wealthy oil merchant, with mules well laden, arrived in the city. Stopping at Ali Baba's house, he greeted Ali Baba and asked if he might have the space in the stables for his mules and in the yard for his oil vats. The good-natured Ali Baba readily agreed, and invited the merchant in to supper.

Now the merchant had learned through the cobbler which house it was that a great funeral had taken place in, and guessed that Ali Baba knew the secret of the cave. He made an excuse, therefore, before retiring to rest, to go into the stable yard.

Morgiana Discovers the Plot

Going up to every leathern oil vat save one, he whispered, "When I throw stones from my bedroom window, slit open the jars, leap out, and I will join you."

Returning to the house, he wished a cheerful good night to his kindly host and retired to his bedroom, taking care not to undress.

ALI BABA AND THE FORTY THIEVES

A little later Morgiana, needing some oil to make broth for her master's early meal, complained to Abdullah, the male slave, that she had run out of oil.

"What does that matter?" he said. "Get some from one of those leathern vats in the yard."

It was a good idea. Morgiana was about to fill her vessel when she was startled by hearing a voice say, "Is it time?"

Shocked, yet keeping herself from screaming or making the least noise, she went up to each vat and was asked the same question. Only, from one vat no voice came, for that was full of oil.

Rapidly Morgiana filled her vessel with oil. Then, setting on a great kettle, she boiled the oil and poured some into each vat, instantly killing the robber inside.

Presently, through the kitchen window, she heard pebbles fall from the window above. But she made no sign.

The merchant, or captain of the robber band, hearing no response, crept out into the yard to discover what had happened. When he found out the terrible truth, he forced the lock of the garden, and climbing over a wall he made his escape.

As for Morgiana, she went peacefully to bed.

Next morning Ali Baba thanked Heaven and Morgiana for his escape. Calling Abdullah, he and the slave dug two long trenches in the garden, and buried the robbers and hid their weapons.

As for the captain, he was filled with anger

at the failure of his plan, and with genuine grief at the fate of his troop. He now hated the sight of the lonely cave, for it seemed terrible to him, and he burst out in his sorrow, "Where are you, my brave lads, old

companions of my watchings and in-roads? What can I do without you? Did I gather you to me, to lose you by so base a fate, unworthy of your courage? Where shall I find so gallant a troop again?"

A New Plot

It was some time afterwards that Ali Baba's son, having taken over his Uncle Cassim's business, made friends with a rich merchant named Cogia Houssain (hōō-sān'), who had taken a shop in his neighborhood. Cogia Houssain was very kind to him and gave him many gifts; so the young man was

naturally eager that his father should do the merchant honor. Ali Baba was delighted to do so, and invited Cogia Houssain to supper.

At first the merchant declined, saying that unfortunately he dared not touch salt. But Ali Baba insisted that that could easily be arranged; and he forthwith told Morgiana to be careful not to put salt in the cooking.

This order set the sharp slave girl thinking, for to eat of a man's salt was a pact of friendship. A guest must surely have some evil design on her master if he was afraid of eating salt with him.

The moment Cogia Houssain arrived, Morgiana recognized him, in spite of his



This is the faithful Morgiana, who had the happy thought of boiling all her master's enemies in oil. And with this doughty maid, to think was to act!

SINDBAD THE SAILOR

disguise, as the captain of the robber band. Swiftly she made her plan.

She said nothing of her suspicion to her master, but having dressed as a dancing girl, she offered to entertain her master and his guest as they sat at supper. She took care to flourish a sharp dagger in her dance. And then, suddenly dancing up to the

Sindbad the Sailor

In the days of the mighty Caliph Harun al-Rashid there lived in Bagdad a wealthy merchant named Sindbad the Sailor. One day on overhearing a porter bewailing his hard lot, Sindbad invited the humble man to share his evening's



This is the ship upon which Sindbad sailed home from his first voyage. Its honest captain restored to him all his wealth, and saw to it that his interesting pas-

merchant, she took him unawares and plunged the dagger into his heart.

"Morgiana!" cried her master, "what have you done?"

"Slain your bitterest foe, my master!" she said quietly. And there, in the dead man's breast, they discovered a hidden dagger.

Ali Baba was so affected by his slave's faithfulness that he not only gave her her freedom but arranged that his son should marry her. The son was delighted at his father's choice, and thus Morgiana became Ali Baba's daughter-in-law.

As time passed, Ali Baba discovered that no one went near the cave nor knew its secret, so it became the secret handed down in his family. The fortune was used with moderation and Ali Baba lived in great honor and splendor. He was kind to all and served the city faithfully.

senger was seated at the captain's table. Eventually Sindbad was landed at a Mediterranean port, for this was a Christian ship engaged in the spice trade.

feasting; and for seven nights he told the porter and other members of the company the story of his voyages, so that he might prove that he had come to his present position only through toil and hardship and terror.

Having saved three hundred pieces of gold, the young Sindbad purchased a shipload of merchandise and went off to sea to trade. One afternoon he and his shipmates disembarked on what they thought was an island; but on lighting a fire they found, to their horror, that the supposed island was the back of a mighty fish.

The captain gave warning, and many reached the ship before the monster plunged, but Sindbad was thrown into the sea. Seizing a piece of wood he managed to keep afloat until he was swept toward an island with overhanging trees. Here he swam safely ashore.

SINDBAD THE SAILOR

Some friendly stablemen, who were in charge of their King's mares, gave Sindbad food and took him to the King. The ruler received him kindly and forthwith appointed him superintendent of the seaport.

One day while Sindbad was writing out a list of the cargo of a vessel newly come to port, its captain informed him that the ship was carrying goods belonging to a merchant named Sindbad. The owner had been drowned, and the captain was eager to restore the goods to the unhappy man's family.

Sindbad was rejoiced indeed to learn that all was not lost. He convinced the honest captain that he was, in truth, the lost Sindbad, and got leave of the King to take ship and sail home to his own country.

On Sindbad's second voyage all went well until the crew landed on a pleasant island. There Sindbad lay down and went to sleep—and when he waked, the ship was gone.

For some time he strode about like a madman, and cried piteously, "Verily to God we belong, and verily to Him we return!"

A Ride on a Roc

Presently he climbed a tree, and saw, some way off, a strange object that looked like a white dome. Dropping quickly to the ground he ran to examine it. He found that it was fifty paces round, but had no door, and as he was puzzling over what it could be, a shadow darkened the sky and a gigantic bird, called a roc, descended upon the dome.

The strange white thing was, in fact, the roc's egg.

The bird now spread herself over it and brooded with great contentment, stretching out her two legs on the ground behind.

A desperate notion came to Sindbad.

Twisting his turban into a rope, he wound it round his waist and tied it securely to one leg of the roc. He dared not go to sleep all that night.

Next morning the roc, without noticing his weight, rose and carried the merchant far across the sea. At last she sank down with him on top of a hill. Sindbad instantly untied his turban, and the roc flew off.

Beneath him was a deep valley from which a gigantic mountain rose, unscalable from the side which Sindbad saw. But he climbed down into the valley, and there, to his great

amazement, he found the ground thickly strewn with the finest diamonds.

But, alas, as night came on he also found that the place was alive with monstrous serpents, each one big enough to swallow an elephant whole.

In his terror he was thankful to come on a cave, into which he crept. He barricaded the entrance and hoped for a good night's rest. But what was his horror to see that he had a companion! A serpent was sleeping on her eggs. As he dared not venture outside, he remained motionless and sleepless for another terrible night.

In the morning the serpents vanished, and Sindbad went to work filling his pockets



The worthy Sindbad was perhaps the first man in modern times to put the notion of flying into execution. And since he was handicapped by the lack of an airplane, he proved his genius by using whatever came to hand.

SINDBAD THE SAILOR



This unsavory person never had the advantage of a refined upbringing, for he has always associated with the monkeys who live on the Mountain of Apes. With

a different education and environment, he might learn in time that he was a human being, and that the best way to prove it is to be kind to people in distress.

with the best diamonds. Suddenly two carcasses of flesh fell just in front of him. Almost instantly they were carried off by giant vultures to their nests far above.

Another carcass fell. Sindbad, lying down on the ground, seized it and tied it securely to his breast, for he hoped that if he could reach the mountain top he might see open country.

Sindbad is Captured by a Vulture

A vulture descended, snatched at the meat, and carried Sindbad up to its nest.

And now hunters rushed forward to scare the vultures away and rob them of the flesh, in order to gather the diamonds that had stuck to the softer parts. Imagine their amazement to find that the birds had brought them a live man like themselves.

"Fear not!" Sindbad cried out eagerly. "I am a human being, a worshiper of Allah."

They welcomed him kindly, and he, in turn, was thankful to share with them some of the valuable diamonds he had found. And through them he at last found his way back to safety.

It was on the brave Sindbad's third voyage that the passengers on the ship were startled one day when the captain rushed

toward them slapping his face, plucking out his beard, tearing his clothes, and crying, "Oh, know, ye passengers, whom God may preserve, that the wind hath driven us, by evil fortune, toward the Mountain of Apes, from which none ever escape."

The crew cast anchor, and almost immediately a vast swarm of apelike creatures surrounded the vessel.

They were hideous indeed; they had hair like black felt, yellow eyes, black faces, and were about a yard high. They gnawed through the ropes with their teeth, so that the vessel was helpless; and seizing all the passengers, they carried them ashore.

The Giant of Monkey Mountain

Everyone was in despair. At last they made up their minds to go into a kind of pavilion that stood not far away. They found themselves in a wide, open space. The ground was strewn with bones, and there were signs of fire, together with dishes and pots for cooking.

From utter weariness they lay down and slept; but at about sunset the earth trembled and there was a confused noise from above. From the top of the pavilion there descended a person of enormous size. He was black as

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coal, his eyes blazed like two fires, he had tusks like a swine, a mouth like a well, lips like a camel's hanging down to his bosom, ears reaching to his shoulders, and nails like the claws of a lion.

One by one, as the days passed, he roasted and devoured one of the unfortunate men. Finally Sindbad and a few companions, having secretly made themselves rafts, managed to find the black asleep and to put out his eyes.

They rushed to the rafts, but the maddened monster, calling on his mate, staggered down to the shore. By casting huge rocks into the sea, the two of them destroyed all the rafts save one—the one upon which Sindbad was seated with two companions.

These three managed to land on a pleasant island. But, alas, it was infested by a huge snake. Sindbad alone escaped, and was rescued by a passing ship.

When Sindbad's ship was wrecked upon his fourth voyage, Sindbad and a few companions were cast, more dead than alive, on an island. There they were seized by cannibals, who tried to drug them all. Sindbad, however, refused to take the drug, and finally escaped to the shore, where he was rescued by some friendly pepper gatherers, who were so delighted to hear the Arabic language that they took him off to their King.

Our Hero Becomes Famous and Wealthy

The King was gracious to Sindbad, and the clever sailor, noticing that everyone, from the King down, rode bareback, constructed a marvelous saddle with stirrups, and presented it to the King. Of course all the courtiers now wanted saddles. So Sindbad became famous and wealthy, and the King presented him with a wife, whom he loved dearly.

But, alas, his wife died, and her death brought another great misfortune upon

Sindbad. It was the custom in that country for the wife of a dead husband, or the husband of a dead wife, to be lowered with the dead body into the burial cave—there to stay till death came as a welcome relief.

Sindbad Is Buried Alive

In vain Sindbad pleaded that he was a foreigner. The King said that even he himself could not do anything but follow the custom of the country.

So Sindbad, provisioned with six loaves of bread and some water, was lowered into the

burial cave. But in the midst of his despair he noticed that an animal was coming into the cave from somewhere outside, to feed on the dead bodies. Sindbad followed the creature and managed to

squeeze himself out of the cave through a cleft in the rock and make his way to the shore. There he was mercifully rescued by a passing ship, and so was

saved from his horrible fate.

The fifth voyage brought Sindbad misfortune when some sailors, on landing on an island, broke a roc's egg and sliced up the young bird for food. The parent birds took their revenge by bringing huge masses of stone and dropping them on the departing ship.

Sindbad alone escaped on a plank, and rowing with his feet, he reached an island so lovely that he thought he must be in the Garden of Paradise.

In the morning Sindbad saw an aged man, clothed with leaves from his waist downward, sitting by a stream.

"O sheikh!" said Sindbad pleasantly, "why do you sit here?"

An Old Man Clothed in Leaves

The old man remained speechless, but signed that he wished to be carried across the stream. So Sindbad, thinking that he would get a reward in heaven for doing



Sindbad has not found his lodgings very cheerful, and has been willing at last to follow the trail of a beast of prey rather than spend another night amid the horrors of the tomb. Imagine his joy, then, when he tracks his animal guide to a narrow cleft that gives access to the blessed light of day.

SINDBAD THE SAILOR



Photo by Granatoff Bros.

On a swift current that vanished under the rocks Sindbad's little bark was borne. What would be the

end of that uncharted voyage the brave sailor could not know, but his courage did not fail of its reward.

a kindness, let the old man climb on his back.

But, alas, from that moment Sindbad's peace was over. The old man clung tightly to him, kicking him and beating him and driving him where he would. Even at night he clasped his legs round Sindbad's neck.

Sindbad Outwits the Villain

There were wonderful grapes on the island. So Sindbad poured some juice into an empty gourd that the sun might make wine of it. With this he hoped to keep up his strength. But it happened that when the old man noticed that Sindbad was refreshed by the wine, he demanded to drink. He drank until he was quite drunk, and as his legs loosened their hold, Sindbad was able to throw him off and kill him as he lay.

Sindbad was rescued by a party of sailors who had come to the shore for fresh water. Great was their amazement when they found that Sindbad had escaped from the old man, who usually slew all he captured.

On the sixth voyage Sindbad was wrecked with some companions on a coast strewn

with an amazing mass of wealth from wrecked ships. No one had been able to gather it, for the shore was inclosed by a mighty mountain. The cause of all the disasters was a great stream of water that ran from the sea under the mountain, and dragged the ships to their ruin.

The sight of the amazing wealth lying on all sides nearly drove the sailors mad; yet of what use was it, when no one could gather it and take it away?

So they divided the food up equally, and day by day certain of the unhappy men died, till Sindbad alone was left.

A Raft or a Grave?

"Would that I had died before my companions," he cried, "and that they had washed me and buried me! I will dig myself a grave and lie down in it, and the wind will blow the sand over me."

Yet all the same, Sindbad could not give up hope. He decided to make a raft instead of a grave, and then to load it with treasure and his last provisions, and take his chance by following the stream under the mountain.

SINDBAD THE SAILOR

For he reasoned that the water must have an outlet somewhere.

Even the bed of the stream shone with jewels—sapphires and large pearls, only fit for kings.

A Dash into the Unknown

Providing himself with oars, Sindbad let the raft go where the stream would take it, for, thought he, "It is better to be drowned than to die of starvation."

At last the vaulted roof became so low that he had to lie on his face—and he mercifully fell asleep.

When he waked it was daylight, and as he was muttering his grief to himself he suddenly heard voices.

"Peace be to thee, O our brother!" said someone. Sindbad stared, and the man added, "We are the people of the sown lands, and we come to water our land from the stream. Thus we have found thee on the raft."

They gave him food, and brought him to their king, Sarandib, who treated him with great hospitality, and sent by him to Bagdad a mighty present for the great Harun al-Rashid.

Sindbad had decided that nothing could ever make him set forth on another voyage. But the Sultan, Harun al-Rashid, sent for him and commanded him to take a return present to King Sarandib. There was nothing for it except to obey.

When Sindbad arrived at Sarandib's court, he was nobly received, and the King cried, "O Sindbad, by Allah we have longed to see thee! Praise be to God, who hath shown us thy face a second time."

But on the return journey the ship was cast on an

island where men like devils took all on board and sold them as slaves.

A rich man bought Sindbad and treated him well. Finding that he could shoot with arrows, he commanded him to sit high up in a tree, so that he might shoot the elephants which passed underneath, for the merchant carried on a trade in ivory.

Sindbad was successful, and his master was delighted with his slave. But one day Sindbad was alarmed at sight of a mass of elephants who surrounded the tree, extended their trunks toward him, and fixed their eyes on him.

The Last of Our Hero's Adventures

He was so terrified that his bow fell from his hand. Then the largest elephant, putting his trunk round the tree, pulled it up by the roots. Sindbad was then seized and set up on the elephant's back.

The poor sailor clung on in terror while the elephant, followed by the rest of the herd, took him to a lonely valley strewn with the ivory tusks of thousands of elephants. To Sindbad's amazement the elephant dropped him without hurting him, and then, with all his following, went rapidly away.

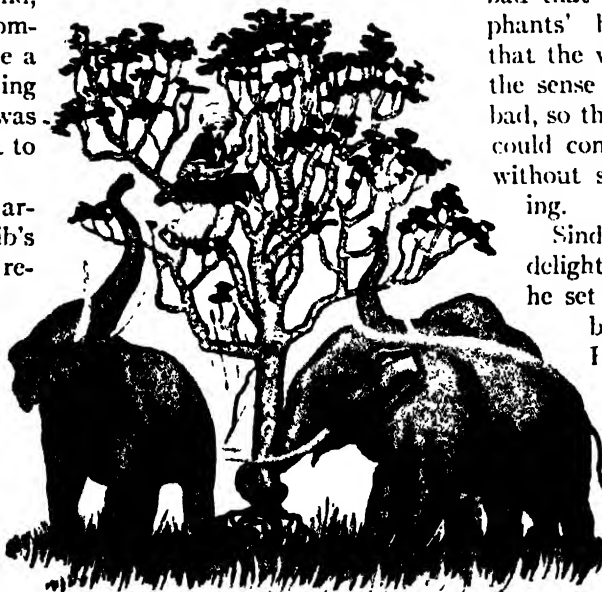
Here, in the ivory, was wealth unthinkable. It was clear to Sindbad that this must be an elephants' burial ground, and that the wise animal had had the sense to show it to Sindbad, so that he and his master could come and gather ivory without slaughtering the living.

Sindbad's master was so delighted with his slave that he set him free, and Sindbad returned to Harun al-Rashid, who ordered the story he told to be written in letters of gold.

* * *

Thus it was that Sindbad finished his seven stories.

Luckily for Sindbad, he was as intelligent as the elephants, and so the lives of all concerned were saved.



ALADDIN AND HIS WONDERFUL LAMP



If the sorcerer's skill in magic had been equaled by his self-control, he would not have lost his boy and

the lamp into the bargain. Another time, if he is wise, he will seek a charm to rule that hasty temper!

Every night he had given the porter a hundred pieces of gold; he now made him a companion and friend for the remainder of his life.

Aladdin and His Wonderful Lamp

One day in a far-off Chinese city a bright and likable boy, the son of a poor tailor's widow, was playing with his companions. Greatly to his surprise he was addressed by a dignified-looking man who said he was the boy's uncle. Now the stranger was really an African magician, who by gifts and promises won the trust of both Aladdin and his mother.

One day this false uncle led the boy so far into the country that Aladdin grew anxious and begged to be taken home.

"We need go no further now," said the magician amiably, as they reached a narrow valley. "While I strike fire, gather some sticks, nephew, and I will show you something very strange indeed."

Aladdin gathered the sticks; the magician threw incense on the fire and muttered some magic words. And lo, an immense cloud of smoke arose, the earth trembled and opened, and the boy saw a stone half a yard square with a ring in its center.

"Now," cried the magician, excitedly, "be quick! Take hold of that ring and pull up the stone."

But Aladdin shrank back terrified. At this the false uncle seized him and knocked him about violently. The boy was so amazed at this sudden change in his "uncle" that the magician saw that he had gone too far. So he now began to explain mildly enough that if Aladdin would but do exactly as he was told, there would be unlimited riches for both.

"Well, uncle," said Aladdin, recovering himself and becoming rather excited, "command me, and I will try to obey you."

The magician again told Aladdin to lift the stone by the ring, pronouncing the names of his father and grandfather as he did so.

Aladdin raised the stone quite easily, and looking downward with intense curiosity, he saw some steps and a door.

Down in a Magic Cave

The magician then explained to the boy that he must follow the steps, pass through three halls without stopping, and be careful that his garments did not touch the walls, for if they did he would instantly die. At the end of the third hall he would find a

ALADDIN AND HIS WONDERFUL LAMP

garden with trees laden with fruit. And above five steps which led to a terrace, he would notice a niche in which there stood a little lighted lamp. Aladdin was to blow out the lamp, pour away the oil, put the lamp in his bosom, and bring it back. "You may gather any fruit you fancy," said the magician; "and now I place this ring on your finger, which will shield you from all evil!"

Everything happened as the magician had said, except that Aladdin found that

Aladdin now found to be blocked; and the boy had nothing to do but sit down in miserable darkness for two days. In bitter despair he finally clasped his hands in prayer and cried, "There is no strength or power but in the great and high God."

The Slave of the Ring Appears

Even as the words fell from his lips, he rubbed the ring in his agitation and instantly a jinni, or spirit, of enormous size and



One rub of the ring—and a jinni of enormous size stood before him! Any ordinary boy would have been scared out of his wits, but Aladdin was made to get

on in the world. When the terrible fellow offered his services, our hero had a job for him, and thereafter the creature made himself useful about the place.

the fruit looked like colored glass. He admired it so much that he filled his pockets, little knowing that he was carrying off priceless jewels. But on reaching the entrance to the open air, a doubt gripped the boy, and he refused to give up the lamp until his uncle had helped him safely out of the cave.

Trapped in a Bejeweled Garden

This refusal so incensed the magician that he lost his temper once more and threw incense on the smoldering fire. With a heavy thud the stone fell back in its place.

The magician cursed his own folly, for now he had lost the ring and the lamp, and had no means of opening the door himself.

It was in vain that Aladdin, distracted with fear and grief, shouted again and again for help. The so-called uncle had gone.

The entrance to the beautiful garden,

frightful mien appeared and stared down at the crouching boy.

"What wouldst thou have of me?" he asked. "I am the slave of the ring!"

"Oh, whoever thou art," cried Aladdin, "deliver me from this dreadful place!"

Instantly Aladdin found himself on the very spot where he had descended; but he noticed with surprise that there was now no sign of the stone.

He found his way home and told his terrified mother everything; but as there was no food in the house, she was all anxiety that he should go out and sell the lamp and bring back something to eat.

"Only," she added, "let me scour it with water and fine sand first."

But at her very first rub there appeared a more frightful jinni than Aladdin had seen in the cave.

ALADDIN AND HIS WONDERFUL LAMP



By great good fortune Aladdin's mother was an excellent housekeeper, and so she could not abide a tar-

nished lamp. If she had been a slattern, the services of the jinni might have been lost to the world forever.

"What wouldst thou have of me?" he asked. "I am the slave of the lamp!"

His mother fainted away, but Aladdin snatched up the lamp and commanded the jinni to bring food. Before ever his mother waked from her swoon, a feast was spread, with a silver basin, silver cups, and twelve golden plates

Aladdin Grows Rich and Handsome

Aladdin's mother, when she came out of her faint, was more alarmed than ever, and tried to make her son promise to have nothing more to do with the jinni. But Aladdin, knowing that he could sell the plates to the merchants and call the jinni to bring more whenever he pleased, set his mother's fears aside and soon freed her from poverty.

As for the "colored glass," Aladdin soon learned enough to know that each bauble was a stone of tremendous value; but he decided to say nothing about them to his mother.

Meanwhile Aladdin grew to be a tall, handsome youth.

One day the Sultan proclaimed that all the shops must be shut and all the people must stay indoors because his daughter, the Princess, wished to walk to her bath.

The proclamation made Aladdin long passionately to see the Princess. So, guessing that at the entrance to the baths she would drop her veil, the youth hid himself in a secret place, and saw that the Princess was indeed lovely beyond all dreams.

He rushed home and demanded that his mother should go instantly to the Sultan and ask that proud ruler to bestow the Princess on her son.

The mother burst out into laughter at her son's mad folly.

"How can a poor tailor's son expect to marry a Princess?" she cried. "Besides, what present can you send with me?"

But Aladdin was obstinate. He gathered the jewels in a basin, covered it with a delicate napkin, and giving it to his mother, obliged her to obey him.

A Gift for the Sultan

The anxious woman waited modestly for several days where the Sultan held his court. At last he took notice of her and asked her errand.

"Ah, Your Majesty!" she cried humbly, "pray pardon what I am about to say!"

She told the Sultan her story, but he scarcely listened because he was so full of curiosity to know what she had in the basin.

ALADDIN AND HIS WONDERFUL LAMP



"Accept, O mighty Sultan, my son's miserable gift, a few bushels of diamonds and rubies and a paltry eighty

slaves," said Aladdin's mother with an air of humility. "That ought to impress him," she said to herself.

His first sight of the jewels filled him with excited amazement, and he called to his vizier to come and look.

"Surely," he cried, "he who can send such jewels is worthy of a princess for his bride."

How the Princess Was Kidnaped

Now this was all very awkward, for the Sultan had already promised that the vizier's son should marry the Princess. So the worried vizier proposed that the Sultan should wait three months before giving his consent.

"For," thought he, "by that time I shall have found a still more splendid present than a basin of jewels."

The Sultan agreed, and calling Aladdin's mother he said, "Tell your son that I agree to his proposal, but that the furniture I am giving my daughter has not yet arrived. So come at the end of three months."

Aladdin was delighted at his mother's news, for it was quite beyond what he expected. He was therefore the more angry and astonished when, just before the end of the three months, he found the city in a

turmoil of joy over a week's festivities that the Sultan had granted by way of celebrating the marriage of the Princess to the vizier's son.

Fortunately the slave of the lamp was at Aladdin's command. On the night of the wedding he carried off the Princess to Aladdin, and shut up the bridegroom in a cupboard.

Aladdin calmed the Princess's terror, and assured her that he only wished her well.

"I shall treat you with the utmost respect, O Princess," he said solemnly; "but I refuse to allow the promise which your father the Sultan gave me to be broken."

The Sultan Is Hard Pressed

In the morning the Princess found herself at home, and the vizier's son was released from the cupboard. But when the same thing happened for two nights following, the vizier's son begged to be released from the marriage. The Sultan consented, the wedding festivities were stopped, and all the tongues in the city wagged.

On the following day, Aladdin's mother approached the Sultan.

ALADDIN AND HIS WONDERFUL LAMP

"O Your Majesty," she cried, as she bowed low before him, "I am here, as Your Majesty commanded. The three months are ended and my son is eager and ready to take his bride."

"Now, what shall I do?" asked the worried Sultan of his vizier.

"Ask such an immense price for your consent, Your Majesty, that the foolish young man cannot possibly fulfil it. Then the folly will end."

The Procession of Jewels

The Sultan, pleased with the answer, forthwith told Aladdin's mother that if her son indeed wished to marry the Princess, he must send forty basins of gold filled with jewels as magnificent as those she had first brought. These basins must be carried by forty white slaves attended by forty black slaves, all magnificently clothed.

"Now," thought Aladdin's mother, as she went home, "my son will be bound to admit that his mother has been right all the time."

"Why, mother," he exclaimed, when she had finished her story, "the Sultan's demand is but a trifle compared with what I should like to do for the Princess!"

On that very day Aladdin, having instructed the slave of the lamp, surprised the whole city by sending out a gorgeous procession of forty white slaves bearing golden basins filled with priceless gems and attended by forty black slaves, all magnificently attired.

News reached the palace of their coming, and the Sultan gave orders for them to be received. The slaves entered and made a great semicircle

round the Sultan's throne. The black slaves laid down the basins and all prostrated themselves, after which they rose and stood with arms folded across their breasts.

Aladdin Wins the Princess

Then it was that Aladdin's mother came near and begged the Sultan to accept her son's poor gift.

"Good woman!" cried the delighted Sultan. "Go! Tell your son that I wait to receive him with open arms!"

That evening Aladdin himself arrived in magnificent attire, riding with a guard of honor in front and behind. The mounted guard carried bags of gold, and flung it out to the shouting and cheering crowd.

So it came about that the Sultan gave his consent to the marriage, and Aladdin had the joy of telling the Princess how dearly he loved her and how much he longed to have her for his wife.

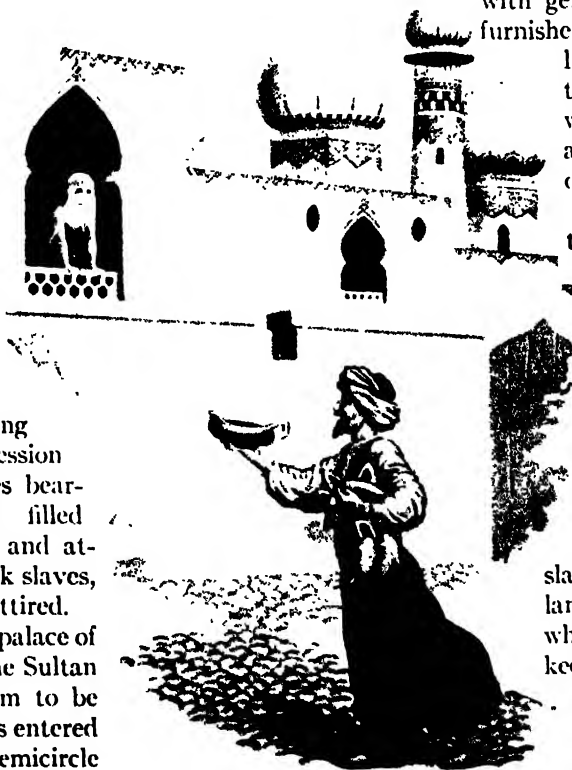
On the following morning, within sight of the Sultan's palace there rose a palace of wonder, built of the finest marbles and decorated with gems and gold. It was furnished with magnificent luxury and filled with the finest slaves in the world, and was indeed a home fit for a Sultan's daughter.

It happened one day that a man was raising laughter in the streets by offering to give new lamps in exchange for old ones. The Princess, looking down from her balcony, saw what was going on, and sent one of the

slaves to exchange an old lamp she had noticed, which looked out of keeping with the magnificence of the palace.

But when next the Sultan looked out

"Old lamps to buy! Old lamps to buy!" cried the wily magician. And no one could blame any young bride for wanting to drive a thrifty bargain.



ALADDIN AND HIS WONDERFUL LAMP

from his favorite window, he was amazed to see that his son-in-law's palace had vanished. And his daughter had vanished with it!

Aladdin was, as it happened, out hunting and knew nothing of the matter. As he entered the city he was arrested, loaded with chains, bound, and dragged through the streets, that he might be instantly executed.

Aladdin Escapes the Block

But Aladdin had made himself a great favorite in the city, and the populace now gathered about him, shouting and flourishing weapons and stones, that they might save his life.

The Sultan was in far too great a hurry even to tell Aladdin his crime. So not knowing how to defend himself, Aladdin kneeled as commanded and bent his head for the blow.

The executioner had flourished his sword three times, waiting for the Sultan to give the final order, when cries arose that the people were storming the palace. The Sultan paused. And this gave Aladdin a chance to ask very humbly if he might know his crime.

For answer, the Sultan took him to the window and pointed to the spot where the palace had stood.

Aladdin was filled with such genuine surprise and grief, and begged so hard to be allowed forty days to find his wife, that at last the Sultan consented.

The instant he left the palace Aladdin rubbed his ring, and the slave of the ring appeared.

Now the slave of the ring was not so powerful as the slave of the lamp. He told Aladdin that he could not bring back the palace. All he could do was to transport

Aladdin to Africa, whither the magician had carried the palace and the Princess.

The poor Princess was terribly distressed at finding herself under the wicked magician's power. But as she looked drearily from her window one evening, she was overjoyed to see Aladdin standing below. In a few hurried words she confessed her folly in having given the lamp to the traveling dealer, and told Aladdin that the magician would be coming to supper with her, although she hated his presence.

Aladdin told her not to fear, and gave her a magic powder to place in the magician's wine. Moreover, he promised to hide himself in an outer room and be ready for what happened.

And They Lived Happily Ever After

So it came about that when the wicked magician drank his wine, he fell back lifeless, and Aladdin rushed into the room and sent his wife away. It was but a moment's work to find the lamp in the bosom of the dead magician, and by rubbing it to summon the jinni. The instant he appeared Aladdin commanded him to transport the palace back to China.

All that could be felt as it ~~was~~ moved were two little shocks, the one when it was lifted up and the other when it was set down.

Now the Sultan, utterly unable to sleep for grief, looked from his window and could not believe his eyes. There surely was his daughter's palace. He instantly ordered his finest horse, and galloped off to the restored Princess. He embraced his daughter and greeted Aladdin with tears of joy.

Then he hurried off to command a great public carnival of feasting and merriment, in honor of his son-in-law Aladdin and his beloved daughter.





Photo by L. M. & S. Railway

Many an old castle, in ruins like this, seems peopled with the shades of Arthur and his knights. Our imagination pictures them flitting silently through the

rooms or gazing from dizzy crags out over the sea. Such fancies throng thickest in Cornwall, where legend places many of the scenes of Arthur's story.

The GREATEST ROMANCE of the WORLD

Of All the Famous Stories Ever Told, Those of King Arthur and His Knights of the Round Table Have Given the Highest Romantic Delight for Many a Century

MANY hundreds of years ago, early in the sixth century A.D., there lived in the island of Britain a brave and hardy warrior, striding through the tall forests with his dog at his heels, lifting his shield and his mighty voice as he urged his followers on to battle, striking fierce blows with his battle-axe on the helmets of his enemies. He was not a king, but a leader of the warring people. Twelve battles he fought, we are told, against the Saxon invaders from across the sea, the battle at Mount Badon being the fiercest of them all. In the end he won a period of rest for his people, the Celtic Britons, before the bold Angles and Saxons should return to the fight.

More than two centuries later a Welsh monk named Nennius wrote a history of these times, calling this warrior by the name of Arthur, and telling of his doughty deeds. Then for a long time we hear nothing more about him. But the people had not forgotten him. All through Wales and across the

Channel in Brittany, where Arthur's people, the Celts, had made their homes, out of sight of the Saxon victors, the old warriors and the poets and the wise women in the chimney corners told tales of Arthur. And as they told them, the stories changed and grew. Arthur became not only a bold hero but a mighty king. All sorts of old stories that were floating about attached themselves to his name. Each new teller of the tales embroidered them to suit his fancy, making them ever stranger and more heroic, putting in amazing adventures and all sorts of magic and marvel.

In 1147, another monk, named Geoffrey (jĕf'ri) of Monmouth (mŏn'mŭth), gathered together these stories and wrote them down in a book which he called "The History of the Kings of Britain." After that a whole chorus of poets, in England and France and Germany, began to sing the praises of King Arthur and his knights. Arthur was adopted by the descendants of the very Angles and

A STORY OF KING ARTHUR



This is Merlin, most famous of all magicians, who was old in King Uther's time, but lived on to speak wise counsel in the ear of Uther's son, King Arthur. Just

now he is disguised as a beggar, for he has come to receive the baby prince and take him secretly away, to be safe from King Uther's enemies.

Saxons against whom he had fought, and by the Normans who had conquered them in their turn. He was made into a mighty king of the age of chivalry, an age that really flowered many centuries after the time when he had lived. His knights grew famous with him. Gawain and Lancelot became the ideal knights, Lancelot and Guinevere took their places among the great lovers of the world, Galahad became the perfect Christian warrior, who almost alone was pure enough to find the Holy Grail.

Knights and Ladies of Arthur's Court

It is these noble and chivalrous knights and ladies who gather at King Arthur's court and ride forth on their marvelous quests in the tales we know and love to-day. Nobody pretends any more that the stories are "true" history. But what does that matter? Arthur and Lancelot and Guinevere, Enid and Gareth and Percival and Gawain—who cares whether or not they ever lived in flesh on the earth? If they had lived, then they would have died too; and as it is they have always been alive and are alive still!

Poets and romancers in every generation from the time of that old monk of Monmouth have retold these stories, each making them a little different, to suit his own ideas and

the notions of the people of his day. One of the best of modern American poets, Edwin Arlington Robinson, has retold several of them. A famous retelling was that of Tennyson, in the "Idylls of the King." But doubtless the most famous of all the versions in English is that of Sir Thomas Malory, who lived and wrote in the fifteenth century, before the age of chivalry had quite passed away. The stories as we are going to tell them are perhaps a little more like Malory's than like those of anyone else.

Our first story will be the one of the Coming of Arthur.

The towers of King Uther's castle still gleamed with the earliest rays of the rising sun as Merlin, the aged magician, stood waiting at the postern gate. Presently the gate swung open, and out came two knights, and two ladies with them, one of the ladies carrying an infant wrapped up in cloth of gold.

How Merlin Saved Arthur

Now Merlin was dressed that day in the guise of a ragged beggar. He took the child from the lady who carried it, and went away with it in his bosom. He took it to Sir Ector, a noble knight, who, with his noble wife, received it gladly, knowing well enough who this boy baby was. Then Sir Ector called

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on a holy man, who christened the infant Arthur.

So Arthur grew up with Sir Ector and his noble dame, and called their son Kay his brother. And none but Sir Ector and his lady knew that the child was of royal blood; for Merlin had advised King Uther (ū'thēr) that this son of his should be hidden away, lest the King's enemies do him harm. But Arthur grew up in all courtly exercise, calling Sir Ector and his lady father and mother, not knowing that he was a king's son.

During all this time wars raged in the unhappy country of Britain, many foes desiring to wrest the kingdom from King Uther. When at last the King fell sick of a dire malady, his enemies grew bolder than ever to overrun his land and to slay his people.

Then said Merlin to the King, "My lord, the kings from the north gather and march upon London, and the people tremble and flee before them. Are you still king of this land, or no? The litter stands at the door. Arise, and let the people see that they still have a king!"

The Death of King Uther

So King Uther was carried to the battlefield in a horse litter, and in a tremendous battle at St. Albans his army was victorious, and many northern kings were slain. Then Uther was glad, and returned to London in triumph and joy.

But his illness grew heavy upon him. And when at last he had lain for three days without speaking, his sorrowing barons sent urgently to Merlin, the wise magician, to advise them. When Merlin entered the death chamber, he saw that there was no time to

spare, and he cried in a loud voice to the dying King, "Sire, shall your son Arthur be king after your days?"

Then the King roused himself, and said, in the presence of all his barons, "I give him God's blessing, and mine, and bid him pray for my soul, and claim the crown, upon forfeiture of my blessing."

Having said this, the King died.

Then there was great turmoil and trouble in the realm, and great gathering of men at arms, for many would have liked to be king in Uther's place. But Merlin and the Archbishop of Canterbury consulted together, and called a meeting of all the lords and gentlemen on a certain Christmas day, bidding them cleanse their lives and their hearts before they came.

When they had assembled at the greatest church in London, they saw in the yard of the church an anvil, and thrust into the anvil

was a sword. Around the sword, in letters of gold, these words were written:

"Whoso pulleth out this sword from this stone and anvil, is rightwise king of all England."

So when High Mass had been said, each one tried to draw the sword. But none could do it. When all had failed, the Archbishop suggested that a great tournament be proclaimed for New Year's Day; then all the knights might try to draw the sword and perhaps God would reveal who was the rightful king.

Now it happened that on New Year's Day Sir Ector rode into London with his son Kay and his foster son Arthur, to see the tournament.

Kay had it in mind to try his luck with



Young Arthur no more dreamed that he was fated to be king than Cinderella dreamed that she could marry the prince. What more natural than that he should draw out the sword left there in the churchyard as if free to any who needed it? But this was one of those magic swords so dear to the tellers of legend—a sword that could be withdrawn only by the hand of its destined owner.

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And so the lad Arthur was clothed in splendid robes, and knelt before the Archbishop of Canterbury to re-

ceive his crown. He was only fifteen; yet he shouldered his great responsibility nobly and bravely.

the other young men; so when he perceived that he had left his sword at his father's lodgings, he bade Arthur, who was but fifteen, ride back for it. But when Arthur reached the place, all was locked up, the whole household having gone to the tournament.

The Sword of the Rightful King

Arthur frowned, wondering what he could do for Kay, his brother.

"I will ride into the churchyard," he thought, "and take the sword that is thrust into the anvil, for it is a shame that my brother should be without a sword."

When he arrived at the churchyard he drew out the sword easily, and then he brought it innocently to Kay, having no notion what he had done. But Kay looked at the sword and recognized it.

"See," he cried to his father, "I have the sword from the anvil. Now I shall be king of all the land!"

But Sir Ector made his son swear how he came by the sword, and, calling Arthur, he asked him all about it too.

"Now," said Sir Ector, when he had heard, "I understand that it is you who must be king."

"But why?" asked Arthur in great astonishment.

ceive his crown. He was only fifteen; yet he shouldered his great responsibility nobly and bravely.

"Sir," said Sir Ector with a strange, new respect, "God will have it so! But let us go back to the churchyard, and see if you can put the sword in the anvil again and once more pull it out."

So they all went back to the churchyard, and Arthur thrust back the sword. Then Kay, try as he might, could not withdraw it. But Arthur drew it out again quite easily.

At sight of what Arthur had done, Sir Ector knelt, and bade his son Kay kneel also.

When Arthur Became King

"My own dear father and brother, why should you be kneeling to me?" cried Arthur in distress.

"My lord Arthur," said Sir Ector then, "I was never your father, nor was Kay ever your brother. The blood in your veins is far nobler than ours." Then he told the lad how he was King Uther's son. But Arthur was full of sorrow, for he had loved his foster parents as though they were his own.

"Do not grieve," said good Sir Ector. "Only be my noble and gracious lord, when you are king."

"Indeed!" cried Arthur, "you are the man

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in all the world to whom I owe the most, and to my good lady and mother, your wife. If ever it be God's will that I am king, then you shall ask of me what you will, and God forbid that I should fail to do it!"

"All I shall ask," said Sir Ector, "is that Kay be made seneschal over your kingdom."

So Arthur was crowned king, after he had proved to all that he could withdraw the sword from the anvil. Many were glad and faithful; but many others were angry, still crying out that Arthur was not Uther's son. And some told a story that the child had been flung on a golden wave to the shore, by the magic of Merlin, and was but a fairy child.

So it happened that when King Arthur proclaimed a great feast at Pentecost, many kings and noble knights gathered as if to do him honor. But when he sent them courteous greetings and presents, they sent back

his words and his gifts with scorn, saying that they would take no presents from a beardless boy of low blood. Rather would they give him "gifts of hard swords betwixt the neck and shoulders."

The King went forth to speak with the unruly ones, with double mail under his cloak; and the Archbishop and Sir Kay and other faithful friends went with him. But as the old chronicle says: "When they were met, there was no meekness, but stout words on both sides; but always King Arthur answered them, and said that he would make them bow, if he lived. Wherefore they departed with wrath, and King Arthur bade them to keep themselves



In some such resplendent armor as this we are to imagine Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table. For the knights of the Age of Chivalry took great pride in their arms and armor. And that is small wonder, since on its stoutness depended their honor and their lives, and on its beauty their reputation for wealth and for fine appearance. The visor can be dropped to protect the face.

well, and they told the King to keep himself well!"

In this way both Arthur and the unruly vassals prepared themselves for war. And there was a long, unhappy time when knights

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who should have been fighting side by side were breaking each others' shields. But in the end, after stupendous battles, King Arthur was victorious.

At the King's side stood always Merlin, old and wise, to advise and warn. Merlin warned the King not to take to wife the beautiful princess Guinevere (gwīn'ê-vēr), since surely Arthur's best knight and dearest friend, Sir Lancelot (lân'sê-lôt), was in love with her. But this warning the rash King did not heed. Merlin further warned the King that there would arise a man, born on a May Day, who would bring the King and all his court to disaster. And this warning the King tried to heed, sending for all the children born on May Day to come to his court. But, alas, the ship was wrecked, and all were drowned—all but one, who was cast up on shore and found by a good man who reared him as his own. This was Modred, of whom the story has later much to say.

But out of the warfare around him and the trouble in his heart, the young King was hammering a noble kingdom. He gathered about him the finest knights in Christendom, bold of deed and upright of heart. When the wars were quieted, his knights rode forth day after day in search of brave adventure, or on errands of chivalry and mercy, to bring help to noble knights and fair ladies in distress. "The King established all his knights,"

Sir Thomas Malory tells us, "and them that were of lands not rich, he gave them lands, and charged them never to do outrage, nor murder, and always to flee treason. Also by no means to be cruel, but to give mercy unto him that asketh mercy, and always to do ladies, damsels, and gentlewomen succor upon pain of death. Also, that no man take no battles in wrongful quarrel, nor for world's goods. Unto this were all the Knights of the Round Table sworn, both young and old. And every year were they sworn, at the high Feast of Pentecost."

And until the time of the final downfall of his kingdom, the story tells more of these Knights of the Round Table than it does of their King. But it was the glory of his noble court and its high renown in chivalry which brought the heroes to Camelot (kām'ê-lôt), which the great King had made his capital. In all the world there was no honor so coveted by a brave and knightly youth as the honor of being made one of the goodly fellowship which sat down with King Arthur at the great Round Table reserved for his choicest and most devoted knights.

But always at the Round Table there were two seats empty; and one of them was called the Siege—or seat—Perilous, for no man might sit in it unless he were altogether pure and good. Once an unworthy man had ventured to sit there, and the ground had opened and swallowed him up alive.



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Enid's heart must have leaped when she turned from setting the table and saw so magnificent a stranger

standing there before her. The song stopped short on her lips. Did she guess what was to come about?

A STORY of KING ARTHUR

How Sir Geraint Overcame the Strong and Evil Sparrow Hawk, and Won the Heart of the Fair Enid

ENID was singing a merry song as she set out on the table the frugal evening meal. She was a fair girl, of noble blood, the daughter of the earl Yniol (in'i-öl). But the family had fallen into the direst poverty. The only home left them was this ruined castle; Enid's mother went clothed in shabby brocade, and Enid herself did all the labor of the household. Indeed, in that bare and echoing hall, whose only decorations were the cobwebs hung high among the rafters, there was nothing gracious or lovely except the form and face of the maiden and the wonder of her voice as she sang to her mother.

Suddenly Enid broke off in her singing. The door had opened, and in had come her father, the Earl, and with him a stranger—night, young and of noble bearing.

"This knight," said the Earl, calling Enid to him, "abides with us this night, my daughter. He is called Sir Geraint (gë-ränt'), and he is of King Arthur's court.

Go, daughter, see to his horse, and then hasten to the town and bring rich foods such as may be fitting for our knightly guest."

"Nay," began Sir Geraint, "as for my horse—"

But the Earl put out his hand reprovingly.

"We may be a house of ruin, young sir, but Earl Yniol has never yet allowed a guest to serve his own horse!"

And Sir Geraint, fearing to show himself discourteous, said no more. Yet it troubled him to have so noble a maiden put his horse in stable, the more that he had heard the singing, and had looked well at Enid in her gown of faded green, and knew in his heart that he had found the one woman in all the world.

The story does not say what was in Enid's heart as she hurried away. But she attended to the knight's horse, and brought back rich food for the feast; and then, as the hall had to serve for kitchen as well as banquet room and parlor, she moved quietly

about there, dressing and cooking the meat, and making sweet cakes. And Sir Geraint spoke courteously with the Earl, but his eyes followed Enid as she moved, and his heart loved her.

Then Enid waited on them at supper, and Geraint would rather have kissed the little fingers which passed him the trencher than have eaten the good food that was on it. But Enid was both busy and modest, and she did not speak, even with her eyes. Instead, when supper was over, she cleared away the dishes, stepping softly about the table. Then she took her tall spinning wheel, and span deftly and in silence, yet listening all the while to the talk of the others as they sat about the hearth.

"Tell me, good Earl," Sir Geraint was saying, "who is this great lord men call the Sparrow Hawk? When I ask men hereabouts who it is they serve, they all cry, 'The Sparrow Hawk! God's curse upon him!'"

"Aye, God's curse upon him!" said the Earl. "You have seen our wretchedness and our poverty. It is the Sparrow Hawk, my own nephew, who is guilty of it. He would have married my Enid; and when I refused him, knowing him for what he is, he spread evil report of me, and set the whole countryside against me. My hall was burned down and sacked, and my land stolen. And with my substance he has built himself that mighty tower—fresh from the mason's hand—which you saw at the entrance of the town."

"As I was hunting this morning with the King," said Sir Geraint, "we saw an evil-looking knight. The Queen sent her maiden to ask his name—and the knight's misshapen dwarf cut her across the face with his dog whip. I swore that I would run that caitiff knight to earth, and that is why I have followed him, though weaponless. Can the knight I saw entering the great tower be he?"

"The same, surely!" cried the Earl. "Though he is of my own blood, he is a churl."

"I had hoped to buy weapons in the town," said Sir Geraint, "but every smith was too busy to hearken to me."

"That is because of the tourney to-morrow."

"A tourney?" exclaimed Sir Geraint. "That is fine news. I will lay low that caitiff's pride—if you can lend me arms."

"Alas," said the Earl sadly, "My arms are old and rusty." He pointed to where they were hanging on the wall.

"Yet they will serve!" cried Geraint, rising eagerly to try them.

"Ah, but wait," said Earl Yniol, rueful that he must check the youth's brave ardor. "No man can take part in the tourney unless the lady he loves best in the world is there. The prize, which is a silver rod bearing a golden sparrow hawk, is to be presented to the victor's lady. And alas, you come alone, and have no lady."

Geraint's heart leaped, and his eyes for the thousandth time sought the corner where Enid had been sitting. But the maiden was not there, having slipped away shyly at the first word of prizes and best-loved ladies. So Geraint took courage and spoke boldly what was in his heart.

"Sir Earl," he said, "let your sweet daughter be my lady! I have seen beauty in many parts of the world, but never before such loveliness and such grace. Never before has so strong and pure a love stirred my heart. Give her to me—or at least let me speak with her to plead my cause."

The Earl was silent for a moment. Then he put his hand on his wife's hand, and looked into her eyes.

"Sweet wife," he said gravely, "faithful companion of my good and my bitter years, you have heard what this young man asks. We, even in this lonely castle, have heard of the valor of Prince Geraint, for valor such as his cannot be hidden. Go you to Enid, and before she sleeps, discover whether her heart has gone out toward this knight, our guest. For indeed she shall wed none by force, but only as her own heart bids her."

So Enid's mother arose and sought her in her chamber. Enid was sitting very still in the half-darkness, her breath coming quick with dreams and doubtings.

"Mother!" she cried, rising and clinging about her mother's neck. "Mother! Oh, mother!"

Then the dame seated herself, and Enid

A STORY OF KING ARTHUR



Surely the Sparrow Hawk had not dreamed that he would have to deal such mighty blows to uphold his

crouched beside her; and the dame spoke softly and gravely.

"My child, tell me what you think of our guest. He loves you and would wed you, but your father would know the truth in your heart. For he will give his daughter to none but him whom she loves."

challenge! But his heaviest blows are not enough, and the strange knight is about to strike him down.

Enid could not find words to answer, but she turned and looked into her mother's eyes, and then hid her face in her mother's bosom.

The tourney on the morrow was a great affair. From all parts the people thronged to see the sports and the jousting, and ladies,

A STORY OF KING ARTHUR

each wearing the color of her own true knight, decked themselves in gorgeous raiment, hoping to win the prize for the Queen of Beauty. Enid and her mother had no gorgeous robes to wear, but they put on their clean if shabby best and went down among the first into the meadow. There they waited for the Earl and Sir Geraint. How Enid's heart fluttered as her young champion rode out, princely even in the Earl's old rusty armor! For his part, he saw his dear lady in the throng, and was proud and pleased that she had come so early.

How Geraint Defeated the Sparrow Hawk

When it came time that the knights should struggle for the golden sparrow hawk, out rode the bad knight Sparrow Hawk himself. Turning his prancing horse into the ring, he called out boastingly that he claimed the prize for his lady.

"Not so!" cried Sir Geraint, galloping forward. "The Prize of Beauty is for one lady only, and she is mine!"

"Then battle for it!" cried the Sparrow Hawk fiercely—and in another moment they had clashed.

Each broke a spear—two spears—a third. Both were unhorsed, and then they set to fighting hand to hand on foot in desperate battle. The throng leaned forward, breathless with watching. Enid, sitting between her father and her mother, saw every stroke, and the pouring out of the blood.

Just as it seemed to her that she could bear no more, Sir Geraint, with one last mighty effort, crashed in the Sparrow Hawk's helmet and laid the foe prone on the earth before him.

The Downfall of the Sparrow Hawk

With a foot on the fallen knight's breast, Sir Geraint demanded that he go to King Arthur's court and ask pardon for his insult to the Queen, and that he return to Earl Yniol his uncle the earldom and all he had stolen from him. The Sparrow Hawk, shamed before all the people, gave his promise. And this promise he kept, and gave up his evil ways, and became one of Arthur's truest knights.

But now Sir Geraint was helping him from the ground. And now, with a great joy in his heart, the victor received the Prize of Beauty, and carrying it to Enid, offered it to her on bended knee.

That night Enid, in the midst of her joy and pride, was in sad tribulation, for it was terrible to her to think of riding off with her true knight to King Arthur's court when she had no raiment but her faded silk. How could she face the mockery of the Queen's ladies? She would feel like some poor little brown minnow among glittering goldfish!

"Oh, mother," she moaned, "if only I had still my gown of brocade and jewels which those wicked men carried off when they burned down our home!"

The Wedding of Enid and Geraint

Then her mother smiled tenderly and answered, "A wonder has happened, my daughter. He who stole the chest and all it contained, seeing that the Sparrow Hawk had fallen, grew fearful, and has brought back his plunder, and left it at our gate."

So in the morning Enid appeared, blushing rosy red and clothed in the robes of a princess. But Geraint's face fell when he saw the jewels and brocade.

"I pray you," he said earnestly, "to forgive what I am going to ask. But I would have you ride with me to court in the old and faded gown in which I saw you first."

Then it was Enid's turn to be troubled. But though her heart was full to bursting, she went and laid aside the gown she loved and put on the gown she despised; and in the faded green dress she rode, like a beggar maid, beside her knight.

But when Sir Geraint led her before Queen Guinevere, she forgot her shame, for the Queen took her hand and kissed her tenderly.

"I promised this brave knight," she said, "that whatever maiden he chose to be his wife should be clothed by me and me only for her wedding."

So Enid was comforted, and saw that her knight had not failed her. And presently, as a radiant bride, she stood before the altar in the presence of all King Arthur's court, and plighted troth with her lord.

A STORY OF KING ARTHUR



Photo by Hinegita

It was pleasant scenes such as this, as well as the shock of arms at war or tourney, which young Gareth longed to see at Arthur's court or "on the road to

Camelot." So much did he yearn for chivalric adventure that he was willing to hide his noble birth and serve the great king as kitchen knave.

A STORY of KING ARTHUR

How the Boy Gareth Went to Serve as Scullion in the Kitchen of Arthur, Only to Be Near the Glorious King; and How He Slew Many False Knights to Win the Hand of His Fair Lady

QUEEN BELLICENT was lonely in her great castle halls now that her husband had died and her two eldest sons had ridden off in knightly wise to serve King Arthur. There was left only Gareth (gär'-ēth), the youngest, in whom was all her happiness. So the Queen would not notice that Gareth, too, was fast coming to the years of a man. But Gareth knew; and when he heard men tell of brave deeds done by King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table, he longed for the time when he too might go to Camelot, and prove himself before the King.

"Oh, mother," he cried despairingly, "when will you cease to treat me as a child? Day by day I practice my sword and lance, and take hard knocks from our serving men.

Yet to what end—when you ever refuse to let me go to serve under the great King? I would walk through fire to win your leave to go!"

"Through fire?" mocked his mother, thinking to laugh him down. "Would you dare go in disguise to the King's court, and spend a year and a day in his kitchen as a kitchen knave?"

"I would dare with joy, mother!" he cried eagerly, "if only you will let me go!"

Then the Queen flushed in great distress, for she had reckoned that her princely son would be too proud to serve among the kitchen knaves. She could only hope that he had not really meant what he had said.

But Gareth was aflame with eagerness to be off, and thought lightly of the cost. So

very early next morning—for fear that his mother might change her mind—he slipped away, and set out for Arthur's seat at Camelot. He took with him two serving men, the three of them going dressed roughly enough as common tillers of the soil.

How Gareth Came to Camelot

When at last they drew near to the city that had lived so long in Gareth's dreams, mists swam about it, and it seemed like a dream city indeed. One moment it was there, the next it had vanished; and one of the serving men warned his master that some said there was no city of Camelot at all, and others that the King was no real king, but a changeling out of fairyland.

But what did Gareth care for mists and legends? His dream was coming true at last! Undismayed, he entered the city and the royal castle, and came to King Arthur's hall; and the eager lad quivered with pure joy as he saw, far away at the head of the great room, the King himself, dealing out kingly justice from his throne.

One by one he saw the bold knights leave the hall, each sent forth by the King to do some valorous deed, to fight an evil champion or rescue a maiden in distress. And could that be Lancelot, far-famed as the greatest knight in Christendom, who stood at the King's right hand? Gareth's heart throbbed to bursting with excitement and delight.

When the last of those who had come to ask something of the King had gone away, and the King himself was about to go, Gareth plucked up heart to come before the throne.

Gareth Keeps His Vow

"A boon, Sir King!" he cried, as he had heard the others do. "Only that I may serve in the royal kitchens as a kitchen knave." Then his cheeks flushed, and he dropped his eyes in distress, for how could he speak an untruth to the truthful King, and take service under a lie? Yet, remembering his vow to his mother, he could not tell the King his name. "Sir King," he said, quickly and low, "another boon! I humbly beg that you will not ask my name for twelve months and a day, and that at the end of

that time, if my service has been true, you will grant me two wishes more."

The wise King looked at Gareth, who was a princely lad, eager-eyed and strong, and saw what was to be seen. Yet he held his peace about whatever it was that he saw. Then he granted the youth's requests, and put him under the rule of Sir Kay, the Seneschal (sēn'ē-shāl), or chief steward.

Now Sir Kay was a hard, sour man, and he looked at young Gareth scornfully. The lad's fair face and well-shaped hands annoyed him, and he muttered scoffingly. But Sir Lancelot heard.

"Take heed, Sir Kay," he said sternly, "that you treat the lad well, or one day you may be shamed."

King Arthur's Kitchen Knave

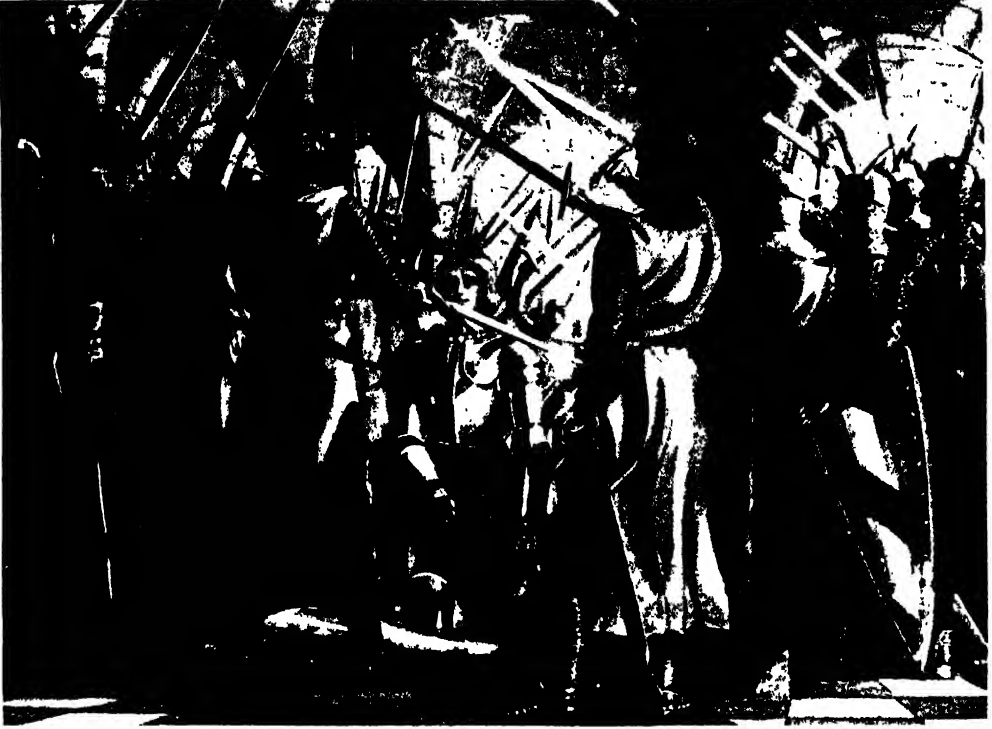
But Sir Kay made Gareth's life hard indeed. Even had the Seneschal been kind, it was no light task to be scullion in the King's castle, where food for great feasts must be prepared and cooked twice every day. There were rabbits to skin and birds to dress and pluck, meat to wash and herbs to pound, dishes to wash, and ever the meat to turn at the fire, that it should be tender and woe to the scullion who let it burn! Then Gareth, who all his life had been served at table and had slept on a clean, fair bed, must learn to eat what low-born scullions ate and sleep where they slept. But as if all this were not hard enough, Sir Kay, hating him for his fair face and well-shaped hands, must needs give Gareth all the heaviest and dirtiest tasks.

But remembering that he had told his mother he would go through fire to serve the King, Gareth bore it all patiently. And his fellows delighted in him; for when work was done, he would lie among them weaving stories of wonder that would set their eyes staring and their mouths agape.

Now it happened that when Gareth had served his hard service for a year and a day, a maiden rode up to the castle on a foaming steed, and cried out to see the King.

She was fair enough—except for her mocking lips—and she told the King that her name was Lynette (lī-nēt'). Her sister, she said, was the Lady Lyonors (lī'ō-nōrs), who

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Proud was the day for a young knight when, having shown his valor and his knightly worth, he received the accolade—a light tap on the shoulder—and was

dubbed a knight. How his heart must have swelled as the other knights saluted him! It gave him strength to strike stout blows in defense of his liege lord.

lived at Castle Perilous, and she was in dire distress by reason of certain evil knights, one of whom insisted that she should marry him. Lynette begged of the King the boon of his noblest knight to be her sister's champion.

All this young Gareth heard, and knowing that his year's service had been true, he was bold to claim his chance. He sprang forward with glowing eyes.

Gareth's First Quest

"A boon, Sir King!" he cried. "I am your kitchen knave, and have served for a year and a day. Have I not your promise that I should win two further wishes?" Then, seeing the King's kind eyes upon him, remembering him, he went on boldly. "My first wish is that the quest may be mine to set free the Lady Lyonors; and my second, that when I have proved my worth, Sir Lancelot may dub me knight."

"Go!" said the King gravely. "You shall have this quest."

But fierce anger blazed in Lynette's eyes, and her voice trembled with passion.

"Those evil knights let me pass so that I might bring them the noblest foe in your hall, Sir King," she cried. "They would do battle with Sir Lancelot himself. Yet you mock me with a kitchen knave!"

And rushing from the hall, she took horse and galloped away.

But King Arthur took Gareth aside and gave him a horse, and put in his hands his maiden shield, as yet blank and empty of any device or blazoning. Then Gareth, dropping his rough scullion's cloak, stood forth in glorious armor, sent to him by his mother, Queen Bellicent, at the hands of her faithful dwarf.

As he mounted, all the knights and ladies came out to see him go. And as for the kitchen knaves, they shouted with gladness to see their comrade so transformed, and cried him success and all honor.

But Sir Kay, who scoffingly called Gareth

"Beaumains" (bō'măN'), which is Norman for "beautiful hands," rode after him, thinking to put this vainglorious kitchen knave to shame. He forced Gareth to a fight; but Gareth unhorsed him, giving him a terrible wound. Gareth put his dwarf on Sir Kay's horse, and was riding away. But just then up rode Sir Lancelot, who would give this rash youth battle to test his worth.

Gareth fought so well that the astonished Lancelot found himself putting forth all his strength. At last he said,

"Beaumains, fight not so fiercely. Your quarrel and mine is not so great but we may leave off!"

So they left off, and Gareth told Sir Lancelot his true name. Then Sir Kay was carried off home on his shield, and Lancelot dubbed Gareth knight.

All this while Lynette had been waiting—and not patiently, we may be sure. When at last Gareth rode up to her, she put her finger and thumb to her nose and cried in scorn, "What are you doing here? Fah! you stink of the kitchen. Do not imagine that it was more than lucky accident when you unhorsed Sir Kay. You lubber and turner of spits! You ladle washer!"

Gareth's First Knightly Deed

But Gareth had determined, whatever happened, to keep his temper. So he answered her calmly and respectfully.

"Damsel," he said, "I will not go from you, whatever you say. For I have undertaken in the King's name to achieve your adventure, and so I shall carry it through to the end, or die in the doing of it."

Lynette galloped on, and Gareth followed. Presently they came upon six men, who were dragging off an unfortunate knight to drown him in the lake. Sir Gareth, proud in his new strength of knighthood, rode boldly to the rescue. Three of the evil men he beat off, and the others fled. When Gareth had set free the prisoner, he found that he was a mighty baron, a friend to King Arthur. In gratitude for the saving of his life, this baron bade Gareth and Lynette to his castle for the night.

There in the great hall were three places set at the high table for the lord of the manor

and his high-born guests. But on seeing for whom they were laid, Lynette rose in scornful pride.

"Sir Baron," she exclaimed haughtily, "would you have me sit by this Beaumains, this kitchen knave?"

At that the baron left the maiden alone at the high table, and seated himself at the side, with his knightly guest.

The Knight of the Black Lawn

Next morning Lynette mounted quickly and galloped off. Gareth, making it seem like a thing of every day, dropped easily in behind her, crying courteously, "Lead, and I follow!"

So they rode on until they came to a ford, which two evil knights were guarding against them. Dashing on his good steed into the midst of the water, Gareth met one of the knights with so great a shock of his lance that the scoundrel fell and was drowned. Then, urging his horse through the river, Gareth rushed up the farther shore against the other rogue and slew him.

"Alas!" cried Lynette, mocking him the more, "alas, that ever a kitchen knave should have the good luck to destroy two such doughty knights!"

But Sir Gareth answered her never a word.

Later in the day he did battle with a terrible knight in black armor, whose name was the Knight of the Black Lawn; and this evil foe he slew also. And again Lynette had for his brave deed nothing but scorn, crying, "Away, kitchen knave, out of the wind, for the smell of those foul clothes grieves my nostrils!" But this time Sir Gareth answered her sternly.

The Battle with the Green Knight

"I shall follow you till I am slain, or truly beaten," he said. "And it would be well for you to be still, and stop rebuking me."

Later still, they came upon the Green Knight, who was brother to the Knight of the Black Lawn. With the Green Knight Gareth fought a long and deadly battle, with great clashing of lance on shield and with the pain and weakness of many wounds. At last the Green Knight was overcome and knelt to do homage to Sir Gareth, offering

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With hacking swords and rearing horses, Gareth and the Knight of the Red Lawns fought all day before the castle of Lyonors. The Red Knight's men looked on, but they were in honor bound to let the issue be fought out between the two champions and to abide by

the result; and bad as the Red Knight was, he still stood by his knightly word. Lynette is watching too, on her horse. And on the battlements is the Lady Lyonors among her maidens. Young Gareth fought the better for feeling the eyes of his lady upon him.

A STORY OF KING ARTHUR

him the service of thirty knights. Then he gallantly took his conqueror and the Lady Lynette off to his castle for the night. Vast was the Green Knight's amazement when the lady refused once more to sit with her champion at meat!

How the Red Knight Was Defeated

Next morning, having heard Mass and breakfasted, the strange pair went on their way. On this day they came upon the last of the brothers, whose armor was neither black nor green, but red. Now Gareth had clothed himself in the Black Knight's armor, and the Red Knight, looking from his castle window, supposed at first that it was his brother who stood at the gate. So he called them a greeting. But Lynette was ready with her mockery.

"No, no!" she cried, "this is but a kitchen knave, that was brought up for alms in King Arthur's court!"

Then the Red Knight came forth and gave Gareth battle. But Gareth overcame him as he had the others, and the Red Knight invited the victor and his lady to stay with him that night, as the Green Knight had done the night before. And like the Green Knight he was amazed at the taunting words which the maiden still flung at her champion.

After two more terrible encounters, Sir Gareth at last found himself before the castle where lived the Lady Lyonors. And here he must meet the most terrible champion of them all.

The Most Terrible Champion of All

This was the dreadful Knight of the Red Lawns, who whenever he overcame an enemy, forthwith hanged him in his armor on a tree. Forty knights did Gareth see there, hanging each dead in his splendid armor. His rage flamed high for so many valorous knights thus slain and dishonored. As for Lynette, she looked at that ghastly sight, and she looked at Sir Gareth; and for the first time her heart failed her for this brave youth who had so well endured her scorn.

Then the two champions rushed together with a mighty shock, and the Lady Lyonors

and all in the castle looked on fearfully. With clanging weapons and snorting steeds, they shocked and reeled and hewed great pieces each from the other's harness and ringing shield. Then they rested, gasping for breath and bleeding with many wounds; and the Lady Lyonors and the maidens with her looked at them and wept for very pity. Then would Gareth steal a glance at the lovely lady of the castle as she sat weeping among her maidens, and all his weariness would go from him, and he would rush once more to the fight. And so the day wore on till evensong, when at last the Knight of the Red Lawns owned himself overcome. Sir Gareth took his homage courteously, and bade him go and report himself to the King.

Then even Lynette could mock no longer, but came quietly to Gareth and helped him take off his armor and gently tended his wounds.

How the Lady Lyonors Was Won

Yet neither she nor her proud and lovely sister could forget the shame of their champion's lowly past. So when Sir Gareth desired to see the Lady Lyonors, the gate, alas, was closed against him. This was the hardest of all the hard things that Gareth had had to bear. His heart was bitter and despairing as he went off with his dwarf to find a place to sleep.

But the heart of the Lady Lyonors was troubled as she thought of the courtesy and knightly valor of this fair youth she had thus insulted and despised. So she prayed her brother, Sir Grigamore, to go secretly and find him out where he lay hidden with his dwarf. Then Sir Grigamore was to seize the dwarf and carry him off to the castle, that they might question him as to who his master might really be.

This Sir Grigamore faithfully performed. And when the dwarf had told all he knew, who shall say which was better pleased at it—he, who could thus serve his dear young master, or the Lady Lyonors, who heard that her deliverer was son of a queen and nephew to King Arthur himself?

So it came about that the Lady Lyonors was wed to the knightly kitchen knave.

A STORY OF KING ARTHUR



Photo by Anderson, Rome

This picture is called "The Vigil." A youth who was about to become a knight often laid his arms before the altar of some chapel and watched all night beside

them, praying and kneeling on the cold stone floor. His sword, with its cross-shaped handle, he would kiss and raise to heaven as symbol of his faith.

A STORY of KING ARTHUR

How a Noble Company of the Knights Went Forth on Their Greatest Quest, for the Holy Grail, and of What Happened to Them All

NOW he who would follow the rule of chivalry must enter a three-fold service, swearing fealty to his king, to his lady, and to the faith of Christ. And the story tells that there was among King Arthur's knights no prouder quest than the quest for the Holy Grail, which none but the purest and the most devout might find.

This sacred Grail, the story tells, was no other than the very cup from which, at the Last Supper, Christ and the apostles drank the wine of communion. It had been given to Joseph of Arimathea (ār'ĭ-mă-thē'ă), and in it he had caught some of the precious

blood of Christ shed on the cross. When Joseph suffered long imprisonment for his faith, the Grail miraculously gave him food. Then when he was freed and came to Britain to teach the gospel, he brought it with him to that favored land.

But now it was long years since any mortal man had seen the Holy Grail. For none might see it but he who was pure of life and hid no secret sin.

Even among the noble knights of Arthur's court there were few indeed who might suppose themselves worthy to look upon the Grail. In truth, as time went on, many sins

A STORY OF KING ARTHUR

and jealousies had broken out among the Knights of the Round Table, and though they held together still, it was in trouble and in sorrow. Lancelot, honored above all other knights in Christendom, yet hid within his heart a secret sin. For he and Queen Guinevere had long loved each other, and though their love was nobly true and deep, yet was it a sin, for she was Arthur's queen. So it happened that at last, between his passion for the Queen and his love of the King his friend, Sir Lancelot went mad and slipped away from court in his madness to wander blindly through the forest. Yet the story tells that Christ had pity on the madness of the all-but-perfect knight, and healed him by means of the Holy Grail.

But before that noble knight returned to court amid the rejoicings of all the others, another hero of the Grail had actually caught a glimmering vision of it. This was Sir Percival, a young and noble-hearted knight.

From the first there was mystery and miracle around Sir Percival. When he had come first to Arthur's Round Table, a maiden of the court had risen and, taking him by the hand, had led him to one of the two seats which stood always empty. Then, though she had been dumb all the days of her life before, she said to him, "This is the seat appointed for you, Sir Knight."

And as all the company gazed at her in astonishment, she called for a priest to hear her confession, and forthwith died.

This Sir Percival was one of those who ranged over the land for two long years in search of the lost Sir Lancelot. One day in his journeying he met a knight whom he did not know, and after the quaint custom of knighthood they with one accord rushed

together in a test of strength and courage. "They fought near half a day," the old chronicler assures us, "and never rested but right little, and there was none of them both that had less wounds than fifteen, and they bled so much, that it was a marvel they stood on their feet." For thus did knights contend.

At last, when each was well assured that the other was a doughty foe, the champions thought it no shame, seeing that they had no quarrel, to put an end to the fight. But alas, the older knight was already at the point of death, and Sir Percival was in not much better case.

Then they asked each other's names, though so late; and behold, Sir Percival's antagonist was no other than Lancelot's own brother, Sir Ector de Maris. Then indeed they lamented that they had fought so rashly; and Sir Ector begged Percival to go find him a priest that he might make confession before he died.

"Alas," said Sir Percival, "I myself am so faint with bleeding that I can scarcely stand. How then should I mount my horse?" So they mourned together, until at last Sir Percival cried, "It is not weeping that will help us." Then he knelt and prayed.

And as he prayed the air was filled with a sweet fragrance, and before the astonished eyes of the gazing knights passed a stately maiden, bearing some precious thing in her outstretched hands.

Sir Ector smelt the perfume and saw the maiden; but as for what she carried, that he could not see. But Sir Percival, for the pure devotion that was in his heart, caught a glimmering of it, and knew that it was the Holy Grail.

When the vision was past, both knights



Photo by Hasegawa

The painter Rossetti has thus imagined for us the Maiden who bore the Holy Grail. The basket holds the miraculous bread, and the dove hovers over her, symbol of the Holy Spirit.

A STORY OF KING ARTHUR

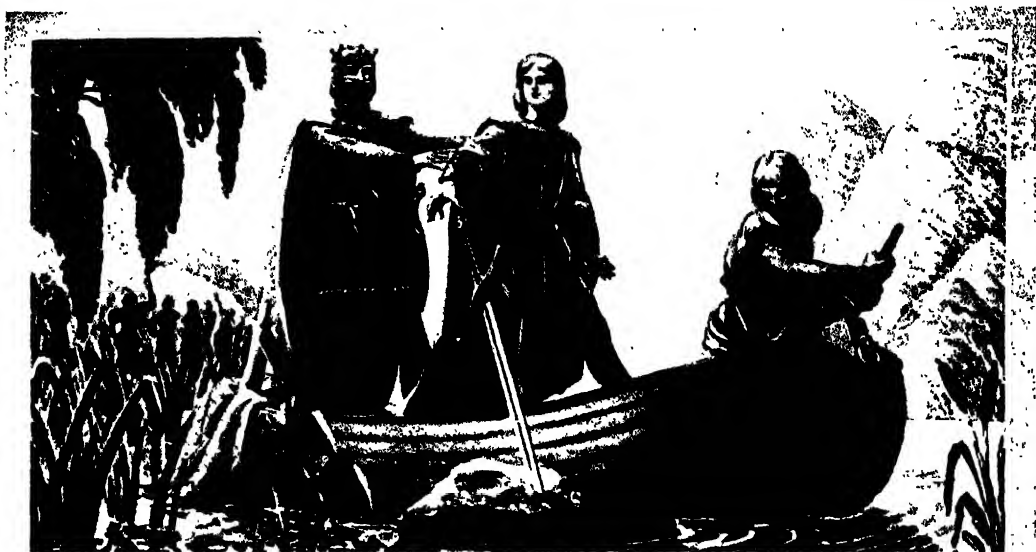


Photo by Gramstorff Bros.

This famous painting of Sir Galahad shows him as a noble youth with eyes full of dreams. When he is roused to battle for his faith, he can cry stoutly:
"My good blade carves the casques of men,
My tough lance thrusteth sure!"

Yet it is easier to imagine him rapt in his vision:
"A gentle sound, an awful light!
Three angels bear the Holy Grail:
With folded feet, in stoles of white,
On sleeping wings they sail."

A STORY OF KING ARTHUR



From first to last the story of Galahad is full of signs and wonders. How did that great rock float in the

water? And who put in it that mighty sword? And why could no hand but Galahad's withdraw the weapon?

arose from the earth fully healed of their wounds. So with great joy they mended their armor, mounted their horses, and rode away as brothers.

The Prophecy of the Siege Perilous

It was after Sir Lancelot had returned to the court that the second empty seat at the Round Table was filled. This was the Siege Perilous, and it had been kept by miracle for the purest and most devout of all the heroes of the Grail.

On nine o'clock one Whitsunday, at Camelot, the King and Queen went forth as was their wont to hear service in the minster. When they returned and the knights gathered once more about the Round Table, what was the amazement of the company to behold new letters written in gold around the Siege Perilous. This was the miraculous writing: "Four hundred winters and fifty-four accomplished after the Passion of our Lord, ought this siege to be filled."

Sir Lancelot calculated that this Whitsunday was the very day!

Scarcely had they covered the seat with a cloth of silk to await the coming of its mysterious occupant, than in came a squire with tidings of another marvel. In the river, he said—and he gasped as he told it—was a

great stone that lightly floated in the water; and in the stone was a sword, with a glittering jeweled hilt upon which these words were written: "No man shall take me hence, but only he by whose side I ought to hang, and he shall be the best knight in the world." And the knights, hastening down to the water, saw that what the squire had said was true.

Then wonders came fast and faster. Back in the hall, the knights had but just gone to their places and the younger knights had but just begun to serve them, when all at once the doors and windows shut of themselves, and an old knight entered, followed by a young knight. The young knight was without shield or sword; only at his side hung an empty scabbard.

How Galahad Joined the Round Table

"Peace be to you, fair lords," said the old knight. Then he turned to Arthur, saying, "Sir King, I bring you here a young knight of royal blood, of the kindred of Joseph of Arimathea." With that, he bade his companion follow, and, going straight to the Siege Perilous, he lifted off the cloth. "This seat is yours, Prince Galahad," he said.

And while all the company looked on in amazement and a sort of terror—for they

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remembered how the ground had opened beneath the last who dared sit in that seat—the young knight quietly took the place made ready for him. The circle of the Round Table was at last complete.

There went about the table a murmur of wonder. Surely this miracle meant that men would now again see the Holy Grail! It was the thought also in the mind of the King.

The Vision of the Grail

"Sir, you are welcome," he said kindly and gravely, "for you shall move many a good knight to go in quest of the Grail."

Then the King took Sir Galahad (gāl'á-hād; by the hand and led him out to the floating stone; and Sir Galahad took forth the sword lightly enough, and thrust it into his empty scabbard.

But the wonders of that day were not yet over. That night as the King and his knights sat at supper, they were startled by a noise like the "cracking and crying of thunder," and through the hall there shot a sunbeam seven times clearer than day, so that they felt nothing could be so bright but the Holy Ghost's own brightness. Then in the midst of an awestruck stillness was carried through the hall the Holy Grail. The blessed cup itself was shrouded in white silk, nor could any see who bore it. But the Grail in its covering all saw, and all smelt the fragrance of celestial sweetness which filled the place. Then, having passed down the hall, the Grail vanished.

The Quest of the Holy Grail

King Arthur, in awe and astonishment, knelt humbly to give thanks to God. But Sir Gawain, full of eager excitement, vowed that he would follow the Quest of the Holy Grail for a twelvemonth and a day, or until he saw it openly. Then another and another sprang to his feet to make the same vow, until most of the knights had undertaken the Quest.

But King Arthur was filled with deep sorrow. He knew only too surely that but few of his knights were worthy to go forth on this high adventure of the spirit. Their hearts were set on earthly glory, on earthly

victories and delights, and it is not by following these things that men win a sight of the Holy Grail.

"Alas, Gawain," he cried, "you have nigh slain me with this vow and this promise! Through it the fairest fellowship and truest of knighthood is broken. For when you, my brave knights, go forth on this adventure, my heart tells me that many of us will never again meet, and many will die in the Quest."

As he spoke, the King's eyes filled with tears.

"Ah, Sir King," said Sir Lancelot, longing to cheer him, "comfort yourself. The Quest shall be great honor for us even if we die: and of death, one day, we are always sure."

But the King would not be comforted, and the Queen too and all the court were in bitter distress. Nevertheless, having taken the vow, the knights must needs make ready to depart.

The Departure of the Knights

Next morning was held a solemn service in the minster. Then the whole company of the knights who would follow the Quest, to the number of a hundred and fifty, rode slowly through the streets of Camelot and out at the gate. Rich and poor gathered to watch them go, and great was the mourning for loss of that gallant company. As for the King, he turned away and could not speak for weeping.

Thus they departed, and "every knight took the way that him liked best." And the story tells of many a strange and bold adventure that befell these seekers for the Grail. Too many, as Arthur had foreseen, found only death. Many more—and among these was Sir Gawain himself, as ever gallant, rash, and changeable—at length grew weary of the Quest, and drifted back to Camelot. Four only became true heroes of the Grail.

One of these was Sir Lancelot. But alas, he returned to the King's court broken with sorrow, for just when he thought he had won the Quest and was about to see the Grail, he was shut out from the sight. For the perfection of his noble knighthood was stained a little by pride and self-glory; and always there was the secret sin of his love for the

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Queen. So at the very last his vision failed.

There were three who gained the Quest: Sir Bors, Sir Percival, and Sir Galahad, of whom Sir Galahad proved himself worthiest of all.

The Three Who Gained the Quest

Having wandered far and wide and endured many adventures, these three friends met at length, and were together at the castle of King Pelles (pěl'ēz). Here, as the story tells, they had an imperfect vision of the Holy Grail, and out of the Grail came Christ himself and spoke to Sir Galahad, promising that when he reached the City of Sarras, or the Spiritual Place, far across the sea, then he would see more clearly.

"Two of you shall die in my service," said the Vision. "But one of you shall come again and tell tidings." Then the Vision blessed them and vanished.

But at midnight a Voice spoke to them, saying, "My sons, and not my chieftains, my friends and not my warriors, go ye hence."

So Sir Bors, Sir Percival, and Sir Galahad took ship as the Voice had bidden them. And, marvel of marvels, on the ship was the very Grail, though shrouded in crimson silk. Sir Galahad knelt long before it, and prayed that whenever he asked for the death of his earthly body death should come to him.

The Test of Faith in a Dungeon

Some time after this, when they had come to land, the three knights were captured and thrown into the dungeon of King Estoraue. This was a hard test for their faith; but they were continually strengthened by the Holy Grail. At last the King lay dying, and sent for them from the dungeon that he might ask their forgiveness. They granted it heartily. Then, when the King was dead, Sir Galahad was chosen king.

On the day that marked a year from Sir Galahad's crowning, he went to the altar in the chapel, and Sir Bors and Sir Percival

went with him. There at the altar stood an unknown and mysterious priest, saying the Mass. He called to Sir Galahad.

"Come forth, thou servant of Jesus Christ," he cried, "and thou shalt see that which thou hast desired much to see."

Then Sir Galahad trembled in joy and awe, for as he looked he saw in full, clear vision the Holy Grail.

The Death of Sir Galahad

"Lord, I thank Thee," he said, as soon as he could speak his worship, "for now I see that which hath been my desire for many a day. Now, blessed Lord, I would live no longer, if it might please Thee, Lord."

Then the strange priest revealed that he was Joseph of Arimathea himself, he to whose keeping the Holy Grail had been given. But Galahad, knowing that his death was near, went up to Sir Percival and Sir Bors, and kissed them, and sent messages to the court and especially to Sir Lancelot. Then falling on his knees, he began to pray. And lo, his soul departed out of his body in accordance with his prayer, and before the wondering eyes of Sir Bors and Sir Percival a great multitude of angels descended and bore it off to heaven.

The Disappearance of the Holy Grail

Then a Hand was stretched forth from Heaven and took the Holy Grail, and bore it up out of human sight. And since that time no man has ever dared to say that he has seen the Holy Grail.

Sir Percival hid his grief in a hermitage, and Sir Bors stayed with him until his friend had "passed out of the world." After that, Sir Bors, finding himself alone, took ship and sailed to Britain. There he told King Arthur the whole story of the Quest. Then he sought out Sir Lancelot to give him Sir Galahad's message; and, remembering Galahad their friend, and the long Quest they had all followed for the Grail, Sir Bors and Sir Lancelot swore friendship and fellowship, to keep it as long as they should live.

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Photo by Ruehgritz

Only once in all his life did Lancelot wear a lady's favor on his helmet, and that time nothing came of it but sorrow—a bitter quarrel with the jealous Queen, and the death of the fair girl whose crimson sleeve he had worn. The Queen had bade him go to a great tourney in disguise, to win the more honor, and he had left his shield with Elaine, “the lily maid of Astolat.” He wore her favor, thinking it no harm, since it would deepen his disguise. He won the joust; but he could not stay for the prize, for he was near dying of his wounds. Elaine sought him out in his hiding and nursed him back to health. She had set all her heart upon him, but he could love no one but the Queen. When he was gone Elaine drooped and

died. She had a strange fancy that she herself should carry a message to Lancelot; and when she was dead, her sorrowing brothers laid her on a barge, as she had bidden, to be taken up to Camelot by an old man who had lost his tongue in serving them.

“Then rose the dumb old servitor, and the dead
Steered by the dumb went upward with the flood—
In her right hand the lily, in her left
The letter—all her bright hair streaming down—
And all the coverlid was cloth of gold . . .”

At Camelot they gave her royal burial. The Queen gazing upon her, knew that Lancelot had been true And Lancelot grieved sadly that she had died for him.

The LAST STORY of KING ARTHUR

How Sad Misfortune Fell upon the Glorious Company of the Round Table; and How the Great King, Sore Wounded in His Last Battle, Was Borne Away to the Island of Avalon

MERLIN, the wise magician, was now long dead, but King Arthur had not forgotten his two warnings. There was the warning to which the King had paid no heed: that he ought not to take Guinevere to wife, since Sir Lancelot loved her. And there was the warning which the King thought vainly he had heeded: that

it would be a man born on a May Day who should bring ruin to the kingdom. But now as the days of the Round Table darkened slowly to their appointed end, both the one warning and the other arose to plague him.

For when the winds wrecked the ship that bore to court all the babes born on May Day, one babe had been spared by the

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waters. And this babe had now long since grown to manhood. He was half brother to Sir Gawain, (gā'wān), Sir Gaheris, (gā'hēr-is), and Sir Gareth, and the King's own nephew. But for all his noble kin, Sir Modred (mō'drēd) was a traitor.

The Treason of Modred

And it was by means of Merlin's other warning, which the King had not heeded, that he wrought his treason. For he looked upon his uncle's crown, and thought how well it would sit on his own head. Then he considered the friendship that was between Sir Lancelot and the King, and knew that as long as it held unbroken, he had small chance of working a treason to get himself made king. Finally, he listened secretly to the whisper in the court concerning Lancelot and the Queen, and he thought to raise a quarrel between the King and his noblest knight by stirring in Arthur a rage of jealousy.

Slyly Sir Modred set his scheme before his brothers. But as for Sir Gawain, Sir Gaheris, and Sir Gareth, they would have nothing to do with it. Only Agravaire consented cravenly to join him.

So it happened that one evening when the Queen had bidden Sir Lancelot into her presence, Sir Bors pleaded with his friend that he should not go. There was a whisper among the knights, Sir Bors told him, and surely someone was plotting against Lancelot's life. But Sir Lancelot spoke lightly of it though he took his sword with him under his cloak.

King Arthur's Jealous Anger

Scarcely had he reached the Queen's apartments when Sir Agravaire fell upon him, with twelve other knights. But after a dreadful struggle, Sir Lancelot slew them one and all.

So the bitter quarrel widened; and some sided with Modred and some with Lancelot.

As for the King, for all his wisdom and royal virtues, he was but a passionate and jealous man. When Modred had gone to him with his evil stories, he might have put them away from him, seeing from whom they came. Or he might have called his friend

Lancelot to him, asking for the truth. Or he might have remembered the weakness of us all, and forgiven. But he chose to listen to Modred's evil words, and to let his anger burn ever higher against Lancelot and against the Queen.

At last it seemed to him a shame that so guilty a queen should be allowed to live. He called Sir Gawain to him then, and, terrible in his anger, commanded him to bring the Queen to judgment, that she might be declared guilty of treason and condemned to the death by fire. But Gawain would not obey that hard command, not even for the King.

"Nay, my most noble lord," he said, "that will I never do. I will never be in the place where so noble a Queen as my lady Guinevere must suffer a shameful death."

How Lancelot Rescued Guinevere

Then the stern King called Gawain's brothers, Sir Gaheris and Sir Gareth. To them too the King's word seemed over-stern and cruel; but they thought it less shame to do this deed than to disobey their King. Yet when they went on their sorrowful errand, they would not put on their armor, being determined to have no part in any fighting that might come about.

And so it happened that the stately Queen Guinevere was led forth amid the lamentations of the people to suffer death at the stake. But even as she stood pale and aghast in the first smoke from the fire, up swept Sir Lancelot, hacking his way through the guard, slaughtering to the left and the right. He snatched her from the flaming death, and carried her off with him to his strong castle of Joyous Gard.

But alas that Sir Gaheris and Sir Gareth had thought shame in that sad place to wear armor! And alas that Sir Lancelot hacked about him so blindly! For with two blows of his sword he had killed unknowingly two of the dearest of his friends.

And by that deed he had changed another of them, the gallant and valorous Sir Gawain, into a deadly enemy. Gawain mourned bitterly over the death of his brothers, and bitterly he blamed Sir Lancelot, who had slain them unarmed, though by evil chance

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In some such lovely summer landscape as this we like to imagine Lancelot and Guinevere riding together. Ill-fated lovers! She a queen and one of the fairest of women, he the greatest knight in the world—surely

fate had sealed their devotion. Yet the very time when they fell in love was when Lancelot was escorting Guinevere to her marriage with another man—and that man Lancelot's friend and liege lord, the King.

only. So Gawain stood at the King's ear and egged him on to the siege of Joyous Gard.

Day after day about Joyous Gard the siege and the slaughter went on. Blood flowed about the feet of the war horses, and the days were dark with wounds and with death. Sorrow, too, was in the hearts of those knights, once brothers of the far-famed Round Table, who now turned their swords against one another. Sir Lancelot above all the others was sorrowful, and held back from using all his power against his King.

Why Arthur Forgave His Queen

At last the Pope in far-off Rome was moved to pity and anger at all this foolish slaughter. He sent his command to King Arthur that he take back Guinevere and make his peace with Lancelot. Otherwise would all Britain be laid under an interdict: no mass might be sung, no sacrament offered, no dead given Christian burial. What could the King do but obey?

When the good Bishop of Rochester went to Sir Lancelot with the paper which had already been signed by the King, Sir Lancelot cried out with joy.

"I thank God," he said, "that the Pope has made the Queen's peace. God knows I will be a thousandfold more glad to bring her again to the King than ever I was to take her away."

The Queen and Sir Lancelot then put on garments of fair white and cloth of gold and took with them a hundred knights all clothed in green velvet. Each of the hundred knights carried in his hand the symbol of peace, a branch of olive, and the Queen's twenty gentlewomen carried each an olive branch as they rode close about the Queen. Thus the whole procession passed from Joyous Gard to the court of the King.

When Guinevere Returned to Arthur

Having come to the King's hall, they alighted from their horses, and Sir Lancelot and the Queen went into the hall and knelt before the King and before Sir Gawain and

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Photo by Huchgita

When they had crossed the water in their black-draped barge, where did the three queens and their maidens bear the King? Which of the tales men tell shall we believe? Is the great King dying indeed, and will the

the whole company. There they asked forgiveness for any wrong they might have done. And the story tells that "then there were many bold knights with King Arthur, that wept tenderly."

When Arthur Fought with Lancelot

Then Sir Lancelot arose to plead his cause. He offered to fight with any knight who dared deny the Queen's truth. He pleaded earnestly for peace. He would walk barefoot in his shirt, he said, from Sandwich; and at every ten miles he would found a house of religion, and he would pay for the keeping of them all; and in them prayers should be read and sung both day and night for the souls of Sir Gareth and Sir Gaheris.

As they heard his pleading and his penance,

hermit yonder on the shore bury him on this strange strand? Or has that angelic form on which Arthur is fixing his eyes brought him earthly as well as heavenly healing with the sight of the Holy Grail?

"all the knights and ladies that were there wept as they were mad, and the tears fell on King Arthur's cheeks."

Only Sir Gawain, remembering how his brothers had been slain without their armor, would not be moved. And since Gawain had the King's ear still, there was no peace between Arthur and Lancelot.

So, sorrowing, Sir Lancelot went across the sea to his estates in Brittany. There the King and Gawain followed him, with all their men, so that a dreadful war arose once more between King Arthur and Sir Lancelot, and many thousands more were slain.

Now all this while Sir Modred had been biding his time, watching the ruin he had started spread and grow. When the King had sailed away to France he deemed his

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chance had come. So he gave out false news that the King was dead, slain in the wars against Sir Lancelot. Then he seized the throne, and demanded that Queen Guinevere should marry him.

How Gallant Sir Gawain Died

Now there was but one man in all the world whom Queen Guinevere might wish to marry, the King being dead. But in her terror of Sir Modred, she thought best to seem to agree, asking only that she might go up to London and buy things for the wedding. Once in London, she shut herself up in the Tower, and held it staunchly against Sir Modred, who besieged it with his war engines.

Meanwhile news of Sir Modred's treason had reached the King. Turning from the war waged so reluctantly against him by Sir Lancelot, he sailed to meet this sharper danger. The armies clashed near Dover, and Sir Modred was put to flight.

But when the battle was over, Sir Gawain lay dying. He was too valiant a knight to fear death; but it came over him now with a great sorrow that he had set his face so hard against Sir Lancelot, once so dear a friend, and that through his obstinacy all this death and ruin was about the King.

"My Uncle King," he said, "my death day is come, and all is through my own hastiness and wilfulness. Had Sir Lancelot been with you as he was, this unhappy war had never begun. And of all this I am the cause!"

He wrote then to Lancelot, a loving letter of confession and farewell. And, having received the sacrament, he died.

King Arthur, hiding his sorrow, moved on to do battle with the traitorous Sir Modred. There followed a great battle on Salisbury Down, a hundred thousand fighting on either side.

The Signal of the Raised Sword

Finally it was agreed that King Arthur and Sir Modred should meet between the two armies, each having fourteen knights with him, and hold a parley. But each told his people that if they saw a sword raised, they must rush into the fray.

The parley went well enough. Sir Modred agreed to content himself during Arthur's life with the kingdoms of Kent and Cornwall, if on Arthur's death he might succeed him. But just as an end seemed in sight to treason and bloodshed, an adder crept out and stung the foot of one of the parleying knights. Without thinking, he drew his sword to kill it.

The drawn sword was taken on both sides as the signal for combat, and "never was there seen a more doleful battle in no Christian land."

When evening fell, scarcely a man was left of all that mighty host. Sir Modred still lived, but had no longer a living follower. And Arthur had not fallen, but of all his knights there were left only two, the brothers Sir Lucan (lū'kān) and Sir Bedivere (bēd'ī-vēr). As these three last spoke sadly together, the King's eye lighted on Sir Modred, leaning on his sword among a host of the dead.

"Give me my spear!" cried the King.

"Sir, let be!" Sir Lucan begged him. "For God's sake, my lord, leave off all this. If you leave off now, this wicked day of destiny is past."

The Passing of King Arthur

But the King's heart was on fire against the traitor. He rushed fiercely at Sir Modred, and slew him with his spear. But even as he fell, Sir Modred thrust at Arthur, dealing him a mortal wound.

Sir Lucan, unsteady with his own sore hurts, leaned over the fallen King to raise him. But the effort was too much, and he sank down and died. Then Arthur, knowing that his own death was upon him, called his one remaining knight to his side.

"Sir Bedivere," he murmured, "you see my sword, Excalibur (ēks-kāl'ī-būr). It was given to me by the Lady of the Lake, and the writing on the hilt makes known that one day it must be cast away. My days are over. Take the sword and cast it into yonder water."

Sir Bedivere took the sword and carried it to the water. But looking on the bright, jeweled hilt, he thought it a pity that such a fine sword should be lost to men. So he hid

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it and went back to Arthur with a lie. But the King knew the truth, and bade him go again and do as he had commanded.

So Sir Bedivere went once more to the water, purposing to cast in the sword. But when he took it up, the jeweled hilt glittered in the light of the rising moon, and he hid it again among the reeds. Yet a second time the King knew the truth, and reproached him bitterly.

Then Sir Bedivere went a third time to the water. And this time he dared not look at the hilt of the sword, but with shut eyes he grasped it and flung it strongly into the midst of the water. He opened his eyes then, and saw a hand reach up from the depths and catch Excalibur, shake it three times, and vanish with it under the water. Then he returned and told this thing to the dying King.

Hearing it, Arthur knew that his time was come indeed. At his request, Sir Bedivere raised him painfully on his back and carried him to the edge of the water. And lo, on the water was a black-draped barge, in which sat, mourning, three stately queens.

So the King was laid softly in the barge and taken across the deep.

Some say that his body was found in a hermit's cell, and lies buried in Glastonbury. Others say that King Arthur did not really die at all, but dwells still in the mystic island of Avalon (ăv'ă-lŏn), awaiting the hour of his return.

As for Queen Guinevere, when she received word that the King was dead, she went into a nunnery, and in sorrow and repentance for all the pain and death which had come through her, she lived in prayer and fasting until she died.

Sir Lancelot, for his part, when he had returned to Britain, entered, with seven other knights, into a hermitage. But hearing that the Queen was at Almsbury, he and his seven brother hermits went humbly there on foot, that he might see her face again before she died. But even as they reached the nunnery, the Queen was dead.

From that time forth, Sir Lancelot wore himself out with prayer and fasting and penance, and it was in vain that Sir Bors tried to make him eat enough to keep the life within him.

So it happened that one day the brothers came to Sir Lancelot's bed, and there they found him dead; and he lay as if he smiled.



CLASSICAL MYTHOLOGY

Reading Unit No. 18

GODS AND GODDESSES OF THE ANCIENT WORLD

*Note: For basic information
not found on this page, consult
the general Index, Vol. 15.*

*For statistical and current facts,
consult the Richards Year Book
Index.*

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Summary Statement

The myths of the Greeks were
invented to explain the mysteries
of nature. These myths are so

beautiful that we still read and
enjoy them to-day.

Athena, the beautiful goddess of wisdom, has just sprung, fully armed, from the brain of Zeus, her father, who is holding one of his dreaded thunderbolts in his hand; and Victory is crowning the newborn goddess with a wreath. These figures are from a restoration of the beautiful sculptured group which decorated the eastern end of the Parthenon, the temple in honor of Athena in Athens.



Photo by Wales, Nashville, Tc

The GOLDEN AGE *of* STORY-TELLING

How the Old Greeks Made Up the Most Famous Tales in All the World Before They Had Learned to Read and Write

NO OTHER stories in the world are quite so famous, or quite so beautiful, as the great myths that have come all the way down to us from the early days of ancient Greece. In all the centuries since then, these stories have remained more lovely, in the eyes of children and of poets, than any other tales that men have ever told. That must be because the Greeks had more imagination than any of the other races that have made up stories of the same kind.

To the very early Greeks the world was bathed in mystery and surprise. No one could explain, as science does to-day, the glow of the sunrise, the fall of the dew, the crash of the thunder, and the ragged flash of the lightning. As yet no great scientist had been born. But every simple peasant believed that strange and mighty spirits lived in the skies and in the secret caves of the earth. Hundreds of such powers ruled all nature. One made the tempest rage; another heaved the gloomy ocean depths. Another

caused the trees and flowers and grain to grow.

By offering them gifts of food, men tried to make the spirits of the sky and earth and water friendly. So in groves, and later in the courtyards of their homes, the Greeks built altars upon which they sacrificed fine sheep and oxen to these spirits. Gradually people came to think of the spirits as gods who deserved honor and worship. Men called them the Immortals because they never died, as all mortal men must do.

Partly in order to tell how these Mighty Ones lived and acted, the Greeks imagined thousands of the poetic tales which we now call myths (mĭth). Then for many years the good story-tellers continued to repeat, to everyone's delight, the stories they had heard their fathers tell. Poets took up the same tales, and in time no one remembered that the myths were really imaginary. Indeed no one wished to remember it. In later years the Romans took over all the Greek

gods for their own, only changing the names to those by which we usually call them.

Stories told with greater grace and charm the world has never heard. Even to-day they carry us into a magic land, as full of wonder as is fairyland itself. If we step into this world of myths, we may expect at any moment to meet Greek youths and maidens, and the great and lesser gods in whom they all believed.

The High Home of the Gods

On the northern border of Greece rises snow-capped Mount Olympus (ô-lîm'pûs). A curtain of mist hides its shining peaks, lifted ten thousand feet above the sea. No Greek would have dreamed of climbing up its sides; for he thought that its top reached to the sky and was sacred to the gods who lived there. Jupiter (jōō'pî-têr) whose Greek name was Zeus (zûs) was the king of all the gods, and he would certainly have hurled his thunderbolts at any trespasser. For kind and pitying as this monarch was, he had well earned his title of "the Thunderer," just as he had earned his kingdom long ago. His bird was the lordly eagle.

The throne in the magnificent cloud palace of Jupiter had once been occupied by his cruel father, Cronus (krō'nûs) -- or Saturn (săt'-ûrn), as the Romans called him. This unnatural father had taken to devouring his children, swallowing them whole as soon as they were born! He did so because it had been foretold that one of his sons would some day overthrow him. But Jupiter's mother Rhea (rê'â) had saved her boy's life by feeding Saturn, instead of the baby, a large stone wrapped in the baby's clothing. The young god was then brought up in secret. He lived to defy his father, and finally forced the crafty old god to disgorge all the sons and daughters he had eaten. Happy to be rescued, they offered to help

Jupiter seize the throne for himself. Together they released the Cyclopes (sî-klô'-pêz), fire-flinging monsters who had long been imprisoned in the earth, and with their aid they overthrew Saturn.

At a council meeting the new king then presented to each brother a lordly palace and a certain portion of the vast empire to rule over. To Neptune (nêp'tûn) -- the Greek Poseidon (pô-sî'dôn) -- was given the sea and all the waters of the earth. His palace was built on the very floor of the ocean. He rode over the waves in his chariot, carrying a three-pronged spear, or trident (trî'dent), which had power to splinter rocks and raise or calm the tempests. Mankind soon learned to call this god "the Earthshaker."

To dark, frowning Pluto (plō'w) -- known

To the seafaring Greeks, Poseidon was a very important god indeed, for one swing of his mighty trident could turn the calmest sea into a boiling waste of froth and foam. Below him you see the horse which he created as a gift to man.

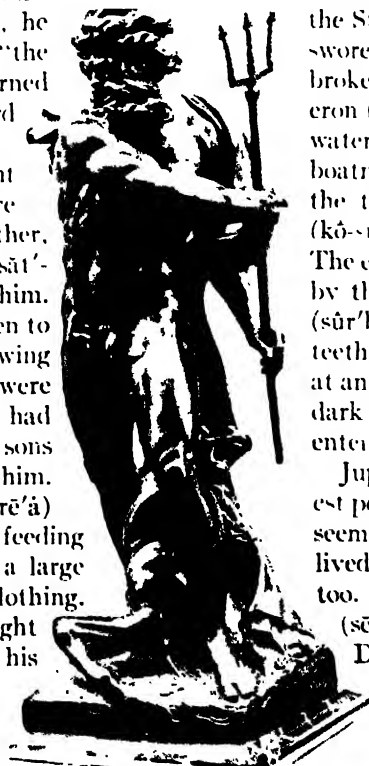


Photo by Metropolitan Museum of Art

given the underworld, or Hades (hă'dêz), the land of the dead. He was stern and gloomy, and his home was as dismal as he was himself. It was surrounded by three awful rivers. The first was the Styx (stîks), by which the gods swore oaths which must not be broken. The second was the Acheron (ăk'êr-ôn), across whose black waters the dead were ferried by the boatman Charon (kă'rôn). And the third was called the Cocytus (kô-sî'tûs), or "river of wailing." The entrance to Hades was guarded by the three-headed dog Cerberus (sûr'bêr-ûs), who showed his ugly teeth and thrashed his serpent tail at any ghost who tried to leave that dark and dreadful country, or to enter it before he was qualified.

Jupiter kept for himself the largest portion -- a habit which the gods seemed to share with men! He lived in the sky, but ruled the earth too. He directed his sister Ceres (sê'rêz) -- whose Greek name was Demeter (dê-mê'têr) -- to cause all lovely things to grow on earth and to look after the farmer's crops. Thus Ceres became the goddess of fertility, and men, grateful to

MYTHOLOGY



Photo by Granstorff Bros.

The Romans held many festivals in honor of Jupiter, the giver of all things. They were very grateful to that powerful god for giving them the seasons of the year, each of which brought its own especial gifts to

give them pleasure. So in August they celebrated the gathering of the grapes, which they would crush into wine. This is the festival which is shown in the picture above.

her, kept her altars laden with sweet grain.

Vesta, another sister, never married, and was allowed to live as a maiden goddess in Jupiter's own palace. Her Greek name was Hestia. Her duty was to watch over men's homes and to see that the hearth fires did not go out. So a sacred flame, tended by lovely virgins, was kept burning constantly on her earthly altars. Her temple was the holiest shrine in Rome.

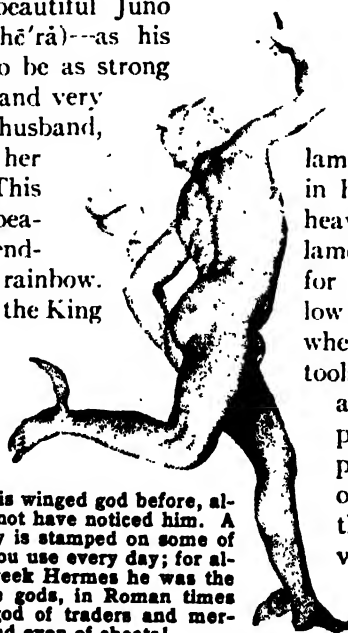
Jupiter took proud and beautiful Juno (jōō'nō)—the Greek Hera (hē'rā)—as his stately queen. She proved to be as strong of will as she was handsome, and very frequently quarreled with her husband, who, it must be said, gave her good cause to be jealous. This proud goddess liked to have peacocks about her, and as an attendant she took Iris, goddess of the rainbow.

Perhaps the fiery tempers of the King and Queen account for the savage disposition of one of their sons, the war god Mars—called Ares (ā'rēz) by the Greeks. As an impetuous and bloodthirsty youth, he liked the slaughter of the battlefield and was

forever rushing in where the fight was thickest. Upon his head he always wore a plumed helmet, and in his hand he carried a bronze spear. Gods and men hated Mars so bitterly that Venus (vē'nūs), the goddess of love, finally took pity on him and let him become her lover.

Jupiter and Juno had another son who really was a greater credit to his parents than was Mars, although he was not so noble to look at. This was Vulcan (vūl'kăn)—Hephaestus (hē-fēs'tūs) to the Greeks—the god of fire and the blacksmith of Olympus. He was born lame, and for this reason his mother in her shame had cast him out of heaven; though some say he was lamed only when he was thrown out for protecting his mother. Far below the volcano were his workshops, where he skillfully forged all the tools and weapons used by the gods, and even built and furnished the palaces in which they lived. His position was by no means a lowly one, for he made everything of the choicest metals—bronze, silver, and pure gold.

On one occasion Vulcan was able to do his father a great



You have seen this winged god before, although you may not have noticed him. A figure of Mercury is stamped on some of the silver coins you use every day; for although as the Greek Hermes he was the messenger of the gods, in Roman times he became the god of traders and merchants—and even of cheats!

Photo by Metropolitan Museum of Art

MYTHOLOGY



Under a smoking volcano was the workshop of Hephaestus—or Vulcan, as the Romans called him. In the picture above, you see him hard at work at his forge. Perhaps he is making some of the beautiful

service. Jupiter was suffering with a bad headache. To relieve the pain he commanded the blacksmith to strike open his skull. Vulcan did it by a mighty blow, and behold! the radiant goddess Minerva (mī-nūr'vā)—known to the Greeks as Athena (ā-thē'nā)—sprang forth from Jupiter's brain, clothed from head to foot in gleaming armor! As she brandished her spear and uttered her fierce battle cry, all the gods trembled with fear, thinking that she would be as cruel as her brother Mars. But this goddess was as wise as she was warlike. She fought only to protect the cities on earth that she loved best—especially Athens, which was named in her honor. Her face often wore a sweet and thoughtful expression. She taught women to do fine weaving, and she made men love learning and peaceful work. In her honor the Athenians built a temple which was one of the glories of the ancient world.

Though Minerva always remained Jupiter's favorite daughter, he had another who captured men's hearts even more quickly. She was "the laughter-loving Venus," or Aphrodite (āf'rō-dī'tē), who was born from the foam of the sea. Roses bloomed wherever her light foot had pressed the earth; as the goddess of love and beauty, she owned all

metal objects which Homer tells us about in the *Iliad*—although that famous teller of tales pictures the god as waited on by animated maidens of gold, instead of by the sturdy smiths we see here.

the charms and graces of womanhood. She was always "the sweetly smiling goddess," "the golden Aphrodite." But she sometimes betrayed those who trusted her, as even the wise often made the mistake of doing.

Venus had a little boy, Cupid, or Eros (ē'rōs), who always followed close at her side with a bow and arrow. Though his arrow never killed anyone, the wound it made was deep and incurable. Man or god whose heart was pierced with a golden dart fell deeply in love at first sight. But if the dart was tipped with lead, the wounded one would hate even the person he had loved before. Cupid made so many sad mistakes with his dangerous toy that men believed he must be unable to see. In his pictures he often appears with a bandage over his eyes.

Jupiter once fell in love with a mountain nymph named Maia (mā'yā). In the early morning twilight she bore him a little son—the god Mercury (mūr'kū-rī)—whom the Greeks called Hermes (hūr'mēz). The mother might well have been proud of so clever a child, for the old myths say that by noon-time on the day he was born he stole out of the cave to play in the sun. His eye first lighted on a tortoise, and from the shell the happy baby made the first lyre, upon which

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Photo by Chausfourier, Rome

You can get a great deal more pleasure from looking at statues if you are able to recognize them and feel that they are images of old friends. No one ought to

mistake Athena, goddess of wisdom, for she always wears a helmet, and the snaky head of Medusa is often on her breast. Sometimes she carries a spear.

he played sweet music! Before long he had learned the art of story-telling and could make people believe the most improbable tales. He also talked his way out of a great deal of trouble brought on by his own mischief-making. In spite of the pleasure he took in cutting capers, Mercury had his serious side. He served his father as a messenger to the gods, as a guide to human beings, and as the conductor of souls to the lower world. Tiny wings growing from his cap and heels carried him swiftly from one cloud to another or from heaven to earth. While on errands he held in his hand a magic wand entwined with living serpents. He used this instrument, called the "caduceus" (kă-dū'sê-ŭs), to summon the dreams he laid on men's eyelids as they slept.

One of Jupiter's sons was nearly burned to death at birth. Had he not been a god, he would certainly have died with his mother, Semele (sēm'tê-lê), who was only a mortal princess. The attention that Jupiter paid to this girl aroused Juno's jealousy. Appearing in disguise, the goddess advised Semele to ask her lover to come to her, not in the form of a human being, but in all his glory as a god. Semele took the bad advice. So one day when Jupiter had just sworn by the river Styx that he would grant her anything she asked, the princess told him that her greatest wish was to see him as he appeared when he was on Olympus.

Even a god could not break this oath, and Jupiter agreed, though he felt very unhappy because he knew what would happen. For Semele's sake he tried to dim his splendor a little, but even so, when he entered her chamber his brightness scorched her to a cinder. However, her little son Bacchus (băk'ŭs)—the Dionysus (dî'ô-nî'sŭs) of the Greeks—

was not dead. The sleepy baby with the golden curls was the new-born god of wine. When he grew up he loved to teach men how to train the vine and press the juice from the grape. His mood was always jolly, but not boisterous or drunken. Men honored him as a peace-loving god, and pictured him attended by women whose brows were twined with ivy.

Two more of Jupiter's children were dearly loved by mankind. These were the twins—Apollo (ă-pŏl'ō), often called Phoebus (fê-bŭs) or Helios (hê'lî-ôs), and his sister Diana, or Artemis (ăr'tê-mîs). Both were very kind to the people of the earth. In order that the world might be light and warm, Apollo rose early every morning to drive his dazzling chariot, the sun, across the sky—only resting for the next day's journey when he reached the western ocean at night.

At evening time Diana took her brother's place in the sky, riding high above the tree tops. The moon, her chariot of silver, shed soft rays of light over the forests which she loved. Although hunting was her

favorite amusement, all wild beasts were dear to her. Sometimes she protected them from harm. This fair goddess preferred always to remain unwed. On this account the young girls prayed to her, and she took their part and rescued them in time of danger.

Nearly all the gods of Olympus were good to men. For instance, there were three sister goddesses, called the Graces, who gave men gifts of beauty, gentleness, and courtesy. They were named Aglaia (ă-glă'yă), Euphrosyne (ŭ-frŏs'î-nê), Thalia (thă-lî'ă). Nine other sisters, the Muses, had charge of art, science, and literature. They were the daughters of Zeus and Mnemosyne (nê-mŏs'-î-nê) the goddess of memory, and each of



Photo by Luxembourg, Paris

This delicate little boy was one of the most dangerous of all the gods, for he is no other than powerful and careless Cupid. The artists of early Greece preferred to represent the more stately, awe-inspiring gods of Olympus. But in later times artists began to make their gods less godlike and more human. It was then that Cupid became a favorite—probably because he is such a graceful, charming, naughty little god. We are told that the great Praxiteles made a statue of Cupid which he liked better than all his other works.

MYTHOLOGY



Photo by the Luxembourg, Paris

Some legends say that Aphrodite, or Venus, as the Romans called her, was the daughter of Zeus. A more charming tale has it that the goddess of love and beauty was born from the foam of the sea. In the picture above you see her standing on a sea shell, sur-

rounded by breezes, Tritons, and sea nymphs, all quite fascinated by the charming creature. The breeze is said to have wafted her over the waves to the island of Cyprus. There she was prettily dressed by the Seasons and escorted by them to Mount Olympus.

them taught the hearts of men to love song, dance, poetry, or plays. Calliope (kā-lī'ō-pē) was muse of epic poetry, Clio (klī'ō) of history, Euterpe (û-tûr'pē) of lyric poetry, Erato (ēr'ā-tō) of love poetry, Melpomene (mēl-pōm'ē-nē) of tragedy, Thalia (thā-lī'ā) of comedy, Polyhymnia (pōl'y-hīm'nī-ā) of sacred song, Terpsichore (tûrp-sīk'ō-rē) of choral music and of dancing, and Urania (û-rā'nī-ā) of astronomy. But the three most

powerful goddesses of all, known as the Fates, were not so certain to be kind. Their names were Clotho (klō'thō), Lachesis (lāk'ē-sīs), and Atropos (āt'rō-pōs). They spun the thread of human life and often cut it short when a man least wished to die. Jupiter himself could not change any of their decrees. In the myths we often read how much of sorrow and of joy they brought into the world.

One day when Apollo was driving his fiery chariot through the heavens, his eye chanced to light upon a cave by the sea, where a pretty nymph sat combing her hair in the sunshine. It was Clymene, who was to become the mother of Phaëthon. Here you see her carried off in the chariot of the sun.

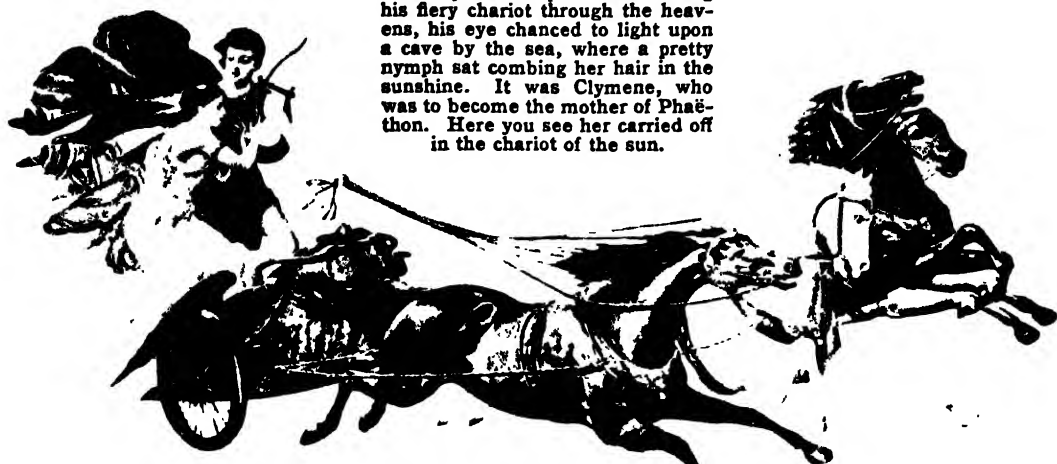


Photo by Granatoff Bros

The BOY WHO WANTED to DRIVE the SUN

A Tale of a Wild Disaster in the Skies, and of What Brings Winter to Mother Earth

THE earliest of the Greeks used to work and play in ways very different from ours. Men and boys lived chiefly in the open. Because they had no books of any sort as yet, to say nothing of radios and moving pictures, they found nearly all their fun in such things as hunting, swimming, and playing athletic games. Even their business kept them out of doors instead of in stuffy offices. In times of peace the farmers ploughed the fields, sowed the seed, and reaped the harvest. The merchants and adventurers sailed the seas as far as they dared in their little open boats. In times of war, the men who were not actually fighting were in training to be soldiers.

The old myths show us how much the Greeks enjoyed the outdoor life they led. From watching Nature closely, they learned to love her ways. Her miracles of beauty were always going on, because, they thought, the gods never slept. The Milky Way, twinkling in the skies, was the road trod by the Mighty Ones when they returned from earth to Heaven. Only Iris—Juno's light-foot messenger—followed a separate path, the rainbow. Fortunate men could

see it by day when the returning sun made the colors shine more brightly after a shower.

As the Greeks watched the sun chariot of Apollo roll over the arch of heaven, they felt how mighty the god must be who made that dangerous journey every day. They had heard a story told that, in days long gone by, a terrible disaster once befell the earth when a driver less skillful than Apollo took the reins; and they could see the marks of that disaster on the earth still. Here is the story that they told about it.

An earthly child named Phaëthon (fā'ē-thōn) dwelt with his mother, the ocean nymph Clymene (klim'ē-nē), in a cave beside the sea. Early every morning when the sunlight first streamed into the entrance, Clymene would take her son out to watch the golden chariot climb slowly up the sky. One day the nymph told the boy that the driver, the light-giving Apollo, was his father. It made Phaëthon very proud and happy to think that he was the son of a god. Ever after he was continually looking up at the heavens, trying to see his father more clearly. But even though he shaded his eyes with his

hands, he was so dazzled by the sun god's glory that he could see nothing.

Yet Phaëthon knew that his mother had told him the truth. He began to hope that some day he would meet his father face to face. Far from being frightened by the idea, the more he thought of it the more the longing grew. He could not help telling some of his playmates about his daring wish. To his dismay they not only laughed at him for his desire, but even refused to believe that he was a god's son at all.

At last he left them angrily and returning to his mother, cried, "Tell me, I pray, how to find the palace of Apollo, that I may ask him to give me a sign to prove that I am indeed his son."

Seeing that nothing would restrain the youth, Clymene answered, "Hasten to the windows of the east, where rosy-fingered Aurora (ô-rô'râ), goddess of the dawn, first lifts the curtain of the day. There seek your father before he leaves his couch to mount the blue dome of the sky and bring the day."

Gladly Phaëthon set forth, and never rested until he saw the shining walls of the sun god's palace towering up into the clouds. The door stood open, for Apollo knew his son and had watched him coming while he was still a great way off.

Seated upon his diamond throne, surrounded by his attendants, the Hours, the Days, the Seasons, and the Years, the sun god laid aside his flaming crown, lest the boy should be blinded by its radiance. A sight so beautiful Phaëthon had never seen. And when his father kissed him, the youth quickly poured forth all his trouble.

Apollo frowned darkly when he heard that anyone had teased the boy about his birth. In a terrible voice he exclaimed, "By the awful river Styx, I swear to give you anything you wish, so that you may prove before all men that you are my child."

At the sound of these words the god's attendants shrank back in fear. They knew that an oath so sacred could not be broken, and they dreaded to hear what Phaëthon might ask.

"For one day, O father," he cried joyfully, "give me the right to drive your golden chariot in triumph across the sky!"

All who heard him turned pale with fright. Apollo bitterly repented having made such a promise. Knowing what would follow, the god urged the rash boy to recall his wild words—to ask anything else instead. But Phaëthon would not, for his spirit was godlike and daring.

At length Apollo rose and sorrowfully told the Hours to harness the fire-breathing steeds. Already the great beasts were stamping to be off.

Aurora flung open the eastern gates and banished all the stars. Remembering the death of her own mortal son, the goddess shed a few bright tears that fell to earth as dew. Now she prepared a rose-strewn path that led from the palace gates straight up to heaven, and then bent down to dip into the ocean on the other side.

When all was ready, Apollo bade his son farewell with heavy sighs, and anointed the face of the brave youth with a precious ointment to protect him from the heat. With hasty thanks Phaëthon sprang into the chariot and tightly grasped the reins. Into



Photo by Graustuff Bros.

Aurora fades when day appears, for she is goddess of the dawn. For a few brief moments her light is seen on earth, as with "rosy fingers" she pulls aside the curtain of the night so that Apollo may set out on his journey to light the world. The picture above shows you Aurora in the arms of Day.

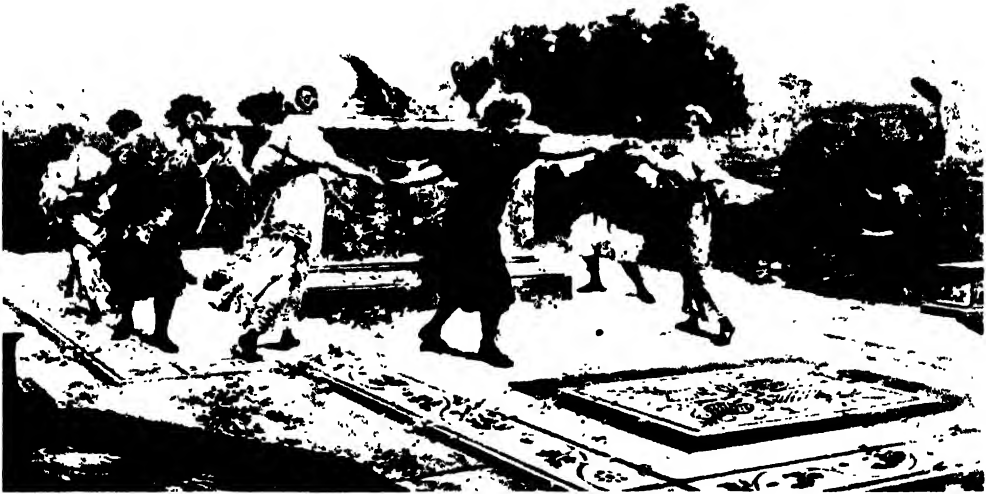


Photo by L. Forti, Rome

This altar is in the grove of Egeria, an ancient goddess of springs. It was here that Numa, one of the legend-

ary kings of Rome, came in secret to consult the nymph about religious matters.

the open road dashed the fiery steeds. Never had they drawn so light a load. As they galloped onward the fierce animals felt that it was no god's hand that held them in control. Soon the chariot began to sway this way and that, and Phaëthon, tossed from side to side, pulled at the reins with aching arms. On either side he saw the hideous monsters whom the gods had placed in the sky—the deadly crab, the poisonous serpent, and the yawning bear. Terror-stricken he dropped the reins. The run-away steeds struck off from the beaten path, and plunged so low that the forests of the earth burst into flames. In a few seconds all its fountains and brooks ran dry; trees and flowers withered with the heat; great stretches of rich earth turned into the deserts which they now are, and those people who could not find caves in which to hide were turned black with the burning light, as their children, the Negroes, remain to this day.

When the Sun Climbed Too High

When Phaëthon saw what he had done, he seized the whip and lashed the steeds with all his might. Snorting with pain, the startled creatures shot upward, mounting to the high-

est rim of heaven. Sudden cold now struck the earth. Wild animals without shelter perished, and men, gasping for breath, whispered their frozen prayers to Jupiter.

The Fate of Phaëthon

The king of gods saw their distress. In anger terrible to see, he seized a deadly thunderbolt and hurled it with all the strength of his right arm straight at the mad driver. Like a flash Phaëthon was flung from the swift chariot, falling headlong through space with his golden hair aflame. As men looked up and saw the light, they thought that some new comet was dropping from the sky. Apollo wept with grief and covered his face with his purple robes when he beheld his son plunging to death. But the river Po spread wide her arms and took the youth into the cooling flood. The poplar trees that grow along its bank are said to be sisters of Phaëthon who were changed to poplars, and their tears to amber, because they never ceased to stand by the river and mourn his loss.

When the cold north winds began to blow and October snows covered the mountain



Photo by Girardon, Paris

According to this picture, Pluto would seem to have no manners at all—in fact he is treating Ceres rather badly! But if you read the story, you will find that

Pluto was really fairly kind, and allowed his wife Proserpina to spend half the year with her mother in the sunny land of her birth.

peaks, when the flowers that colored slopes and plains withered away, the Greeks remembered a story which explained the coming of winter.

Jupiter always loved the earth because it belonged especially to him. For many years after his rule began, the golden autumn was closely followed by the leafy spring. In fact the King's sister, Ceres (sē'rēz), had so much work to do riding over the fields and hills to make the green things grow that she could not look after her little daughter, Proserpina (prō-sūr'pī-nā), whom the Greeks called Persephone (pēr-sēf'ō-nē). While the goddess was away, the child roamed through the sunny fields of Sicily, free to pick the flowers at her own sweet will.

The Happy Youth of Proserpina

But gentle little Proserpina was never lonely. Other pretty maidens, as happy and carefree as she, were her playmates from morning till night. Sometimes, as a game,

they hid from one another in the tall grass or behind thick bushes.

Once in the midst of such sport Proserpina spied a flower growing beside a stream. It was a narcissus, larger and more beautiful than any she had ever seen. The little maid left her hiding place to pick the lovely blossom, for she meant to show it to her mother at evening time. But, strange to say, the stem was tough and would not break, though she tugged at it with all her might.

To Hades with Pluto

Suddenly a terrible thing happened. The earth around the plant shook beneath her feet and then cracked wide open! The little girl was horrified to see that she was standing on the brink of a deep black pit. From within came a sound like thunder, and in the twinkling of an eye four coal-black horses leaped forth into the light. Behind them, drawn in a chariot of iron, rode gloomy Pluto (plōō'-tō), the king of darkness and ruler of the

MYTHOLOGY



Photo by Chauffourier, Rome

This famous sculptured group by Bernini, an Italian artist of the seventeenth century, shows you how Proserpina was carried off by Pluto. Even "gloomy

Dis," as this god of the underworld is often called, was not proof against the arrows of that mischievous little godling Cupid!

MYTHOLOGY

dead. Before the terrified Proserpina could run away, the great god snatched her in his strong arms, smothering her screams with his fierce kisses. The earth swallowed them both in another moment, and there remained no trace of the girl—except for her scarf, which blew into the stream.

Proserpina's companions searched for her till dark. They hated to tell Ceres that her daughter was nowhere to be found, but finally they had to go back with the sad news. The heart-broken mother could not believe the truth. Day and night she hunted for her child over all the world.

At last, according to the prettiest version of the tale, she returned to Sicily to rest beside the stream near the spot where her darling had vanished. The river nymph heard her weeping and wafted to her feet the scarf that Proserpina had dropped, whispering that her daughter was now King Pluto's queen.

In despair the mother ascended to Jupiter's palace. "O mightiest of gods," she implored him, "compel the dark lord of Hades to give up his stolen bride. My child of sunlight and flowers cannot live in the land of night and death." Thus with tears she besought him.

Jupiter wished to do as Ceres asked, for he saw that the earth suffered through her neglect. No gardens bloomed; no trees bore fruit, no crops flourished. The world was ugly, and the people starved. Nevertheless the Fates decreed that Proserpina must re-

main in Hades if she had tasted any food of the dead.

When Mother Ceres heard this, she hastened to the lower world. Neither the dreadful Styx (stîks) nor the snarling Cerberus (sûr'bêr-ûs) could bar her way. Upon his dimly lighted throne sat Pluto, with Proserpina beside him wearing the crown of darkness.

Once more the mother clasped her dear child in her arms and would have led her back to earth. But Pluto, knowing what the Fates had said, forbade his wife to go. He sternly reminded Proserpina that she had eaten the sweet pulp of six pomegranate seeds, though he had been unable to persuade her to touch any other food. The grief of Ceres was then pitiful to see. She clung weeping to her daughter and refused to give her up. Even harsh Pluto relented at last; and to comfort her he agreed to share the loss. For one half of every year he declared that Proserpina might dwell in the realms of light; but on account of the six seeds she had taken she must live the other six months with him in Hades as his queen.

So it is that during the season when Ceres' daughter is on earth,

the goddess makes all the world fair in her honor, but when the girl must leave the upper air again, the mourning mother still neglects her work, and winter comes.

Because in her hour of grief Ceres was kindly received by the people of Eleusis (ê-lû'sis), she taught them how to sow and reap.



Photo by Metropolitan Museum of Art

Orion, the giant son of Neptune, was blinded by the wicked king of the island of Chios. He followed the sound of the Cyclops' hammer until he reached the forge of Vulcan—for he had the power to walk on water as well as on land. Vulcan felt very sorry for the unfortunate hero and gave him a guide who led him to the land of the sun, where Apollo restored his sight with a sunbeam. All this took place before Orion became the favorite of Diana. In the picture above, you see the blinded man searching for the home of Apollo. Overhead, in the clouds, is Diana, whom you may always know by the crescent moon upon her forehead. The little fellow on the giant's shoulders is the guide Vulcan gave him.



What girl would not turn ill-tempered at finding herself changed from the most beautiful of nymphs into the most loathsome of monsters? Here is Scylla as she

was before her transformation by the jealous enchantress Circe. When Glaucus first spied her, she was sitting like this, bathing her feet in a pool.

The MYTH of the FIRE BRINGER

How the Most Precious Gift Came Down to Man, and What a Terrible Price the Giver Paid for It

IF YOU had not the slightest notion as to what caused the lightning or what made the wind, how do you suppose you would explain them? Perhaps in some such way as did the early Greeks, though you would hardly be likely to think up explanations so poetic as theirs. At any rate, the old Greek myths that we read with such delight were sober reality to the people who related them as they sat by the fire or tended the sheep—just as real as gravity or electricity are to you to-day. Those people found themselves in a strange and beautiful world, and did their best to explain it. And that is what mankind has been doing ever since.

But all the splendors of Nature could not make the early Greeks forget that her beauty was sometimes linked with danger. They believed that the sudden disasters which overtook men on land and sea were punishments sent by the gods for evildoing. Lightning and tempest, earthquake and flood were simply the weapons of Jupiter and Neptune. Many of the Greek myths show how wonders yet more strange and terrible were thought to have come into the world.

The little boats in which the Greeks sailed far upon the Mediterranean were often gone for months. Sometimes they brought back stories of horrible monsters who lay ready to devour ships that ventured upon their



Photo by Rischgitz

Circe is gloating over her herd of swine, who were stalwart heroes and warriors before the ill-fated day when they fell victim to her charms. For Circe was as bad as she was beautiful, and very clever too.

But there was one man in Greece who could outwit her. Wily Ulysses not only resisted her magic potions, but rescued all his faithful companions, whom Circe had changed into mud-loving hogs.

treacherous waters. Just off the western coast of Greece were islands known as the Strophades (strōf'ā-dēz). Strange beasts called the harpies—or "seizers"—were believed to inhabit those rocky shores. They had the head and shoulders of women, but the rest of their bodies were formed like great birds of prey. Lucky indeed were the mariners who escaped unhurt from flocks of these flying creatures. And sometimes when ships never returned to Greece at all, it was said that the sailors had cast anchor off the coast of Africa. If they stepped ashore no doubt they had been tempted to eat the sweet lotus blossom. While this flower did them no bodily harm, its effect was to destroy in men all desire to return to their native land, to their homes and wives and little children. Instead, the poor lotus-eaters lingered on in the foreign country, living in a land of dreams and sleep until they died.

Two Monsters of the Sea

Again and again weak ships disappeared in the strait between Italy and Sicily, sucked down in a blinding whirlpool or dashed upon mist-hidden rocks. The sailors fancied that

two hungry monsters lived in this body of water. One was called Scylla (sil'ā), the other Charybdis (kā-rib'dīs). Which was worse no man could say. For Charybdis drank up whole gulfs of the sea three times every day, and ships and men were swept into her yawning jaws. But Scylla had six heads, and her teeth were strong enough to crush a living man. Charybdis was so old that no one remembered how she first came to be a terror of the deep. All seamen, however, knew the sad story of Scylla.

Pretty Scylla and the Sea God

She had not always been a monster. In times past no sweeter maiden than Scylla had ever played beside the sea. A sea god named Glaucus once spied her as she sat in a shady nook bathing her pretty feet in the clear water. After he had admired her beauty at a distance, he swam over to her side and spoke to her with flattering words.

But Scylla would not listen. She was afraid of the god's great fishlike tail—for he had no legs or feet—and she disliked his weedy hair. Perhaps she hated most his conceited manner. For he had grown very

proud ever since he had eaten the magic herb which had changed him from a simple fisherman into a god.

As it was, he could not bear to be treated scornfully. He determined that, by the use of magic, he would compel the maiden to love him. On an island not far away lived an enchantress named Circe (sŭr'sē) who had always been friendly to Glaucus. She was so powerful that a touch of her wand would change men into swine, and the sea god believed that she could give him a charm strong enough to win Scylla's heart. What Glaucus did not know was that Circe was in love with him herself. She had no intention of letting Scylla become his wife!

The Jealousy of Circe

"Bestow your love on someone more worthy," Circe urged him slyly; "do not throw it away on that silly girl." But Glaucus was determined to have his way. At last the enchantress gave him a magic potion, promising him that if he followed her directions Scylla would surely yield to his charms.

So the sea god emptied his magic bottle into the little cove where the shy maiden used to swim. In a little while Scylla came running to the water, and, suspecting no danger, she waded out as far as she could.

All of a sudden she found herself surrounded by a circle of snarling dogs! At first she screamed in terror and tried to beat them off with her bare hands. Then she discovered that the loathsome creatures had grown from her own waist! Her shrieks of fright soon changed to loud roars, as her body changed from that of a lovely girl into that of a hideous three-headed beast. Of course when Glaucus saw the awful transformation, he abandoned her. In time poor Scylla became the savage beast that lived only to devour the sailors whom she seized from the decks of passing vessels.

But not all the terrors of the sea were ugly. The sirens (sī'rēn) were strange women with birdlike bodies. They haunted the cliffs of an island, singing sweetly from morning till night. Enchanted by the sound of their voices, sailors on passing vessels would cast

themselves overboard. But before they could reach the sirens on the shore, the sailors were sure to be drowned.

The Greeks faced all the dangers on the water very bravely. Perhaps they found the troubles that come to people on the land harder to bear. One of their myths explains how all sorts of disagreeable things began—all the diseases, such as measles or rheumatism or colds in the head, all bad tempers such as jealousy or anger, and all selfish wishes.

These worries were sent by Jupiter to keep mankind from becoming as powerful as the gods. The myth takes us back to the early days of Jupiter's reign, when the new king felt that his throne was in constant danger. In fact he had been so busy defending his rights that he left to two other great Powers the difficult task of creating human beings, as well as all the animals of the earth. The names of these Mighty Ones were Prometheus (prō-mē'thūs)—meaning Foresighted One—and Epimetheus (ēp'i-mē'thūs)—or the After Thinker. They were brothers descended from the gods called Titans, and were related to old Saturn. Nevertheless they had helped Jupiter overthrow his father Saturn, and later he rewarded them by giving them a share in governing the world.

How Fire Came to the Earth

Prometheus hoped to do a beautiful piece of work in making man. Above all, he wished to give the human race a power greater than the animals possessed. But it was hard to find gifts more wonderful than those which his brother, Epimetheus, had given to the beasts. Wild creatures had courage and swiftness and strength, and sometimes wings or sharp claws. What more could man desire?

Then one day Prometheus thought of a precious thing that an animal would not even know how to use. It was fire! How godlike would man become if he owned it! With fire as a weapon he could fight off the wild beasts. By its warmth he could live comfortably in the coldest weather. By its light he could see at night as if it were bright day.

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But Prometheus knew that Jupiter had forbidden man to have this dangerous and mighty tool. So the daring Titan determined to steal it. It was a courageous act, even if it was wrong, for he could see into the future, and he knew that he would be severely punished when the theft was discovered.

Secretly he ascended to Olympus and lighted a torch at the hearth of the gods. By shielding the flame in a hollow stalk he carried it safely to man. When Jupiter, looking down from heaven, saw some smoke rising from the earth, his anger was terrible to see. He knew very well that it was Prometheus who had dared to defy him, and he planned a horrible punishment.

The king of gods commanded Vulcan to forge a heavy chain with which to fasten Prometheus by his hands and feet to the side of a high mountain cliff. Here Prometheus was hung naked, exposed to all the icy winds of winter and the blasting heat of summer. As if the torture were not severe enough, Jupiter sent a mighty eagle with a sharp, cruel beak to gnaw at the liver of poor Prometheus. Yet being immortal,

Prometheus could never die! Not until many years later was this friend of human beings freed by a great hero named Hercules.

Jupiter, who was displeased with men too, because they had accepted the forbidden gift

of fire, called a meeting of the gods to see what could be done to weaken man's power. Perhaps it was Mercury, the mischief-maker, who proposed the sly trick which the gods decided to play on mortals.

At that time there were no women on the earth, but only the men whom Prometheus had fashioned. The gods planned to create a woman so beautiful that man would believe she could bring him nothing but good. In this, however, man would be deceived, for all the sorrow and suffering imaginable were to come into the world through a mistake she was to make!

Of course the gods were able to surpass the

work Prometheus had done in creating man. Vulcan moulded a maiden's figure in clay, and Jupiter gave her the breath of life. All the other gods then added something to her chara. Venus gave her loveliness and laughing eyes; Juno lent her gentleness and womanly dignity. Mercury endowed her



Photo by Grant

Pandora is carrying in her hands the ill-fated golden box. How could Epimetheus resist such a charming gift, especially since the poor fellow was not foresighted, and had no way of knowing that Pandora's fatal curiosity would bring evil to the world?

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Photo by Ryschotta

When Pandora set free all the thronging evils in her golden box, she was in despair. The world was now filled with misery of every kind, and there seemed nothing left to live for. But when Hope flew out of the casket, Pandora's courage returned. Above is a

famous painting of Hope by the English artist George Frederick Watts. He has imagined the helpful and courageous spirit as a blindfolded maiden seated on a globe. Her lyre is broken; but one string remains, and with straining ear she listens to its lovely note.

with soft speech and winning words, and the Muses taught her how to sing sweet songs. The gods themselves could not help loving the maiden, whom they named Pandora (pän-dō'rá)—“the all-gifted one.”

Before she left the company of the Immortals, a little golden box was put into Pandora's hands. It was an ornament of very delicate design. As long as she was obedient, the gods told her, she might keep

it for her own—but they forbade her ever to open it to see what was inside. The maiden gladly took the pretty gift, for she was happy to carry any treasure from heaven to her new home on earth.

Pandora set forth to seek Epimetheus, who had gone to live among the mortals. He was the one whom the gods had selected for her husband, because they knew he was not wise enough to look into the future. But how

could any man be blamed for taking the lovable Pandora as his wife? Epimetheus did not hesitate.

Pandora was very contented on earth. She never longed for the palaces of the gods now that she had a home of her own. Naturally she had not forgotten the grandeur of Olympus, and she tried to make the home of Epimetheus as beautiful as she could. But she could furnish it with no ornament from earth so lovely as the box the gods had given her.

The girl had little to do all day except to think about this treasure. She did not have to sweep or dust or make beds or wash dishes. In those happy days there was no need for such bother, for all the work about the house just did itself.

The young wife felt a little lonely when her husband went away, and at such times she would take down her box to admire its fine workmanship. Sometimes she wondered what it held inside, for it was very light and never rattled when she shook it.

One day, while Pandora was all alone, a naughty idea popped into her head. She would, she decided, lift the lid and take just one peep. No harm could come of it if she closed it again quickly without touching what was inside. It was an exciting moment. With trembling fingers she forced open the tiny catch. As she did so she heard within a murmur like that of thousands of buzzing insects. She put her hands to her face in astonishment as invisible soft wings brushed against her cheeks. But when the lid was really off, what was her disappointment to discover that the box was empty!

The Box of Evil Spirits

All at once Pandora became very cross. It seemed to her that the gods had played a mean trick. When her husband came in a little later, she told him about opening the casket. "What good," she scornfully asked, "is an empty box?"

Epimetheus was cross, too, because they had been deceived. Besides, as he thought the matter over, he saw that his wife had been very unwise. He blamed her for her disobedience to the gods, and many bitter

words passed between them—the first that they had ever spoken.

And this was not the worst. Although the box was empty now, it had not always been so. The unhappy young people discovered that thousands of horrid spirits which had been imprisoned inside were now swarming all over their home and out into the world through the open casements. These were the spirits of evil—of harsh words such as Epimetheus and Pandora had spoken, of misunderstanding, of grief, of suffering and diseases, and of even more terrible things to come. In this way the gods had avenged themselves on the human race for accepting the gift of fire.

The Spirit of Hope

Just one spirit inclosed in that box turned out to be a blessing. That was the Spirit of Hope. Jupiter, in pity, had given hope to the world in the midst of all its sorrows, so that life might not become unbearable. It brought comfort to Epimetheus and Pandora, and it still helps men to endure their troubles.

No doubt the Greeks felt that death was the most terrible of all of nature's mysteries. At any moment Atropos (ät'rô-pôs), the eldest of the three Fates, might cut short the thread of a man's life with her sharp shears. The Greeks often wondered what then became of the spirits of those who died.

The myths tell us that most of them made their way to gloomy Hades, ruled by King Pluto and Queen Proserpina. A few others—patriots, priests, and poets, whose lives were purest—were carried to the Elysian (ê-lîzh'-ân) Fields. In this happy country each could follow his own heart's desire, separated forever from the earth by the river of forgetfulness, called Lethe (lê'thê). Some brave heroes were allowed to dwell in the Islands of the Blessed. Here in the far western seas they suffered from no bitter frosts, but cooling breezes soothed their weary souls. Now and then the gods paid special honor to a great mortal by transporting him to the skies, where he shone every night in glory among the stars. There they placed a few great heroes such as Perseus and Hercules, about whom we are going to tell in another story.

The Amazons, one of whom you see here, were a race of sturdy, warlike women, a favorite subject with the weavers of myths and the sculptors of ancient Greece. Theseus made war against them and carried off their queen, Antiope. Then the Amazons in their turn attacked Athens, and were defeated only after a hard-fought battle. It was the story of this battle between the Greeks and the Amazons that the artists of Greece loved to tell in stone upon their temples.



HEROES in the SKY

Of the Glorious Few Who Were Rewarded with a Home in the Stars for Their Brave Deeds on the Earth

THE simple shepherds of old Greece used to tend their flocks by night upon the hillsides and in the open pastures. Many were the stories they told under the moon to pass away the time. With dreams and fancies they entertained one another, as they gazed up at the skies where they seemed to see real pictures in the patterns of bright gold. The squares and triangles and zigzag groups of stars which we call constellations (kōn'stĕ-lā'shŭn), were to them the shapes of men and living creatures. Kings and queens, heroes descended from the gods, birds and all manner of strange beasts, were always swinging across the purple spaces above, while men turned their eyes to watch.

Some of these wonders come to life again as we read the old myths told by the shep-

herds in bygone days. Looking northward at night, we may still see the Great Bear and the Little Bear. Between these animals a fiery dragon winds his long length in and out amid the stars. His head is marked by two shining eyes which are never closed in sleep.

A little higher in the heavens King Cepheus (sē'fŭs) of Greece stands opposite the tilted chair of Cassiopeia (kās'i-ō-pe'yā), his proud queen. This lady once boasted too much of her daughter's beauty, and for punishment Neptune sent a sea monster to lay waste the land in which she lived. The wretched parents were forced to chain their lovely child, Andromeda (än-drŏm'ĕ-dā), to the side of a great cliff where the terrible beast might devour her and satisfy his hunger. But just before the monster's jaws opened to seize

the trembling maiden, a noble hero named Perseus (pûr'sûs) reached the scene. With a thrust of his glittering sword he cut off the creature's head and set the princess free. The crowds that had gathered to see the conflict wept with joy, and everyone declared the youth had earned the maiden's hand in marriage.

Andromeda and Perseus themselves shine in the skies. Chains still bind the maiden's wrists, but her lover's strong blade is lifted high as he rushes to the rescue. Later we shall read of a still more dangerous task which Perseus performed.

Just above the dragon of the north crouches the bold giant Hercules (hîr'kû-lêz), called Heracles (hêr'â-klêz) by the Greeks. He rests his weight upon one knee and

plants a firm foot on the dragon's head. No arm but his is strong enough to raise aloft his golden club.

Of all the sky heroes, the noble Hercules was most beloved on earth, for his deeds were even more glorious than those of other brave men. This was in no way strange, for while his mother was only the mortal grandchild of Perseus and Andromeda, the hero's father was the great god Jupiter himself!

Jealous Juno

In this he was unfortunate, for the most powerful of goddesses was his enemy through life. Juno was always angry when her husband fell in love with anyone but her. She hated Hercules from the moment he was born because the child was not her own son. The jealous goddess sent two poisonous serpents to destroy the baby in his cradle. But when the little one opened his eyes and saw

the wicked creatures sliding toward his bed, he only crowed with joy. Stretching out his chubby hands, he clutched each snake by the neck and slowly squeezed away its breath.

Then for a long time Juno pretended that she had forgotten her anger. Hercules grew up to noble manhood, and his strength was greater than the strength of ten ordinary men. He took a fair wife, and several children were born of this marriage. At last Juno could no longer bear to see the man so happy. The furious goddess suddenly drove him into a fit of madness, and while this affliction was upon him, he murdered all his loved ones! The gods were horrified by the terrible act. Only wise Minerva remained his friend

and restored his reason to him in the end.

To wipe out the stain of the sin he had unknowingly committed, poor Hercules had to become the slave of a certain king named Eurystheus (û-ris'thûs). The twelve daring tasks which the hero undertook for this ungrateful monarch are called the Twelve Labors of Hercules.

Fearless Hercules attempted one heroic deed after another. First he was commanded to slay a savage lion from the valley of Nemea (nê'mê-â). He had to strangle the great beast with his bare hands, for he found no sword was sharp enough to pierce the creature's hide. Ever afterward he wore the skin slung across his shoulders as a protection against weapons and wild beasts.

But Juno loved the lion because it had fought the man she hated. She gave it a glorious position in the northern heavens to remind Hercules that her anger was not



Photo by Anderson, Rome

In Thrace there lived a wicked king named Diomedes who kept a number of ferocious horses which he fed on human flesh. But Hercules slew the inhuman creature, as you see above, and threw the body of Diomedes to the terrible steeds.

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Photo by Hanfstaengl, Munich

After slaying Medusa, Perseus set out for home, and had many exciting adventures on the way. In the picture above you see him rescuing Andromeda from

the frightful monster of the sea. According to most myths Perseus flew through the air with winged sandals, but here he rides a winged horse.



Hercules has always been a great favorite with painters and sculptors, who love to show his superhuman strength. He usually wears about his shoulders a cloak made of the skin of the Nemean lion, which he

spent. The enormous beast is always crouching as if ready to spring.

Next King Eurystheus sent the hero to attack a hideous water serpent in its native swamp at Lerna. The monster, called a Hydra (hi'dră), had nine heads, and when one was cut off two others always grew from the bleeding stump! Perhaps Hercules could never have slain the disgusting reptile if he had not resorted to a trick. With a flaming torch he burned off the necks to prevent new heads from sprouting from the roots. As the ninth head was immortal, the conquerer finally buried it under a great rock.

Gods and men rejoiced at Hercules' success—all except Juno. She raised the Hydra also to the skies, placing it beside a great crab which she had sent to pinch the hero's heel!

The third task was to capture a fleet-

slew. The head of the beast fits over his head like a hood. The artist of the picture above has preferred to paint the hero as he might have looked in his youth, before he had performed his twelve mighty labors.

footed stag, dear to the goddess Diana. The pretty golden-horned creature led Hercules a weary chase for a whole year before he caught it in a snowdrift in the far north.

Hercules finished his fourth labor quickly, snaring a wild boar in an enormous net. King Eurystheus had hidden in a great jar for fear of this fierce animal.

For his fifth labor Hercules had to destroy some man-devouring birds that flew above the stagnant waters of Lake Stymphallus (stîm-fă'lūs). Hiding in a thicket, the crafty hero shot them with arrows which he had dipped in the Hydra's blood. So deadly was the poison that a mere scratch of an arrow would kill any creature. In a short time not one bird of the whole dangerous flock remained.

The sixth labor seemed impossible at first. King Augeas (ă-jă'ăs) of Elis (ē'lîs) had three-

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thousand oxen whose stables had not been cleaned in thirty years. Hercules was ordered to accomplish the task in one day! By digging a new bed for the river Alpheus (äl-fē'ūs) he caused the water to flow swiftly over the filthy floors, carrying all the dirt and litter out to sea. When night fell the work was done.

A bull which Neptune had given King Minos (mī'nōs) of Crete suddenly went mad and dashed over the countryside causing no end of damage, until Hercules caught and bound the animal. This was his seventh task.

The eighth labor was to punish cruel King Diomedes (dī'ō-mē'dēz), the owner of savage horses which he fed on human flesh! The hero put an end to this terrible practice by slaying Diomedes and letting the beasts devour the body of their own master.

Hercules would have accomplished his ninth task easily if Juno had not interfered. He journeyed to the land of some warlike women called the Amazons, to ask their queen, Hippolyte (hī-pōl'i-tē), for her jeweled girdle. Hippolyte was on the point of giving him the treasure when she heard a false report, spread by Juno, that the hero had really come to capture her. She instantly called her well-armed maidens to her assistance, and Hercules had to give fierce battle to them all before he could seize the prize.

The tenth labor was one of the hardest. King Eurystheus demanded the red oxen of Geryon (jē'rī-ōn), the monster king of Spain. Apollo helped the hero here by giving him a golden bowl to use as a boat. Hercules' own lion skin made an excellent sail, and the adventure ended in success.

Hercules could not do his eleventh task alone. He was required to gather some golden apples that grew in a certain garden in the western ocean. They had been given as a wedding present to Juno, and the tree was watched by a sleepless dragon and by four lovely maidens, called the Hesperides (hēs-pēr'i-dēz), who were daughters of Hesperus (hēs'pēr-ūs), the evening star. Only the giant Atlas could find the place; only he would be admitted and only he could reach the fruit. Atlas was always busy, however, supporting the whole weight of



Photo by Gramstorff Bros

Other peoples beside the Greeks have invented beautiful myths. The picture above shows you one of the Valkyrie of Norse mythology. These were warlike virgins like the Amazons. As messengers of almighty Odin, they were sent to the battlefields on their dashing steeds to choose the heroes who were to die and ascend to feast with the gods in Valhalla. The weird flickering lights which flashed from their shining armor were believed to cause the northern lights that play over the sky at night.

the sky on his broad shoulders! But when Hercules offered to hold up the heavens in the giant's absence, Atlas undertook the journey delightedly.

Strong as Hercules was, he found the weight almost unbearable, and he was relieved to see Atlas striding across the mountain tops, bringing the apples with him. But the giant, never having had a holiday before, was very unwilling to take up his burden again.

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Photo by Metropolitan Museum of Art

Here are the seven lovely daughters of Atlas, the starry Pleiades, who "glitter like a swarm of fireflies

tangled in a silver braid." Most of us can see only six of them, because the seventh star is very faint.

"Let me carry the apples to King Eurystheus," he cried; "you make a much better sky bearer than I."

Hercules was wise enough not to argue the matter. Instead he meekly answered, "Very well, my friend. Just keep the heavens from falling for a minute, while I rub my back, which is a little stiff."

How Hercules Outwitted the Giant

Atlas, too stupid to perceive the trick, did as Hercules requested. The next minute away dashed the hero, taking the apples with him!

Before he returned to the King, the hero proved himself cleverer than yet another giant. The fearful fellow was called Antaeus (ăn-tě'ūs). The peculiarity of this giant was that his prodigious strength only increased every time Hercules hurled him to the earth. The reason for this was that the earth was Antaeus' own mother. In order to defeat him the crafty young man had to hold the giant in mid-air and strangle him aloft!

The last task of Hercules was to descend

to Hades and return alive, bringing captive the savage Cerberus (sûr'bêr-ūs). The three-headed dog howled so loudly while Hercules was binding his jaws that even Proserpina was afraid. At the sight of daylight the monster went mad and began to spit poisonous foam upon the earth. On these spots the purple nightshade and all deadly plants now grow. King Eurystheus was frightened at the success of Hercules. Having made the hero return Cerberus to Pluto, he ordered Hercules to leave the land forever.

Soon afterward Jupiter granted his son Hercules sweet immortality, and transported him to the skies, giving him Juno's pretty daughter, Hebe (hê'bê), for his bride. Then Juno herself forgave the hero, whom she could no longer despise. Thereafter all his troubles were at an end.

Cupbearer to the Gods

Hebe, who had been cupbearer to the gods, was succeeded by Ganymede (gă'nî-mêd), a beautiful Trojan youth whom Jupiter, in the form of an eagle, carried up into heaven to



Pho

When Orpheus played upon his lyre, the trees bent and swayed at the sound, and even the rocks were softened. And when the cruel women of Thrace sought to kill him, their weapons, charmed by his music, fell

harmless at his feet. But with shrill screams they drowned out the sounds and Orpheus fell. Over his grave, where the Muses buried him, a nightingale was said to sing more sweetly than anywhere else in Greece.

pass the nectar and ambrosia (ām-brō'zhī-ā) upon which the Immortals lived.

Not all of the star stories end so happily. A winged horse called Pegasus (pēg'ā-sūs) now flies across the heavens without his rider. For mounted upon this steed, the bold Bellerophon (bē-lēr'ō-fōn) once tried to reach the top of high Olympus. Though the brave youth had been successful in another adventure—as we shall read elsewhere—this time he was dashed to sudden death in punishment for his wicked desire.

Diana and Orion

On frosty nights Orion (ō-rī'ōn), the hunter, appears, glittering in the southern sky to remind us of another unhappy tale. He was only a mortal, but Diana loved him dearly for his skill in her favorite sport. Apollo wished his sister to remain unwed, however, and he tried a plan to get rid of her lover. One day at the seashore he challenged Diana in scornful tones, saying, "Since your aim is always sure, see whether your arrow can hit that speck gleaming on the distant water."

Straightway the goddess drew her silver bow. The swift dart pierced Orion's breast, for it was really he whom Apollo had seen swimming in the sea. Great was Diana's grief when she discovered her mistake. Since she could not restore her friend to life, she made him immortal among the stars.

Some say that Orion has now forgotten Diana's love, and pursues the star maidens called the Pleiades (plē'yā-dēz), who fly before him like a "swarm of fireflies." Others believe that he is rushing away from Scorpion—the hissing snake—which appears in the southern sky during the summer months.

Sweetest of all sad stories is that of Orpheus (ōr'fē-ūs) the musician. His instrument was the lyre, which now floats lightly as a cloud in the northern sky during the months of spring. Perhaps the west winds play upon it with melody as tender as ever fell upon the ear when Orpheus' skillful fingers swept the strings.

He was the son of Apollo and the Muse Calliope (kā-li'ō-pē), and no doubt inherited from them his gift of song and poetry. When-

ever he played or sang, even the wild beasts and the birds drew near to hear the sound. All the flowers nodded their pretty heads, and the very stones were seen to move after him as he walked.

Little wonder that the maiden Eurydice (ū-rīd'y-sē) was won by his soft songs. His love for her was as strong and noble as his voice was sweet and clear. But their happiness did not last long. Soon after their marriage, while Eurydice was walking alone in the fields, she met a bold youth named Aristaeus (ār'īs-tē'ūs). He spoke to her with rude words of passion, and the girl fled from him. In her haste she trod upon a poisonous snake, which turned and bit her heel. Scarcely had she reached the arms of Orpheus when she died, leaving her lover heartbroken.

Such suffering Orpheus could not endure, and he resolved at last to visit the lower world and beg King Pluto for his bride. The journey was a terrible ordeal, but by the strange power of his music Orpheus soothed even the snarling Cerberus to sleep. Then he made his way to the foot of the King's throne, and sang his sorrow and his longing in tones so pitiful that iron-hearted Pluto wept.

The Fatal Glance of Orpheus

"Take back your bride," the god cried, when Orpheus' song was ended. "Only this one condition I impose. You shall lead and she shall follow all the way, and never must you turn to look at her until you reach the light of day. So shall the Fates be satisfied."

The terms were harsh, but Orpheus accepted them, rejoicing that he had his bride again. Swiftly they passed the gates of the underworld and stepped into Charon's boat. Not till they reached the opposite shore and neared the entrance to the light did fear grip the heart of Orpheus. Suppose his dear wife were no longer there! He could not hear her footsteps nor the sound of her soft, quick breathing. One glance he shot over his shoulder—and alas! he saw her form slipping backward into the gloom, and she was gone.

Then Orpheus returned to the wild woods and sang his heavy grief all the day long. Sadder music earth never heard.



No Greek hero setting sail upon the deep ever reached his destination without endless mishaps and strange adventures. Hostile winds might drive him from his course or a sudden storm might scatter the beams of his ship far and wide over the seething waters. Above,

you see Aeneas telling the story of his adventures to Dido, queen of Carthage. Aeneas was in the bad graces of Juno, and that vengeful goddess had prevailed upon the Winds to raise a storm that would drive the hero from his course.

TALES of the WINDS and WATERS

Of the Radiant Dawn and Her Blustering Children, and of All the Spirits, Grave and Gay, Who Live Beneath the Waves

BRIGHT-HAIRED Aurora was the mother of the Winds. The air over all the earth and ocean was warmed or cooled by the breath of her unruly children. Zephyr (zĕf'ēr), the west wind, was the only one among them of a gentle disposition. He seldom blew with his full strength because he always remembered that by doing so he had doomed the youth Hyacinth (hĭ'ā-sĭnth) to die.

But his brother Boreas (bō'rĕ-ās), the north wind, was a rude, ill-natured fellow. He cared not at all that the flowers perished when they felt the frosty breath from his nostrils. Bellowing like an angry monster, he raged over the sea, kicking the waves

higher than the mast of a ship and beating great vessels upon the rocks until he was exhausted.

Auster (ôs'tĕr), the south wind, had a more uncertain temper. Sometimes he was accompanied by sudden heavy showers that swelled the brooks and rivers until they overflowed their banks. At other times he chased away all the rain clouds. Then every breath he drew seemed like the scorching blast from a fiery furnace. The ground became hard and dry; the nymphs of every spring and fountain mourned for the loss of the waters, and even the mightiest river shrank so much that only a tiny stream trickled over its chalky bed.

The home of these unruly winds, and of their brother Eurus (ū'rūs), the east wind, was an enormous cave on an island in the Mediterranean. It was ruled over by King Aeolus (ē'ō-lūs) who, some men said, was the father of the winds. If so, he was a stern parent, for he confined them within the cavern walls until some god was ready to call them forth.

One day all the brothers quarreled bitterly, and earth and heaven rocked with the violence of their breathing, until Aeolus took the fiercest gales and tied them in a huge leather bag. This he gave to Ulysses (ū-līs'ēz)—the Greek Odysseus (ō-dīs'ūs), a famous warrior and leader. The ship of Ulysses had been lost in the storm on its way home to Ithaca after the Trojan war, and Ulysses asked for help to give his vessel a safe voyage. All would have gone well if some of the curious sailors, hoping to find gold in the bag, had not untied the string while the leader was asleep. Out rushed the prisoners in fury, raising such a tempest that the boat was driven away from the very shores of the homeland back to the island of Aeolus. The King refused to help Ulysses a second time, and so the wearisome voyage was prolonged for many a long month.

The Goddess of Gentle Breezes

No one knows what Aurora (ō-rō'rā)—the Eos (ē'ōs) of the Greeks—thought of her ungovernable sons. She herself was goddess of the dawn and of the gentle breezes of the morning and evening. Her mild manner won the love of a hunter named Cephalus (sēf'ā-lūs), and after the hard chase was over he would lie among the ferns in a shady place while the goddess fanned his burning face.

But Cephalus was already very happily

married to young Procris (prōk'rīs), one of Diana's lovely nymphs. For wedding presents the moon goddess had given the bride a swift hound that never grew tired, no matter how long the hunt, and a javelin that never missed the mark. And Procris, who adored her husband, had handed these remarkable gifts over to him.

Cephalus was not ungrateful. He dearly loved his wife. But he could not resist the attentions paid to him by the radiant Aurora. He continued to see the goddess every evening after the hunt was over.

By and by Procris grew suspicious because he stayed away so long and was so silent upon his return. "It is some fair shepherdess," she thought, "who steals his heart from me."

That evening Procris crept out into the forest and hid in a thicket to spy upon her husband and his love, whoever she

might be. Very soon Cephalus came by, wearied and heated by the breathless chase. Sinking down upon a piny bank, he called softly to Aurora, saying, "Sweet mistress, goddess of the gentle breeze, come now and soothe me with your light caresses."

When Procris heard these words she sobbed aloud, and would have run away to grieve alone. But Cephalus heard the slight sound and thought that a deer must be entangled in the brush. He jumped to his feet and raised his javelin—little dreaming that he aimed it now at one whom he loved far more than any goddess. The weapon could not miss, and all in a moment Cephalus found that it was no deer, but Procris his beloved whom he had wounded. Clasp ing her once more in his embrace he pressed the tenderest kisses on her dying lips, while he made most sacred vows that henceforth he would remain faithful to her memory till his death. From



Photo by Graustorff Bros

Zephyrus, the west wind, was the lover of Flora, the goddess of flowers. Above you see the gentle breeze waking Flora from her perfumed sleep upon her bed of blossoms.

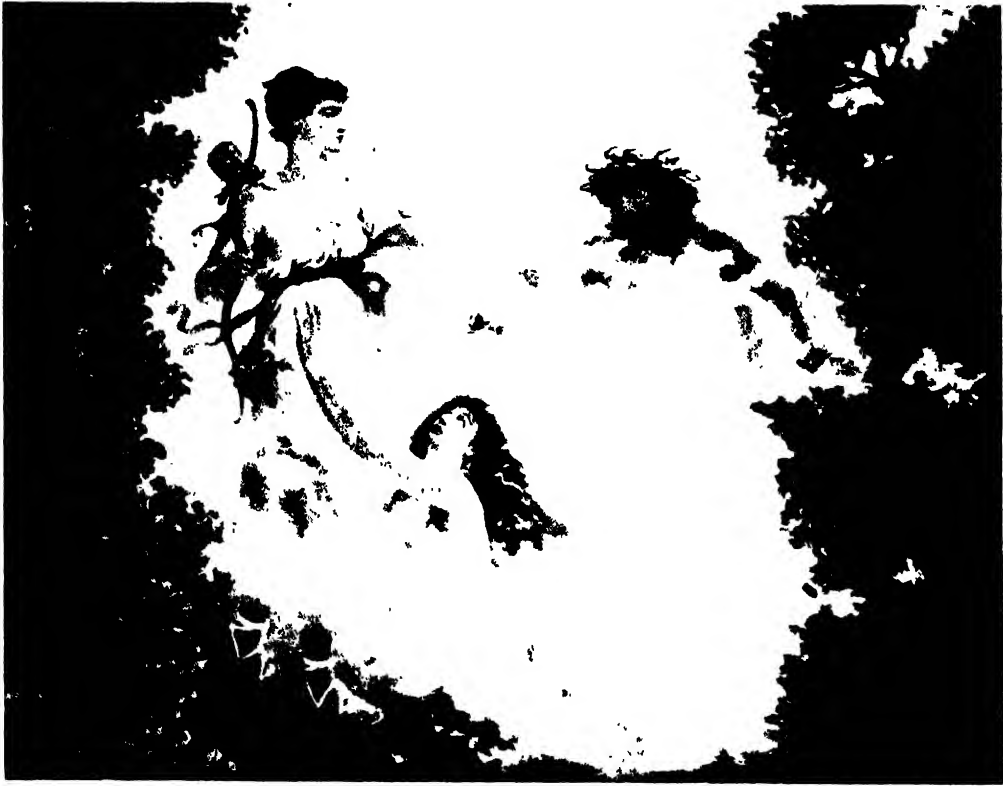


Photo by Granistorff Bros

Arethusa was a woodland nymph who cared little for her beauty, but spent all her time hunting in the forest. One day when she was returning from the chase, she paused to bathe in a clear stream. There Alpheus, the god of the stream, fell in love with her. In order to escape his attentions, Arethusa called upon

Diana for help. In the picture above, you see Diana changing the maid into a fountain. But even then she was not safe. So Diana cleft the ground, and Arethusa flowed through the depths of the earth, coming up again in Sicily. On the way she saw Proserpina, and so was able to tell Ceres where her daughter was.

that day Aurora wooed Cephalus in vain, for he would never again listen when she whispered words of love through the forest trees at dusk.

Aurora was the willing servant of Apollo, and even the noisy winds obeyed the voice of Jupiter. But the great king of the gods seldom gave commands to the carefree spirits that dwelt beneath the waters of the world. Springs, rivers, lakes, and ocean belonged to Neptune's kingdom. And the "terrible Earthshaker" wished to make his subjects daring, bold, and free. Therefore they loved him and were glad to do his will.

The Mermaids of Nereus

In the deep sea there lived thousands of these gay, restless spirits. Many of them were descended from Oceanus (ô-sê'-â-nûs)—

an ancient Titan god, whose name gives us our word "ocean." One of his daughters had married a friendly old man of the sea named Nereus (nê'-rûs), who had fifty fair daughters called the Nereids (nê'-rê-îd). Formed like the creatures which we call "mermaids," these handsome children played in the waves all day, and many a seaman saw their fishlike tails sparkling in the sunlight. The whole family of Nereids lived in a glimmering cave very near to Neptune's palace. Quite naturally he fell in love with one of them a beautiful maiden named Amphitrite (âm'-fî-tri'tê). Their wedding took place on the very floor of the ocean, and the wedding guests, and even the bride herself, swam gracefully to the feast!

Of this marriage a son was born named Triton (tri'tôn). Neptune gave the boy a

silver horn which he used at his father's command to summon all the water spirits to the palace of the King.

Another spirit of the sea was old Proteus (prō'tūs)—a prophet. He could foretell the future so accurately that people seized him when he came ashore, begging him to reveal what he knew. But Proteus played strange tricks on those who tried to force a secret from him. He could change himself into a lion, a serpent, or even a tongue of fire—whereupon most people were only too glad to let him go!

Neptune governed the river gods too, but he never interfered with their love affairs, even when they were overbold. The god of the river Alpheus (āl-fē'ūs) once fell in love with a wood nymph named Arethusa (ār'ē-thū'sā) who bathed in the stream. One day he pursued her, but as she fled she prayed to Diana, who quickly changed her into a fountain. Still the river tried to gather her into his embrace, and at a certain place we may see even to this day where they both plunged under the ground to flow rapidly beneath the sea. It is said that on the island of Sicily they emerge again, and we may suppose that Arethusa is leading in the race.

As a rule the sea creatures and the nymphs did not wander far from their watery homes. The land seemed to them a dry, uncomfortable place—always too hot or too cold—and they were amazed that mankind wished to live there instead of in the cool, blue-green world of water. Once and only once the spirits were free to roam everywhere. That was the time when Jupiter opened the flood-gates of the earth and drowned the whole world in one great ocean.

For things had gone from bad to worse with men after Pandora allowed the wicked spirits to escape from her box. At length

Jupiter decided to put an end to crime by blotting out the old race and beginning anew. He called Neptune to his aid, and after days of blinding rain, the rivers, springs, and ocean overflowed till hills and valleys were covered by deep water. Only lordly Mount Parnassus (pär-näs'ūs), sacred to Apollo and the Muses, reared its head above the waves and looked down on the ruined world.

Then for the first time water nymphs and Nereids visited the farmsteads and the palaces, the towns and forests that now lay hidden below the ocean level. They saw no men, no flocks or herds, and no wild beasts, for all these had floated away in the waters. Only slimy things crawled about men's dwellings and the bright fish darted in and out the windows.

After a while the waters withdrew, and the sea creatures returned to their own homes. And in all the world only one man and one woman survived. Deucalion (dū-kā'li-ōn), the son of Prometheus, and Pyrrha (pīr'ā), the daughter of Epimetheus, had taken refuge on Parnassus. They were good and simple people, and so they entered a ruined temple to see what should be done. A wise spirit, or oracle (ōr'ā-k'l), of the sacred place gave them some strange advice. "Cast behind you the bones of your mother," it said. Very much puzzled by words that seemed so wicked, the good people sat down to think. Suddenly they remembered that the earth was the mother of all, and that the stones were her bones! Therefore they did as they were bidden. Wonderful to relate, every stone that Deucalion threw sprang up as a man, and every one that Pyrrha threw sprang up as a woman. In this way the land came to be inhabited again by people who obeyed Jupiter willingly, just as the water spirits obeyed Neptune.





In the heart of Greece was the pleasant land of Arcadia, the home of simple shepherds who led a gentle life undisturbed by the fevers of the world outside. Because they always remained contented, their quiet

vales came to represent all that was rustic and sunny and calm; and artists and poets long have loved to paint them and to write about them. The scene above is laid in this storied land.

The OLD GODS of the FIELDS and GROVES

Suppose You Could Surprise the Great God Pan as He Played upon His Reedy Pipes Down by the Water's Edge!

AS AN early Greek shepherd tended his flocks or a hunter refreshed himself by a shady rill, he liked to think on the gentle spirits who were dwelling all about him. Night was beautiful, but even the hunter and the shepherd liked the daylight hours better. All nature awoke with the singing birds, and sometimes quick eyes might catch a glimpse of the friendly nymphs (nīmf) who, the old Greeks believed, lived in trees or in mountain caves, or in the waters of every winding brook and sparkling fountain. These spirits, formed like dainty maidens, were half human and half divine. They liked laughter and merry sport, and with mortals and mortal troubles the pretty

creatures were amused—unless by chance they fell in love with mortal men. Then the poor things became very serious indeed.

It was another matter for hunters to risk a meeting with rougher spirits of the dense forests—such as a company of dancing satyrs (sāt'ēr). This clumsy creature had the head and trunk of a man, but he also had horns that curved backward from his forehead. Below his waist he looked just like a goat, with the same crooked, shaggy legs, short tail, and cloven hoofs. Not a pleasant person to see—and yet he meant no harm!

The leader of all this crew was the goat-god Pan. Born of Mercury and a pretty tree nymph—one of the nymphs called dryads

MYTHOLOGY

(dri'ad)—he had inherited no beauty from either of his parents. The nymphs ran away from him, although he played strains of plaintive music for them on hollow pipes of reeds—pipes which he had made himself.

But if the nymphs would not listen, the shepherds did! They worshiped Pan and prayed to him when their little lambs were lost or sick.

Thinking themselves surrounded by these living beings, the country people never were lonely even in wild and solitary places. Besides, every flower, bush, and tree, every insect, bird, and animal, told a story of its own. Some of these were merry, while others were sweetly sad.

Long, long ago the fruit of the mulberry tree was always white. Now the clusters of berries are more often a dark red color. The Greeks knew the reason for the change, and they liked to tell this story, which concerns two lovers.

Cupid traveled far and wide in his search for youths and maidens, whose hearts were tender targets for his gold-tipped arrows of love. In distant Babylonia he found a noble youth named Pyramus (pir'a-mūs), who lived in a house adjoining that of a girl named

Thisbe (thiz'bē). The two were never meant for one another, since their families had quarreled bitterly. But Cupid did not care. He liked to make young people marry against everybody's wishes. And he pierced with

arrows the hearts of Pyramus and Thisbe, so that they fell deeply in love. Then Cupid ran away without even waiting to see what would happen next.

Since the poor lovers were forbidden by their parents to meet, they grew more unhappy every day. Only the hope that a god would pity them enabled them to bear their grief. One day, by good fortune, they found a way to talk together, for a ray of light showed a crack in the wall that divided the two houses. Here at a quiet hour they would come to exchange sweet words in whispers or to press eager kisses on the cold stones that still kept them apart. At

last neither could bear to live without the other; and so they made a plan to steal secretly away, nevermore to return. The meeting place should be beneath a white mulberry tree that grew outside the city walls. The time was to be dusk.

Even before the appointed hour gentle Thisbe tied a scarf about her face and set



Photo by Graustaff Bros.

Unhappy Thisbe is sitting beneath the mulberry tree, waiting for her Pyramus. The fatal scarf which was to cause the death of the two young lovers is spread across her lap.

MYTHOLOGY



Photo by Chauffourier, Rome

Here you see Bernini's statue of Apollo and Daphne. Just as the god reached the fair nymph, a strange change took place. Daphne's feet began to take root

in the ground; rough bark spread over her tender skin; her arms became branches; and her long hair turned into a rustling mass of laurel leaves.

forth to find her lover. As she approached the lonely spot, her heart beat hard with fear, for she saw that Pyramus had not yet come. But since it was now too late to turn back, she crouched at the foot of the tree to wait. Suddenly a noise startled her. While she watched breathlessly, a great lion sprang from the thicket and leaped upon a deer, which it began to devour before her very eyes. For a moment Thisbe stood as if rooted to the ground. Then she fled into the woods in terror, dropping her scarf as she ran. The lion, busy with his meal, paid no heed to the frightened girl—though he tore her scarf with his bloody teeth before he slunk away.

Hardly had the beast disappeared when Pyramus reached the scene. He peered anxiously on every side, at first seeing nothing. Just then a gust of wind blew the scarf to his feet, and with horror he recognized it as the one that Thisbe often wore—only now it was bloodstained and torn.

The Tragic End of Two Lovers

Terrified, Pyramus ran hither and thither calling the name of Thisbe as loud as he could. When there came no answer to his frantic cries, the heart-broken youth thought that his beloved was dead. Bitterly he blamed himself for his want of care, and returning to the mulberry tree, he resolved to die at the place where he should have met Thisbe. The thought of her death gave him

courage, and he drew his sword, flung himself upon its point, and sank lifeless to the ground.

Meanwhile the timid Thisbe had been hiding in a cave. But as the minutes passed, she gathered enough courage to venture forth in the hope that her lover had come. The

moon had now risen, and by its pale light she saw something beneath the tree. It was Pyramus indeed, but how strangely still he lay! The next instant Thisbe, running to the spot, discovered all that had happened. The naked sword, the quiet body, the ground all stained with blood told the piteous story.

Whereupon Thisbe too resolved to die—to sleep beside the one who had given his life in love for her. She paused only to press kisses on the warm mouth of her lover.

Then taking his sword in both her hands, she plunged it into her breast and fell by his side.

The next morning the parents of Pyramus and Thisbe found their dear children dead. Very sorrowfully they laid the bodies in one tomb, for that was all that they could do. But the young lovers were never forgotten. Travelers who stopped to rest beneath that mulberry tree noticed something very strange. Upon the boughs hung berries—no longer white but red, for the roots of the tree drank the blood of the youth and maiden who had died for love.

Apollo loved the laurel tree because its sweet, pink-white blossoms reminded him of a fair nymph named Daphne (dăf'nê) whose



Photo by Gramstorff Bros

Echo, the lovely wood nymph, had one failing. She was overfond of talking, and always insisted upon having the last word. As a punishment, the gods took away her power of speech. She still has the last word, to be sure—but it always is a word borrowed from somebody else.



Photo by W. F. Mansell

Narcissus fell in love with his own image. All day he lay on the bank of a clear pool, gazing at his reflection, while Echo repeated his sighs. At last he

heart he had tried to win. He had seen her in the forest following the swift deer, and his softest words could never turn her from the sport she loved so well. For Cupid had pierced Daphne's heart with one of his leaden arrows, so that she loved no one—and Apollo least of all.

How Daphne Was Turned into a Laurel

But Apollo was not easily discouraged. The more the maiden ran from him, the bolder he became. One day he pursued her in earnest, determined to make her his wife. Fleet-footed as Daphne was, she could not win such a race. Faster and faster came the god, until he drew so near that the maiden could almost feel the touch of his warm fingers.

Lifting her eyes to heaven, Daphne prayed that Diana might save her—for Diana herself was a maiden. The prayer was answered in a strange manner. Suddenly the girl could no longer run; her little feet were rooted to the earth. About her slim body the bark of a tree was growing fast, and even as she raised her arms they stiffened into branches.

pined away and was turned into a flower. And when his shade passed over the river Styx, he still leaned over the side of the boat to see his face in the water.

All her soft hair was changed into the shining leaves of the laurel tree; her pretty face to rosy blossoms.

Apollo drew back astonished when he saw what had happened. Then for an instant he clasped the graceful tree in his arms, crying out, "O sweet love, though you will not be my bride, you shall forever be the tree most honored on the earth. Your leaves shall be wound into wreaths to crown the heads of glorious victors, and Apollo himself shall wear them on his brow in remembrance of you."

Why a Sunflower Faces the Sun

Perhaps the Greeks called our sunflower a heliotrope (hē'lī-ō-trōp), for that word means "to turn toward the sun." In an old myth we learn that this bright-faced plant was once a naiad (nā'yād), or water nymph, whose name was Clytie (klī'tī-ē). She loved Apollo dearly, though he cared nothing for her. From sunrise until sunset Clytie watched his chariot rolling across the sky. At last the god in pity changed her to a flower. But the sweet face of the flower still turns

upon its stem, just as the maiden used to turn toward Apollo, always hoping that some day he would give her his affection.

The flower called narcissus (när-sīs'ūs) was once a youth so conceited that he loved no one but himself! He would not stay to listen to poor Echo, a mountain nymph, or oread (ō'rē-ād), who tried to win his heart. To be sure, Echo's talk was a little tiresome, for she had no power to speak her real thoughts. She could only repeat the last words that anyone said to her! In this way Juno had punished her for chattering too much.

When Echo Had the Last Word

All the same, Echo kept on trying to make Narcissus understand how deeply she cared for him. One day when the vain boy asked her, "Am I as beautiful as you are?" she answered, "You are!" This made him more conceited than ever, and so he inquired, "Do you love me—or another?" Much against her will the poor girl had to reply, "Another!"

But Narcissus did not care. He sat down beside a clear pool and talked to his own reflection in a very silly fashion. Before long he pined away for the love of his own image! When the water nymphs went to look for him they found only a flower growing in the place where he used to sit! It was the very blossom that we still call by his name.

More vigorous and manly was a youth named Hyacinth (hī'ā-sīnth). Apollo loved him dearly and treated him like a son. The two were boon companions in all sorts of outdoor games, for both were fond of sports. Now Zephyr, the west wind, was jealous of this friendship, for he too admired the handsome, active boy. And so whenever the sun god and young Hyacinth would strive together to see who could hurl the discus farther, Zephyr would interfere, and blow hard, to drive the discus back and make Apollo lose.

This was not fair, but Apollo never complained because he himself enjoyed seeing Hyacinth win. One day, just as the god had thrown the discus, Zephyr blew on it with

all his terrible might. The metal plate spun round and round, and struck poor Hyacinth a deadly blow on the forehead. Apollo rushed to the boy's aid, but nothing could save him. The will of the Fates could not be changed. As the sun god saw the sweet life slipping away, he transformed the boy into a hyacinth. On the petals of this plant—which was different from the one we know—he inscribed the Greek word "ai" (ī), meaning "woe" or "alas!"

A young hunter named Adonis (ā-dō'nīs) was so very handsome that even Venus, the goddess of beauty, fell in love with him. Heedless of her advice he used to hunt dangerous animals, and in this way he met his death. For a wild boar which he had wounded turned upon him and buried its great tusks in the poor youth's side.

How Roses Came to Be Red

Holding his dear body in her arms, Venus shed many bright tears; and from the ground where they fell sprang up the delicate anemones, which men also call the windflowers. It is said that roses then blushed red for the first time for shame, because their thorns had pricked the soft skin of the feet of Venus as she ran to help her lover.

Death was not the worst evil that could befall a mortal whom a goddess loved. A prince of Troy named Tithonus (tī-thō'nūs) was the favorite of rosy-born Aurora. She carried him away to her palace in the east and begged Jupiter to grant him immortality in order that they might live together happily forever. The king of gods did just as the dawn goddess asked, and he did no more. He gave the gift of eternal life but he did not add eternal youth. In time Tithonus became white-haired, feeble, and bent with age. His voice was weak and thin, his skin dry and wrinkled. His life became a heavy burden, and yet he could not die. At last Aurora pitied her poor husband and changed him into a grasshopper, so that he might forget to mourn for his lost strength and princely beauty.



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Only in myths did the people of Greece meet their gods face to face and talk with them. But at certain shrines there were priestesses whose privilege it was to listen to the sacred words of the gods and tell eager worshipers who had come from far and wide whether the gods looked with favor upon their enterprises. Sometimes the god spoke through the rustling leaves

of a sacred oak. Sometimes, as you see in the picture above, the priestess fell into a trance or was seized by a religious frenzy and began to mutter strange, disconnected words which her attendants afterwards interpreted. We may laugh at this sort of thing to-day, but we must remember that the priestesses were sometimes very wise and often gave really sensible advice.

MAGIC, CUNNING, *and* MONSTERS

How Some of the Greek Heroes Got the Best of the Ogres They Had to Overcome

IN THE early days of Greece many a young man used to long to be a hero like the mighty Hercules. As soon as he was strong enough to lift his father's sword, he would dream of slaying fearful monsters that lurked in distant lands. And many youths set forth on such adventures never to return alive. When men seek glory in brave deeds they must be always ready to pay the price of death for running into danger.

Now for several reasons an adventurer could not succeed if he relied on strength and courage only. The club that Hercules used in slaying the Hydra was made of stone, and a giant's strength was required to wield it. In fighting monsters that had fiery breath, cruel claws, and wings of brass, a

boy was better off with magic weapons and sharp wits about him.

Moreover, he could not win unless the gods became his friends. At least there must be no enemy among them who, like Juno, would try at every turn to defeat the hero's plans and reward those who injured him. To insure the good will of the gods it was very important that the youth should show them great respect and never fail to make an offering on their altars at the proper season.

Even with all else in his favor, a young adventurer was doomed to failure if the Fates had willed it. So when starting on a dangerous quest, the hero would often consult the oracle of some holy shrine to find out what the future held in store for him. At Delphi (dél'fí) an oracle, a priestess called

Pythia (píth'í-á), interpreted to men the answers that Apollo made to the questions that they asked. Sometimes these replies were so puzzling that no one could see the true meaning until after a disaster had come about. But men continued to bring rich gifts to the temple, hoping that the god would give their prayers a gracious hearing.

A certain young prince named Oedipus (éd'í-pūs) went to Delphi to ask whether the king and queen of Corinth were his real parents. He was told only that he would murder his father and marry his mother. To avoid that, he would not return to Corinth, but set out for Thebes instead, hoping to avoid the calamities that would be worse than death itself.

As he passed along the road he was met by a creature called a sphinx (sfíngks). Its body was that of a winged lion, but its head and breast were those of a woman. This monster was in the habit of devouring all men who could not answer the riddle that she proposed. Crouching in the path of Oedipus, she now asked him her favorite question: "What is the animal which in the morning walks on four feet, at noon on two, and in the evening on three?"

Oedipus Guesses the Riddle

If Oedipus had been a slow-minded youth, he would now have perished like hundreds of others. But he took thought quickly. "The animal is Man," he answered; "as a

baby he creeps with hands and feet, in manhood he walks upright, and in old age he totters with a cane!" At this wise reply the sphinx uttered a horrid shriek of despair and cast herself headlong from a cliff to speedy death.

After so successful an adventure, Oedipus was welcome to Thebes as the people's king—but he did not escape the secret doom which the oracle had foretold. In infancy he had been separated from his father and mother. Now in manhood he first met his father as a stranger. They quarreled, and Oedipus in anger slew the old man without discovering who he was. Later he married Jocasta (jò-kās'tá), the widowed queen of Thebes, never dreaming that she was his mother! These two awful truths were revealed to him at one time. No wonder he was driven mad with grief! In frenzy Oedipus even tore out his own eyes so that he need no longer see the light of day which seemed most hateful to him.

We have seen elsewhere how the gods punished by death the bold youth named Bellerophon (bē-lēr'ò-fōn), who tried to fly to heaven on his winged horse Pegasus (pēg'ā-sūs). It was a pitiful end to a life that had begun nobly. For this hero once delivered mankind from the curse of the Chimaera (kī-mē'rā)—the monster mother of the sphinx.

The adventure was not one of the youth's own seeking. It had been forced upon him in a cruel manner. A certain king of Argos



Photo by Metropolitan Museum of Art

On the road to Thebes, Oedipus met with a strange monster called the sphinx, whose habit it was to kill all travelers who could not solve a certain riddle. So far no one had ever solved it—but this did not disturb Oedipus! Above you see him listening with rapt attention to the question the creature asked.



Photo by Granatorti Bros

Here you see Bellerophon holding the jeweled bridle which Minerva gave him and which, under the direc-

tion of the goddess, he is about to slip over the head of Pegasus, the marvelous winged horse of the Muses.

desired Bellerophon's death and made him the bearer of a sealed letter which gave instructions for his execution. Knowing nothing of the contents, the young man delivered the order to Iobates (i-ô'bâ-têz), the king of Lycia (lîsh't-ä), to whom it was addressed. This ruler pitied the princely messenger and decided to give him just one slender chance to live. And so Iobates commanded Bellerophon either to kill or be killed by the Chimaera—a hideous fire-breathing beast with a lion's head, a rough goat's body, and a hissing serpent's tail. It must be added that the creature liked to feed on handsome, brave young men!

The Winged Horse, Pegasus

Bellerophon had no hope of slaying such a monster. He pondered the matter in deep despair as he sat by the fountain Hippocrene (hîp'ô-krên)—some say by the bubbling Pirene (pî-rê'nê). Suddenly gray-eyed Minerva appeared in the mist.

"Take heart, Bellerophon," she said in cheering tones. "With this magic bridle you may tame Pegasus, the winged horse which drinks at these waters every day. He shall bear you to the dismal valley where the

Chimaera dwells, and if the Fates are willing, he shall make you conqueror." So saying, the goddess gave the youth the jeweled bridle.

The Capture of Pegasus

Bellerophon's heart bounded with joy. All day he hid near the spring, until the snow-white steed circled like a bird above the water and alighted on the earth. As the noble animal lowered his head to drink, the hero leaped upon his back and slipped the gold bit between his teeth.

Up rose the startled horse, rearing and prancing in the air as he tried to shake the rider off. But Bellerophon held the magic bridle fast, and before long he could guide the steed by the gentlest touch of his fingers. Then off they flew westward in search of the Chimaera.

Bellerophon surprised the monster by swooping down upon it straight from the blue sky. Short and sharp was the battle—thick the smoke from the creature's nostrils. But when horse and rider rose again in the air, they left the lifeless goat-lion stretched out on the blood-soaked earth.

Throughout all the land of Greece there was one word that was never spoken except



Photo by Hanfstaengl, Munich

This is the face that turned to stone everyone who gazed upon it. Medusa was once a beautiful maiden who had glorious masses of curly hair. She was so beautiful, in fact, that she boasted that Athena herself

was ugly in comparison. Athena was very angry and turned Medusa into a hideous monster. The glorious hair became, as you see it above, a mass of slimy snakes that twisted and writhed about her head.

in low, frightened whispers. At the sound of it the color faded from the cheeks of women, and brave men were not ashamed to lay their fingers on their lips. The word was "Medusa" (mê-dû'sâ), and it was the name of one of the three horrible sister monsters sometimes called the Gorgons.

Now the Gorgons were really women of enormous size and savage appetites. They had claws of brass and wings of gold and tusks of ivory. Medusa was the most terrible of the three, for her head was covered with writhing snakes instead of human hair. Worst of all, one glance at her cruel, beautiful white face would change a man to stone. This strange power was given her for her protection, for unlike her sisters, Medusa was mortal and could die.

Perseus (pûr'sûs)—the hero who later saved Andromeda (ăn-drôm'ê-dâ) from the sea monster—set out to slay Medusa, though men laughed him to scorn for the attempt. As an earthborn son of Jupiter he had a spirit that was dauntless. Besides, he meant to make good use of the Gorgon's head if he succeeded in cutting it off.

But he too would have been turned into a

stone statue if Minerva had not lent him her polished shield and if Mercury had not guided his steps and given him a pair of winged shoes. From three old hags called the Graecae (grê'ê) he received some valuable help—though he had to force their secrets from them by snatching away the one and only eye and the only tooth that the miserable sisters possessed among them! He refused to give it up until they told him where the nymphs lived who would lend him a helmet that would make him invisible and a wallet that would hold Medusa's head.

The Death of Medusa

With all this equipment the task became much easier. While Medusa slept beside her sisters, Perseus floated on the winged sandals to the spot where she lay. He never looked at the Gorgon at all, but watched her reflection in Minerva's shining shield. With one stroke of his sword he cut off the monster's head and stuffed it into the magic wallet. Then away he flew like the wind before the other Gorgons fully awoke. Too late they started up, screaming with horror at the sight of Medusa's corpse and staring

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everywhere after their invisible enemy!

Perseus used Medusa's head for two good purposes. First he stopped on his homeward journey to turn the poor old giant Atlas into a great stone mountain that could hold up the sky forever without getting tired. Then he returned to the court of the wicked king who had dared him to undertake the perilous adventure. He found the whole country ready to celebrate the King's marriage. But when Perseus discovered that the bride was his own dear mother and that she was being forced to wed against her will, he put an end to the ceremony by turning the cruel king and his stupid followers into statues. The Gorgon's head, lifted before the eyes of the foolish multitude, was powerful even in death.

The land of Greece needed many heroes to free it from savage monsters. After Hercules no one was so brave as a young prince named Theseus (thē'sūs). And yet during his childhood Theseus knew only a mother's care, for his father, King Aegeus (ē'jūs) of Athens, thought it safer to keep his wife and little son far away from his perilous kingdom. But when the boy was sixteen years old he was able to roll away a great moss-covered rock under which the father had concealed the sword and sandals which he wished his son to wear if the child ever became a man strong enough to move the stone.

Theseus set out at once for the court of King Aegeus. On the dangerous journey he defeated many robbers and giants. The worst of them was called Procrustes (prō-

krūs'tēz), or "the Stretcher." This wicked fellow used to invite weary travelers to lie down in his iron bed for the night, but he insisted upon making them fit into it exactly, either by cutting off their legs if they were too long, or by stretching them out of joint in a very painful manner if they were too short! The Prince put a stop to such cruel entertainment by killing Procrustes outright.

At Athens Theseus found his father living under the spell of an enchantress called Medea (mē-dē'ā), from whose poisonous cup the young man himself refused to drink. When the wicked woman saw that her arts were discovered, she drove away in a chariot drawn by serpents and nevermore returned.

King Aegeus welcomed his son with tears of joy. He was thankful to be able to share his terrible

burdens of government with someone who was young and strong. And no wonder! Athens lay under a heavy burden imposed by the Cretans. The King had to pay them a tribute every year—a tribute of seven brave youths and seven lovely maidens. These young people were all put to a pitiful death by King Minos of Crete.

King Minos and the Minotaur

To understand the cruelty of this ruler we must know that he was the unfortunate owner of a monster called a Minotaur (mīn'-ō-tōr). The creature—half man, half bull—had a savage appetite, and King Minos (mī'nōs) had to feed it plenty of fresh, tender meat. Otherwise it would break down the high walls of its prison. These youths



Photo by Metropolitan Museum of Art

This is how Theseus killed the centaur Eurytion, who, with others of his strange race, had sought to carry off Hippodamia and her maidens. This battle between the centaurs and the men called the Lapithae, is often set forth in ancient poetry and art.

and maidens of Greece were its food, and one by one they had to enter its lair to be devoured.

And what a wicked place it was! It was a vast tangle of twisting, winding paths. The special name of this inclosure was the Labyrinth (lăb'î-rînth), which is nowadays only another word for a very puzzling maze. And that is just what the Labyrinth was. For a person who took three steps inside the gate became too confused ever to find his way back! The cleverest builder in the world—a man named Daedalus (dăd'ă-lūs)—had constructed it with only the help of his little son Icarus (îk'ă-rūs). Even they could escape alive only by flying over the top of the high brick walls by means of wings which Daedalus had made for himself and for the boy. And even at that the story ended disastrously for Icarus, who flew so close to the sun in trying to escape from Crete that the wax with which his wings were fastened to him melted in the heat, and he fell headlong into the Icarian Sea.

When Theseus heard of the Minotaur and his horrid maze, he bravely decided to join the Athenian youths and maidens on their painful expedition. With black sails the mournful vessel put out to sea. But Theseus hopefully promised his father that if he succeeded in slaying the monster, he would come back with white sails and with colors flying.

Ariadne Rescues Brave Theseus

Upon their arrival in Crete the young people were chained together. But Theseus at his own request was thrown first into the Labyrinth. Now by good fortune a daughter of King Minos named Ariadne (ă-r'î-ăd'nē) saw and pitied the hero. She loved him for his noble sacrifice, and secretly she gave him a sword and, more important still, a ball of thread which she told him to unwind as he went through the passages. She herself stood at the entrance holding one end; and so, if he slew the Minotaur, he might safely return.

Theseus followed the maiden's advice, and after a bloody combat with the man-eating bull he ended his adventure in glorious success. Under cover of darkness, Ariadne stole

aboard the vessel with her lover and his friends.

On the homeward voyage a stop was made at the island of Naxos (năk'sös). Here a misfortune befell Ariadne; Theseus simply forgot her. Perhaps she was killed by a stray arrow from Diana's bow; perhaps she wandered off from the others and fell asleep in a cave. Some say that the god Bacchus (băk'ūs) found her and became so enchanted by her beauty that he made her his wife. All we really know is that Theseus set sail again without the lovely maiden. He was like that—forgetful.

How the Aegean Sea Got Its Name

Meanwhile old Aegeus had been watching in deep anxiety for the vessel's return. When the ship finally appeared above the horizon the King saw that the sails were still black—for Theseus had forgotten to change them in his hasty flight from Crete. And so the poor father believed that his only son was dead. Stricken with grief, he cast himself into the sea, which is now called Aegean in his memory.

It was a sad homecoming for Theseus, who now had to assume all the cares of government alone. His reign was filled with danger. Having fallen in love with Antiope (ăn-tî'ô-pē), queen of the Amazons, he had to make war on all her warlike women to obtain her as his wife. Then he undertook two other enterprises in connection with the love affairs of his friend Pirithous (pî-rîth'ô-ūs), king of the Lapithae (lăp'î-thē).

Theseus was present at Pirithous' marriage to a beautiful princess named Hippodamia (hîp'ô-dă-mî'yä). Among the wedding guests were a number of centaurs (săn'tôr), queer creatures who were formed like men down to the waist but had the bodies and the legs of horses. Since these strange beings were highly intelligent, they often became the companions and teachers of men, though they were sometimes inclined to be wild and lawless. Having drunk too freely of the wedding wine, the centaurs suddenly tried to kidnap the bride and all the other women! Theseus and other heroes rushed to the rescue and defeated the centaurs.



Photo by Metropolitan Museum of Art

Arion was a famous musician of the court of King Periander of Corinth. One day, against the better advice of his master, he set out for Sicily to compete for the prize in a musical contest which was being held on that island. He arrived safely, won the prize, and set out for home on a Corinthian vessel, carrying

his treasure with him. But the sailors seized the treasure and cast poor Arion (ă-rî'ôn) into the sea, thinking their crime would never be detected. But Arion's music had attracted all the gods of the sea. Riding on a dolphin's back, he was escorted home in safety, as you see in the picture above.

HOW *the* OLD GODS GAVE OUT HONORS

The Kind of Hero and the Kind of Heroine Who Carried Off the Palm in the Myths of the Old Greeks

WE MAY always judge what a people is like if we know the kind of heroes they admired and told stories about to their children. Brave young men like Perseus and Theseus were the pride of the ancient world. By their acts the land was rid of many a hideous monster. And the thirst for riches and fair renown was enough to lure other youths forth on dangerous quests.

Great among such heroes was a prince named Jason (jă'sŭn), scarcely more than a boy. His wicked uncle Pelias (pē'lî-ăs) of Iolchus (î-öl'kŭs) wished to usurp the throne. Therefore the old man urged his nephew to sail away to Colchis (köl'kîs). There on the shore of the Euxine (ŭk'sên) Sea grew a tall tree which bore on its branches a ram's fleece of pure gold. A sleepless dragon guarded the

treasure, for the ram had once carried away from death a boy whom Jupiter loved. One adventurous lad after another had died in an attempt to steal the prize, but the proposal of Pelias pleased bold Jason, who longed to succeed where others had failed.

All the valiant heroes of Greece were ready to follow the young leader. Hercules, Castor and Pollux, and Orpheus joined the crew. Jason even took with him his virgin cousin, lovely Atalanta (ăt'ă-lăn'tă), on the long and perilous voyage. The young men called themselves the Argonauts (ăr'gô-nôt), for they sailed in a sturdy ship named the "Argo," after its builder, Argus. The weary hours on board the vessel were charmed away by Orpheus' tuneful lyre, until at last the party reached the land of the golden fleece. There Jason found that the dragon



Photo by W. F. Mansell

It is hard to recognize, in the stalwart youth standing beside the lions, the feeble old Anchises whom Aeneas carried on his shoulders away from burning Troy. For this is Anchises when he was a handsome young

man. Venus, who is dressed in dazzling white, fell in love with him and bore him a son, Aeneas. But when Anchises boasted of her love, the gods punished him with blindness.

was only one of several dangers which he must encounter.

Acetes (ē-ē'tēz) was the king of that country, and he had no intention of losing his precious treasure. He bade Jason first to harness some fire-breathing bulls. This terrible task the hero never could have accomplished without the help of the King's own daughter, an enchantress named Medea (mē-dē'ā). She fell so deeply in love with Jason that she taught him to charm the brazen-footed beasts, and then she instructed him in the means of conquering further dangers.

The Dragons' Teeth of Cadmus

"On the morrow," said Medea, "my father will give you a bag of dragon's teeth. They are like the dragon's teeth of Cadmus (kād'-mūs), that great hero who founded the city of Thebes. When he sowed such dragon's teeth in the earth, an army of warriors sprang up! By hurling a stone into their midst Cadmus saved himself, for every man accused his neighbor of having thrown the stone, and in anger they turned their weapons upon one another. In the end only five remained, and these helped the hero in his

great work of founding the city. If you do as Cadmus did, all will be well."

Jason obeyed Medea and overcame the host by strategy rather than force. Hence he lived to slay the dragon and returned safely to Greece with all his men. Nor did he forget to reward Medea by taking her with him as his bride. But the story ends unpleasantly, for Medea was a wicked woman. As she fled with Jason from the shore of Colchis, she saw her father hotly pursuing them in another ship. The ruthless woman then slew her younger brother, who had followed his sister aboard. After cutting up his body, she strewed the fragments on the water, knowing well that her father would stop to gather up the pieces and give his dear son proper burial. In this way the lovers escaped, but it is not hard to guess that Jason lived to regret his marriage with such a creature.

Jupiter in Disguise

Dearly as the Greeks loved courage such as that of Jason, they loved another virtue even more. To them generosity was the noblest mark of manhood. In practice it often took the form of the bounteous hos-

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pitality shown by rich and poor alike to any stranger who stopped at their doors seeking food or rest. Such travelers were customarily given warm welcome, baths and food, soft raiment and gifts that meant real sacrifices on the part of the host. A myth tells us how two humble householders were once rewarded for sharing their simple fare with some tired travelers.

Mighty Jupiter, looking down from high Olympus, perceived that throughout the land of Phrygia (*frĭj'Y-ă*), there were many scattered villages. Yet the doors of the houses were always shut, and at nightfall footsore travelers knocked in vain at the gates for admittance. In high displeasure

Jupiter summoned Mercury to his side, and together the gods disguised themselves in rags. Then on foot they trod all the weary way to that inhospitable country and presented themselves at every house. When they begged for shelter they received only rough refusals, until at last they climbed a hill to a tiny cottage, the home of a good old man named Philemon (*fl-lē'mōn*) and his gentle wife Baucis (*bō'sis*). The aged couple threw open their doors and set about to pro-

vide warm water with which to bathe the feet of their guests, and simple food—wine, honey, cheese, and eggs—with which to satisfy their hunger.

As the strangers supped, a miracle came to pass. The pitcher holding the sweet wine remained full to overflowing, no matter how often the good wife filled the cups which her guests drained so eagerly! In amazement these humble cottage folk fell down at the strangers' feet, perceiving them to be gods. When Jupiter and Mercury stood revealed, they rewarded the kindness of Baucis and Philemon by changing their simple home into a lofty temple, and by making them the priest and



In this famous painting by Michelangelo you see the Fates, those three relentless sisters who spun the thread of human destiny. Every now and again they would pause in their spinning to cut a thread. That meant that some man's life had come to an end.

priestess. Soon afterwards the wicked folk of the village perished in a fearful flood, but Baucis and Philemon were spared. In later years they were granted their final prayer—to die together. Jupiter changed them into an oak and a linden tree, and their branches were intertwined.

Nowadays we find it very difficult to understand one form of manliness which the early Greeks greatly admired. For in those ancient times men had a stern and terrible



Photo by Giraudon, Paris

While Agamemnon, commander of the expedition against Troy, was away helping his brother Menelaus regain the beautiful Helen, Agamemnon's own wife, Clytemnestra, fell in love with a wicked man named

Aegisthus. In the picture above you see Clytemnestra about to kill her husband, who, home at last, is taking a well-earned rest. The gods did not allow her to go unpunished; years later she was killed by her son.

sense of duty. Frequently they felt in honor bound to do deeds that make us shudder with cold horror. Before there were any courts of law or any judges, a man was thought to be a coward if he did not punish by death those who did great injury to his loved ones. An act of this kind was called vengeance, not murder, and the gods approved of it, since in those days it was the only way of punishing crime. The duty which was considered so sacred could, of course, lead to horrible calamity. For it might happen that one member of a family would do great wrong to another—and yet the injury must be avenged, cost what it might.

The Greek hero Agamemnon (äg'ä-mēm'-nōn) was slain on his return from the Trojan

war by the contrivances of his unfaithful wife, Clytemnestra (klī'tēm-nēs'trā), and her lover Aegisthus (ē-jīs'thūs). But Agamemnon's eldest daughter, the princess Electra, never forgot that her mother had murdered her father. After the tragic event she bundled her baby brother Orestes (ō-rēs'tēz) safely out of the palace. She herself remained behind, keeping watch over the King and Queen. At last when Orestes was grown to manhood his sister sent to him, reminding him that his duty was to return to the ill-fated house of his father and punish the evil-doers. The youth was brave and manly; he could not disobey such a summons. In disguise he traveled to his old home and not only slew the villain who had taken his

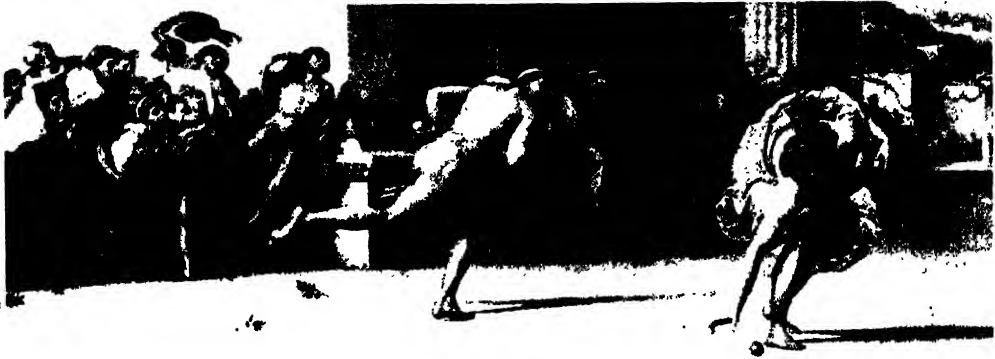


Photo by Gramstorff Bros.

Venus could be very soft-hearted when it came to helping young people in love. Before Hippomenes set out to race with Atalanta, the beautiful maiden who had vowed that she would marry no one unless he

were swift enough to outrun her, the young lover prayed to Venus for help. In the picture above you see him winning the race with the aid of the golden apples which the clever goddess had given him.

father's life, but even put to death Clytemnestra—wicked woman that she was.

When crime or vengeance became too terrible the gods sometimes interfered. A cruel prince named Tereus (tē'rūs) so tortured his wife, Procne (prōk'nē), and abused her sister Philomela (fīl'ō-mē'lā) that the two women plotted together and killed his son. This form of revenge seemed an outrage to the gods, and so they changed Procne into a swallow, Philomela into a nightingale, and Tereus into a hawk, which pursued the other birds over all the earth.

The Statue That Came to Life

Nowadays tender-hearted persons turn away from tales of such horror. They prefer to read the myths that show how much the Greeks worshiped beauty and grace, and that tell of their skill in games and in fine workmanship.

One such tale concerns the young sculptor Pygmalion (pīg-mā'li-ōn), beloved by Venus. He carved in ivory a statue of a beautiful woman. This he called Galatea (gāl'ā-tē'ā). So fair and graceful was the delicate work of art, so near to life had the sculptor formed the lovely shape of womanhood, that it seemed indeed as if in another moment she would breathe and speak. Pygmalion himself often drew near to gaze into her face adoringly and to kiss her tapering fingers. And behold! on the festival of Venus his de-

votion was rewarded. The goddess touched the statue's breast, and Galatea became alive! In rapture Pygmalion clasped her in his embrace, and she became his loving wife.

Another youth, Hippomenes (hī-pōm'ē-nēz) by name, won his wife by a clever trick which Venus taught him. The maid he loved was the fleet-footed Atalanta, the same who once slew a fierce boar in a wild hunt in Calydon (kāl'i-dōn). So proud was she that she refused to marry anyone who could not outdistance her in a race. The heartless maid even imposed the death sentence on those who tried and failed. But Hippomenes carried three golden apples in his race. He dropped them one by one, and each time he did so, Atalanta stooped to recover the pretty prize, thereby losing so much time that her youthful lover dashed ahead to success.

Patient, Faithful Penelope

In the myths of the old Greeks the greatest of all womanly virtues was fidelity in love. That man was considered favored by the gods whose wife was a true and loyal helpmate. She seldom ventured abroad, for the chief joy of her life was to watch over her husband's household and carry out his wishes even when he was absent. Penelope (pē-nēl'ō-pē), the wife of the Greek hero Odysseus (ō-dīs'ūs), or Ulysses, waited in sorrow for at least ten long years for her husband's return after the Trojan war. Princely suitors

pressed her to accept one of them in marriage, meanwhile taking advantage of her helplessness to consume the riches of the household. But Penelope would marry none of them. Instead she kept postponing the wedding by insisting that she must first finish weaving a garment for her aged father-in-law. Although she worked upon it diligently hour after hour, the robe was never finished; for when night came, the good wife crept stealthily into the great hall where the loom stood and undid all the work of the day before. Finally her patience was rewarded by the safe return of Odysseus. A terrible voyage and desperate adventures had delayed his return so long after the fall of Troy.

Juno took pity on another young wife, Halcyone (hāl-sī'ō-nē), who heard after many years that her husband had perished in shipwreck. The goddess rewarded the young woman's fidelity by changing her into a kingfisher and restoring her husband to life in the form of her mate. These birds were always thought to bring calm weather.

The Cruelty of the Fates

King Admetus (ăd-mē'tūs) loved a beautiful young woman whose name was Alcestis (ăl-sēs'tīs). By Apollo's help he won her hand in marriage, and so became the happiest of men. Soon afterwards, however, Admetus was stricken with a mysterious illness which no physician could cure. Then he learned to his sorrow that the Fates decreed that he must die. Broken-hearted, the bridegroom appealed to Apollo for aid. The god besought the Fates to spare the King's life, but he won their consent only upon one grave condition. Someone else must die in the young man's place.

Now Admetus was greatly beloved, and many of his courtiers would have gladly laid down their lives for him on the field of battle. But to die miserably on a sickbed was another matter; no one could be prevailed upon to do it. Even the King's parents turned away sorrowfully when they heard what the Fates had ordained. One day Alcestis was brought into his presence to bid her husband farewell. To everyone's amazement, the

Queen did not weep. Instead she offered herself as a willing sacrifice, and by so expressing her wish she compelled her husband to accept the gift of life at her hands! Day by day Admetus grew stronger, and day by day Alcestis failed in health. At last the whole place mourned to hear that the Queen was dead.

Wrestling with the Angel of Death

Admetus grieved bitterly at the loss of his dear wife and reproached himself for having shunned death. Nevertheless he tried to hide his sorrow from the eyes of men. When Hercules visited the court, the King refrained from revealing the sad news for fear of causing his guest pain. But Hercules learned the truth from the lips of a servant, and well it was that he did. Straightway he went to wrestle with Thanatos, the death angel, at the tomb of Alcestis, and triumphantly brought her back to her husband.

It may be seen from the story of Alcestis that women as well as men were revered for their courage. The Greeks loved to hear the story of the brave maiden named Antigone (ăn-tīg'ō-nē). She was a devoted daughter to old King Oedipus (ēd'ī-pūs), and she proved herself loyal to her brother, Polynices (pōl'ī-nī'sēz), even to the point of death. In a vain attempt to recover his rights to his father's throne, Polynices was killed in battle. His uncle Creon (krē'ōn) ordered the body to be thrown to the dogs instead of giving it a proper burial, thus preventing the soul's ever finding repose. He even imposed a sentence of death on anyone who was so rash as to disobey his order in the matter. Antigone alone dared to defy him. In the dead of night she buried her brother's body with her own hands. And when the fearless girl was detected in her heroic act, she submitted without complaint to a hideous kind of torture. For the unyielding Creon commanded his soldiers to bury the noble maid alive! Only after her death did the tyrant repent. Then according to some accounts, he discovered that his own son had so loved Antigone that the boy had slain himself upon her grave.



Photo Copyright by H. K. L. Gramstorff Bros

One clear moonlit night, Diana chanced to look down from her shining crescent upon the grassy slopes of

Mount Latmos. There she saw this shepherd boy, Endymion, fast asleep, and fell in love with him.

HOW *the* OLD GODS USED *to* TEASE MEN

And Often the Teasing Was Hideous Torture to the Unlucky Mortals Who Offended the Grecian Deities

ONCE in a while we like a story that tells how some scoundrel is punished for his sins. In the same way the old Greeks were fond of myths which showed how the sinful were brought to justice by the gods. And woe upon that mortal with whom the Mighty Ones were displeased! Harsh and unrelenting were their judgments; swift and often eternal was the suffering they inflicted on offending men and women.

A particular region in Hades, known as Tartarus (tär'tä-rüs), was set apart for the souls of those who had offended the gods most deeply. Hercules himself never set foot within its walls, for a hundred-headed serpent lay coiled inside. There the cruel sisters called the Furies—or the Erinyes (ê-rîn'y-êz)—lashed all newcomers with scorpion whips.

One of the most famous prisoners was Tantalus (tän'tä-lüs), a son of Jupiter him-

self! Once he had feasted with the gods, partaking of their celestial food and drink—ambrosia (äm-brö'zhî-ä) and nectar. At such feasts he learned many of their secrets. But when it became known that he had betrayed what he had heard, he was sent to Tartarus to be tortured. He was placed up to his neck in water, which always flowed away when he tried to drink, and above his head hung tempting fruit, which was always blown out of his reach when he tried to eat. Our word "tantalize" is derived from this poor wretch's name.

Sisyphus (sîs'y-füs), a deceitful king of Corinth, had one of the most tedious tasks ever allotted to a prisoner. It was his daily labor to roll a huge rock up a mountain side. But when he reached the top the stone always slid down again, and so his toil was never over. And most horrid of all was the fate of Ixion (îk-sî'ôn), who was bound to the spokes

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of a revolving wheel; round and round he whirled forever! It was in Tartarus also that the forty-nine princesses called the Danaides (dā-nā'ī-dēz), who slew their husbands on their wedding night, were compelled to pour water from broken vessels into bottomless jars.

In comparison with such persons, the evildoers who received their punishment on earth might well be thankful—though even on earth the penalty often seemed too severe. Everyone felt sorry for a lovely youth named Endymion (ēn-dīm'ī-ōn) who was so unfortunate as to be loved by the moon goddess Diana. Now as the protectress of young maidens it was decreed by the Fates that Diana should never marry. And so the gods spied upon her and discovered her secret. Every night the goddess repaired to a

hillside where Endymion, a simple shepherd boy, tended his flocks. In the quiet hours he often fell asleep, and then the goddess came down to earth to rain kisses on his eyelids. All this was reported to almighty Jupiter. The father of the gods pitied his child and would not punish her. Nevertheless he knew that she must be tempted no longer. Summoning Endymion before him, he gave the youth his choice between instant death and perpetual sleep. Endymion chose to sleep forever, and because he was really not guilty of any wrong, Jupiter granted him eternal

youth to make the punishment less severe.

Impiety, or want of respect to the gods, was the greatest sin men could commit. Those who offended, even by accident, were made to suffer horribly. An illustration can

be found in the fate of Actaeon (āk-tē'-ōn), a hunter. Following his hounds into the thickest part of the forest, Actaeon one day chanced upon the very pool in which Diana had chosen to bathe. In wrath she turned upon the trembling youth, while all the nymphs of the water rushed to shield her from his view. Because her arrows did not lie at hand the goddess could not slay him, but she changed the poor hunter into a stag.

In terror Actaeon turned to flee, feeling as he did so the antlers branching from his head and the soft hide spreading over his limbs and neck. The voices of his own hounds, always so musical before, now filled him with deadly fear. He sprang

through the thicket, thorns tearing his flanks. In another moment the pack was upon him and their sharp teeth sank into his throat. So the helpless youth gasped out his life unable even to cry aloud in his own tongue.

It was because he had offended Diana that the Greek hero Agamemnon (āg'ā-mēm'nōn) was very nearly forced to sacrifice his beloved daughter Iphigenia (īf'ī-jē-nī'ā) to atone for his guilt. Just before the Trojan war the King had killed a stag sacred to the goddess



Photo by Metropolitan Museum of Art

Diana surrounded herself with a multitude of beautiful maidens who waited upon her and hunted with her in the forests. They led free and happy lives, and marriage held no charms for them. Sometimes they found it very hard to escape from the gods or mortals who fell in love with them, but Diana usually came to their aid, as she did in the cases of Daphne and Arethusa. Above is one of these lovely huntresses.



Photo by Anderson, Rome

One day when Hercules and his wife Deianira (dē'yā-ni'rá) were traveling together, they came to a river. There they found the centaur Nessus, who carried people across the stream for hire. Hercules was quite

of the hunt. In consequence the powerful Diana forbade the winds to blow the Greek ships toward Troy. So for patriotic reasons the warrior consented at last to the only remedy acceptable to the goddess—the sacrifice of his dear child. In this case, however, Diana relented and saved the beautiful maiden by snatching her from the altar. The girl was borne away to a distant land to serve as a priestess in the temple of her protector.

The Vain Niobe

Boasting by foolish mortals was considered an insult to the gods. The offender, however rich or well born, always came to grief. A queen of Thebes (thēbz) named Niobe (nī'ō-bē) paid very dearly for this fault. She had been bold enough to boast that she was superior to the goddess Latona (lā-tō'nā). In truth Niobe was descended from Jupiter himself, for she was the daughter of the wicked Tantalus. Moreover she was happily

capable of crossing by himself, but he put Deianira in the care of Nessus. That lawless monster decided to run away with her; but Hercules, seeing what was happening, shot an arrow through the creature's heart.

married to Jupiter's mortal son Amphion (ām-fi'ōn), a skilled musician. In addition to these honors, the fortunate woman was the proud mother of seven handsome sons and seven rosy-cheeked daughters. And the more often Niobe counted these blessings, the more conceited she became.

On one of the festivals of Latona the Queen stood at the palace door watching the citizens of Thebes as they thronged into the temples and shrines of the goddess. "Who is this Latona?" cried out Niobe in anger. "Why should my people carry garlands to her, who can boast only two children, while I have seven times as many?"

The Wrath of a God

The children of Latona, it must be remembered, were no other than the great gods Apollo and Diana. When they heard the rash words Niobe had uttered, their anger knew no bounds. Down upon the city walls



Photo by Anderson, Rome

Arachne is about to suffer a sad fate for defying the gods. Minerva—whose sacred owl you see perched

darted the sun god and alighted on one of the high towers. Far on the plain below he spied the sons of Niobe engaged in manly sports. Whereupon the god drew his mighty bow. As arrow after arrow left the string the brothers fell one by one, smitten to the heart.

The Revenge of Diana

News of the slaughter was carried quickly to the palace. Grief-stricken Niobe hastened forth, and kneeling beside the bodies of her sons she gave vent to her sorrow in bitter

on a skein of thread fallen from Arachne's basket—turned the boastful maiden into a spider.

words. "Stony-hearted Latona," she wept, "where is thy triumph? I am still happier than thou, for my daughters shall comfort me."

Meanwhile Diana had taken her stand on the wall opposite her brother. Her arrows sped as fast as his, and each lighted in the breast of one of Niobe's daughters, just as the maidens ran to their mother's side to comfort her. At last the Queen stood desolate among her dead. Little she had now of which to boast. Her ashen face became as hard as granite, and her lips did not move.



Photo by Grunstaff Bros

No wonder Apollo gave King Midas the ears of an ass, for who but a very dull listener could have preferred the sound of Pan's reedy pipes, melodious as they

were, to the enchanting music of Apollo's lyre? Here you see Apollo departing in disgust, while Midas presents the victor's wreath to Pan.

Her girlhood home had been near Mount Sipylus, in Asia Minor, and there her rock-like figure stands to this day. It is always moist, wet by the tears the mother shed.

In Lydia there dwelt a princess named Arachne (*ă-răk'nē*), who certainly never could have heard of Niobe's sad fate. If she had, she would surely have curbed her own foolish tongue, for beautiful and clever as this maiden was, her pride was her undoing. For no woman in the world could compare her own work at the loom to that of Arachne, so delicate were the designs she wrought in the fine web. In praising her skill men used to say that only the goddess Minerva herself could have taught the princess this amazing art.

Haughty Arachne

Now instead of sweetly accepting the graceful compliment, Arachne boasted loudly that her craft was more than equal to Mi-

nerva's wondrous workmanship. "I should venture to put my skill to the test, if the goddess were not afraid," declared the haughty maid.

A Weaver Turned into a Spider

These words displeased Minerva, and she determined to accept the challenge. Appearing before the girl, the goddess proceeded to weave upon her golden loom a web of marvelous beauty depicting the celestial gods in their full glory. Arachne stared in wonder but refused to confess herself beaten. Straightway she too seized a loom and swiftly drew the threads back and forth. Presently she revealed the picture she had made—a dainty thing, to be sure, but a deadly insult to the gods. Arachne had chosen not to flatter the Immortals, but to set forth all their failings and mistakes!

In terrible anger, Minerva seized her shuttle and struck the web so that it was

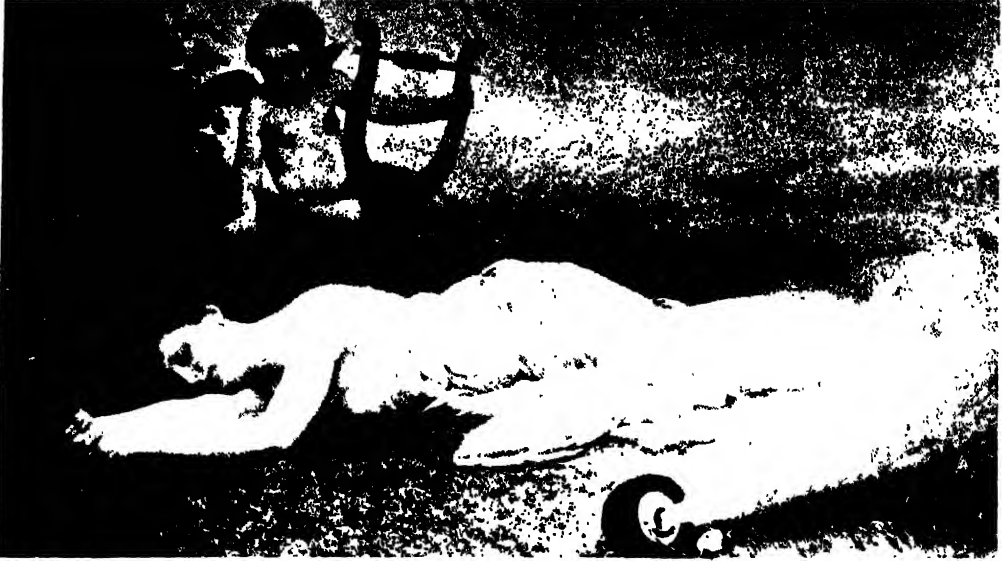


Photo by Gramatorff Bros.

Even the goddesses did not make very good mother's-in-law! When Psyche appealed to Venus to help her win forgiveness from her husband, that goddess gave the poor girl several difficult tasks to do. The last and hardest was to get a jar of beauty ointment from the Queen of Hades—as though the goddess of beauty needed any such cosmetic! When Psyche returned

with the jar, the idea occurred to her that a little of its precious contents might help bring Cupid back to her. She removed the lid and was immediately overcome, as you see her above, with the vapor which rushed from the jar. Evidently the Greeks believed that sleep was the greatest aid to beauty, for sleep was all the jar contained.

torn apart. Then turning to the unhappy princess the goddess touched her forehead with juices of the plant aconite (āk'ō-nīt). Upon the instant Arachne was transformed into a spider—forever to weave a web of only perishable beauty!

Occasionally men as well as women were guilty of impiety in boasting of their skill or art in such a way as to arouse the anger of some god. For this cause Apollo once slew a man named Marsyas (mār'sī-ās), whom the god had easily defeated in a musical contest.

The Judgment of Midas

Competitions were not unheard of even among the greater and lesser gods. In such cases they frequently called upon mortals to act as judges. Unfortunate was the man who awarded the prize unfairly! A certain King Midas (mī'dās) once sided with Pan in a contest between the goat-god and Apollo. Pan's instrument was the syrinx (sīr'Ingks), or rude pipes that he himself had made of hollow reeds; whereas Apollo used the golden

lyre, from which his hand drew forth notes of the most plaintive sweetness. Therefore the great Apollo was most justly angry at the choice made by the stupid King. Very properly he changed the monarch's ears to those of an ass. Thereafter Midas wore his hair in such a fashion as to cover the defect. His shame never would have been known had it not been for his barber. This gossipy fellow could not keep the secret absolutely safe. He whispered it into a hole in the ground and covered the place with earth. But on the very spot some reeds sprang up, and as they rustled in the wind they murmured the story to the whole world!

The Folly of Loving Gold

It seems that King Midas had other faults besides lack of judgment. He was guilty of greed, too. This he showed when as a reward for a favor he had done the god Bacchus (bāk'ūs), he asked for a favor in return. He begged that everything he touched might be changed to pure gold. The strange request was granted, and for a time the silly monarch

enjoyed himself by turning everything in his palace into the shining metal. But at the table the power that had seemed a blessing suddenly became a curse. The miserable king could neither eat nor drink, for everything that passed his lips hardened into gold upon his tongue. Doubtless Midas would have died of starvation and thirst if Bacchus had not permitted him to wash the charm away by bathing in the river Pactolus (păk-tō'lūs), which became famous for the gold found in its bed.

Mortals now and then were relieved from punishment inflicted by the gods if they had borne it long and patiently. So it was with the beautiful maiden called Psyche (sī'kē), whose only fault was that she distrusted her husband. Some think it was little wonder that she grew suspicious of anyone who acted so queerly. The fact was that she had unknowingly married a god in disguise, and therefore he could come to her only by night, when she could not see him. The god was no other than fun-loving Cupid, now grown up. He gave his wife an enchanted palace, and after dark he slipped into the casement window.

Psyche and Cupid

Now Psyche was a timid maiden, and when her wicked sisters suggested to her that perhaps she had married a monster instead of a man, the poor girl determined to find out for herself. One night while the god lay fast asleep, Psyche arose and lighted a candle which she held over his head. And as she gazed with wonder on his manly beauty, a drop of burning oil fell upon Cupid's bare

shoulder. With a cry of pain he sprang to the casement, and the next instant he had vanished into the darkness outside.

Poor Psyche waited in great distress. When Cupid did not return, the girl appealed even to Venus for help, though that goddess was furious at her act. At first Psyche met only with scorn and harsh words; nevertheless she persisted in begging for her pardon. In deep humility she promised to accept any punishment if only her husband might be persuaded to return. At last Venus yielded in so far as to assign to her certain tasks of terrible difficulty to perform. One of these was to sort an enormous amount of seeds and grain, and to arrange them in piles before the evening fell. As Psyche sat disconsolate upon the granary floor gazing helplessly about her, myriads of ants crept out of the old timbers. Before very long the little creatures had done all the work!

But this was not enough. Venus sent Psyche on a mission to the Lower World. Its only object was to obtain a precious ointment of beauty for the goddess. Feeling that life without Cupid was worthless, the young bride braved even the terrors of Hades. Moreover she was successful. On the return trip, however, her curiosity got the better of her discretion, and like Pandora, the unhappy girl opened the box. The charm, it seemed, worked through the influence of sleep, and Psyche succumbed instantly. It is probable that she never would have awakened if Cupid himself had not taken pity on his wife. He opened her eyelids with his kisses. After this there could be but one ending for the story- the happy reunion of the lovers.



GAMES *and* SPORTS

Reading Unit No. 19

GAMES OF SKILL AND SPEED

Note: For basic information not found on this page, consult the general Index, Vol. 15.

For statistical and current facts, consult the Richards Year Book Index.

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Things to Think About

What were the original Olympic games?
Why is basketball popular?
Why do good mathematicians usually make good chess players?
Why is balance important in golf?
How does the kite resemble the airplane?
What do we mean when we say that a given baseball team plays a defensive game?

Why is it impossible to skate on ice?
What do you really skate on?
Where does the word "polo" come from?
Where does the word "yacht" come from?
How do we get the word "varsity"? Look up the word in a good dictionary.
Why is swimming an ideal exercise?

Leisure-time Activities

PROJECT NO. 1: Ask someone who knows the game to teach you chess. You will find it the most interesting of all indoor games.

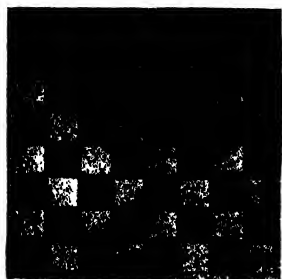
PROJECT NO. 2: Practice the swimming strokes illustrated on page 14-536.

Summary Statement

There are sports and games to suit every taste and age. It is much more fun to play a game yourself than to watch it. We should all try to get as much exer-

cise as possible; and there is no better way to exercise than by taking part in one of the games described in this unit.

CHECKERS



How many fierce battles and wily maneuvers have been acted out on the black and red squares of the checkerboard!



Photo by Giraudon, Paris

For many generations old and young have found delight in checkers. The players shown here must have lived at least a hundred years ago; but the same scene is common enough to-day.

The GAME for CLEVER BOYS and GIRLS

If You Have the Wits for This Game, You Need Never Have a Bore-some Minute on the Rainiest Day

MANY a bright boy is looking forward to the day when he will beat his father for the first time at a game of checkers, and some of the bright boys have already done it. For checkers is a game for bright boys and girls, and all of them ought to learn it—at least unless they are ambitious enough to try chess, in which case they will probably pick up checkers on the way. It is a fine game of skill, and childhood is the time to begin it. Very few persons ever get to be good checker or chess players unless they began in childhood.

Everybody knows what a checkerboard is like. It is simply a board marked off into 64 squares, with alternating colors, often black and red or black and brown.

There are twelve "men" for each player, one set black and the other white or red. At the start of the game these are set out on the dark squares of the first three rows on each side of the board. A "man" may move diagonally forward to another dark square, but only one square at a time, and the two players move their men in turn. If the opponent's man stands between your man and the next square to which you could move

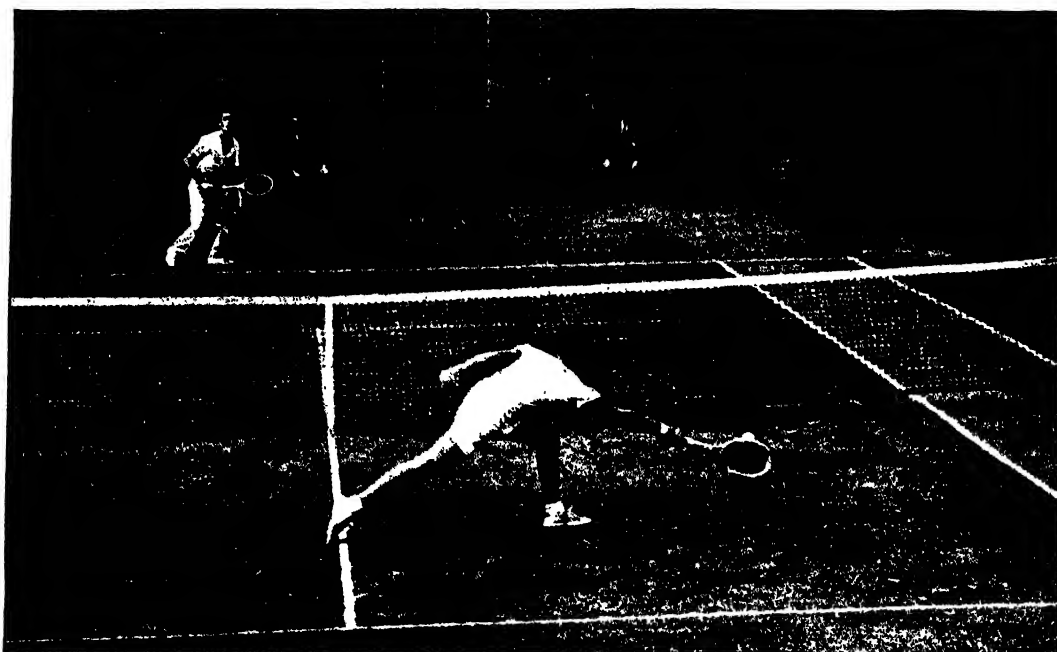
him, you may "jump" the man and take him off the board; and your opponent can do the same thing to your men. When either player manages to get a man to the last row of squares on the opponent's side, the man becomes a king, and is "crowned" by having an extra man put on top of him. The kings are much more powerful than the plain men, because they can move and take backward as well as forward, though always diagonally and only one square at a time, except in jumping.

When a player has "jumped" one man, he may go on and jump another, in the same move, if it is in his way just as the first one was; he may jump a third if it is in the same unhappy situation. The player may thus jump either with his men or with his kings.

Now the object of the game is simply to get all of your opponent's men off the board or to "hem in" the last ones until they have no move left. Then you win. Until then you are trying, of course, to get as many kings as possible.

Does the object seem very simple? Try it with a good player and see what happens to you

TENNIS



International News Photo

This is tennis as the champions play it— a hard, fast game. Often in the course of a match a player will send a ball that will seem impossible for his opponent

to return. And yet, as above, the man across the net will stretch to get the shot and send it whizzing back, while the judges watch in the background.

The SPORT of the SINGING RACKET *Speed, Power, Grace Make Tennis One of the -* *Fastest of Modern Games*

TALL Don Budge tossed the tennis ball high above his head. His racket flashed in the full arc of his cannon ball service and the sharp "plock" of the gut strings sounded loudly even in the upper tiers of the crowded stadium. A fast blur streaked through the air, chugged against the turf, and bounded crazily toward little "Bitsy" Grant, who was playing the champion in this championship tournament match at Forest Hills. Surely no human eye could follow that ball! Yet instantly came the confident fore-handed sweep which sent it back across the net. The ball was in play. A hard drive to the deep backhand, a return to the forehand corner, another drive deep to the back court— and a gasp from the crowd as the champion stormed up to the net behind the last powerful shot!

But Grant lifted the ball up in a high lob which made Budge reverse himself. He smashed at it with his powerful overhead stroke. Grant stabbed at the smash. His return was weak but surprised the champion, who had no chance to recover himself. Score—love-fifteen. It was just the beginning. Their spotless white tennis garb was still fresh—but it would not be so for long. Even on this cool day the lean, hard-muscled athletes would lose several pounds and perhaps need a complete change of clothing before the match was over. For this was tennis at its hardest. Five sets—of the fastest kind of action without a pause could last well over two hours.

Yet this wonderful pastime is not just for super-athletes. Mortals like you and me can learn it and enjoy friendly encounters on a battlefield where force matches force.

TENNIS



Photo by the Artist, Griffith Daily Coale

Although true lawn tennis is not much more than half a century old, it is a member of the great family of ball games whose ancestry goes back to the ancient world. Indeed, the indoor "court tennis" that was so popular during the Middle Ages probably grew out of an earlier outdoor game, and both indoor and outdoor forms of the game have existed side by side since the 1300's. To be sure, it was tennis played on an indoor court which won the name of the Game of Kings.

But even the ladies and gentlemen who would be allowed to play on the courts built by kings and nobility might sometimes be in the country where there was no covered court handy. We do not know much about the rules and equipment of these old outdoor games, but the players probably could use the curved racket of the court game, as here, and they certainly played with a casualness and leisure unknown to the fast modern game.

For example, that stocky man whose racket seems to be like a magic wand sending the ball wherever he chooses—that is Henri Cochet (ôN'rē' kô'shē'), matchless French Davis Cup player, former ball boy at the important matches. That tall, well-proportioned man whose service is swift and strong—that is Sidney Wood, American Davis Cup player in 1931; he once was a small, thin, awkward boy. That smiling, alert woman, whose playing astonished the world—that is Helen Wills Moody, who was able to be international women's champion and at the same time a normal, attractive human being and wife. Almost anyone can learn to play tennis well enough to enjoy it, and you never can tell until you try whether you may not be able to play it very well indeed.

What You Need to Play Good Tennis

What qualifications does one need to play tennis well? First, one needs the spirit of conquest, the thirst for excitement that marks the true adventurer. At the first contact with the racket you sail for uncharted seas. And secondly one must have that other characteristic of the successful explorer—the determination to persevere until one's dream of a new world is realized.

You may start by getting familiar with your racket. Hold it out at arm's length, so that the wide flat part is like a large palm of a big, round hand. Grasp it tightly—shake hands with it. It will be a good friend. Now stand with your feet about two feet apart—so. Bring back your racket—oh, farther than that! Move your body around a bit. Yes, you may go up on that left toe a little. Now swing. Hold tight! You are going to hit the ball squarely in front of you. No, you must not stop when you have hit it. Go on around—*all* the way around—follow through!

Now try it again. Simple, is it not? Simple—and yet you have just made the most powerful stroke in tennis—the forehand drive. See how Frank Parker, American champion, pounds the ball into the corners. Watch Donald Budge, the distinguished player who twice held the world championship, execute a brilliant and unex-

pected placement. He does it with that same forehand drive which is now one of your possessions. Yes, try it again. Keep on trying. You are imitating the uncrowned kings of the sports world. Once they too stood and marveled at this, their first forehand drive.

And it is not only uncrowned royalty that you are imitating. For tennis was originally played in courts with walls—somewhat like the squash tennis courts of our day—and the courts with walls could be found only in the moats, the large circular ditches surrounding medieval castles. These moats were filled with water in time of war, but in peace time they could be conveniently emptied. Then the lords of the castles—counts, dukes, kings, whoever they were played there with their companions. Charles V of France, who lived in the later 1300's, was an enthusiastic player, although—like certain other kings—he tried to stop his subjects from playing this royal game in imitation of him. Henry II of France, a century and a half later, was a noted player in his day; not so many years after that, in the reign of Henry IV, it was said that there were "more tennis players in Paris than drunkards in England."

How Tennis Got Its Name

The word "tennis" itself appeared in 1400, in a poem by the English poet Gower called "Balade unto the Worthy and Noble Kynge Henry the Fourth." But where it originated is not so certain. Some say it came from the word "tamis"—a "sieve"—which might well have been the original form of the racket; others think it came from the French word "tenez," a command to play.

The modern game was at first called "lawn tennis" to distinguish it from the older game played in a walled court. But the new game has become so much more popular than the old one that the "lawn" has been pretty generally dropped; besides, "lawn" tennis is now played on courts of so many varieties—asphalt, clay, wood, as well as turf—that the name "lawn tennis" no longer fits it very well.

In its modern dress, this is a very young game. For it was no longer ago than 1874

TENNIS

that an Englishman named Wingfield took out a patent for a game he called "sphairistike," which was the beginning of modern tennis. Major Wingfield's game was played on a court shaped

match at Wimbledon was the beginning of a series that has gone on every year, except during the World Wars, until this very day. There were no grandstands around the turf courts at Wimbledon in 1877, and not much excitement. But nowadays the Wimbledon

like an hour glass, but otherwise it was much like our tennis to-day, and it soon dropped its outlandish name and began to settle into the set of rules we know.

It was a club founded to play croquet that "made" modern tennis. This was the All England Croquet Club at Wimbledon, England, which held the first championship

This is the way one expert grips his racket for his backhand ground strokes. He wraps his thumb around the racket handle and extends his first finger more than some other experts do for this stroke.

matches draw crowds of 20,000 every day, together with contestants from fifteen or twenty nations, and they are played in a huge concrete stadium—the largest tennis arena in the world. Both men's and women's championships, in both singles and doubles, are decided

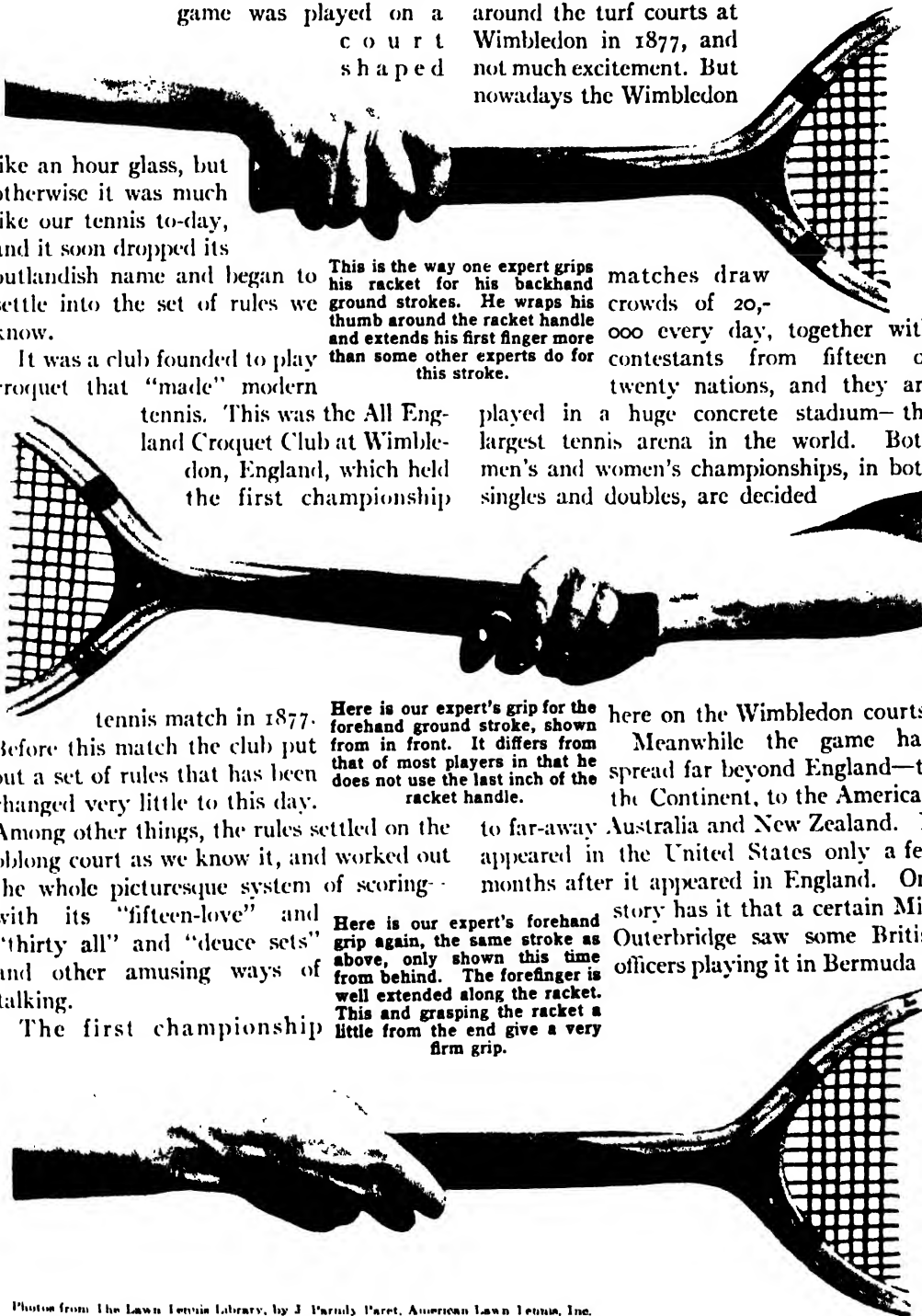
tennis match in 1877. Before this match the club put out a set of rules that has been changed very little to this day. Among other things, the rules settled on the oblong court as we know it, and worked out the whole picturesque system of scoring with its "fifteen-love" and "thirty all" and "deuce sets" and other amusing ways of talking.

The first championship

Here is our expert's grip for the forehand ground stroke, shown from in front. It differs from that of most players in that he does not use the last inch of the racket handle.

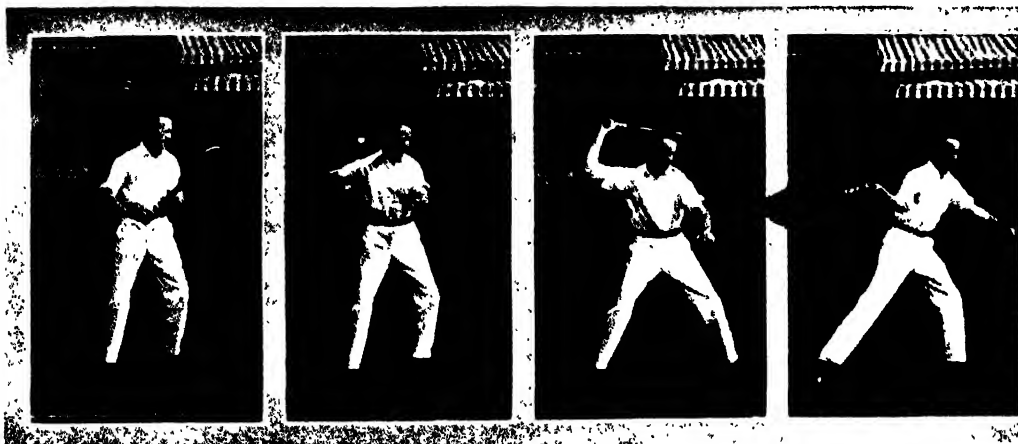
Here is our expert's forehand grip again, the same stroke as above, only shown this time from behind. The forefinger is well extended along the racket. This and grasping the racket a little from the end give a very firm grip.

here on the Wimbledon courts. Meanwhile the game had spread far beyond England—to the Continent, to the Americas, to far-away Australia and New Zealand. It appeared in the United States only a few months after it appeared in England. One story has it that a certain Miss Outerbridge saw some British officers playing it in Bermuda in



Photos from The Lawn Tennis Library, by J. Parody Parot, American Lawn Tennis, Inc.

TENNIS



On these two pages there are three "moving pictures" of strokes by William M. Johnston, California tennis

expert. In the first series, which begins above, Johnston is delivering one of his terrific forehand drives.



The second series, beginning above, shows the same player's service stroke. He manages to get great

power into his service without using up so much strength as most players do. This helps in a long match.

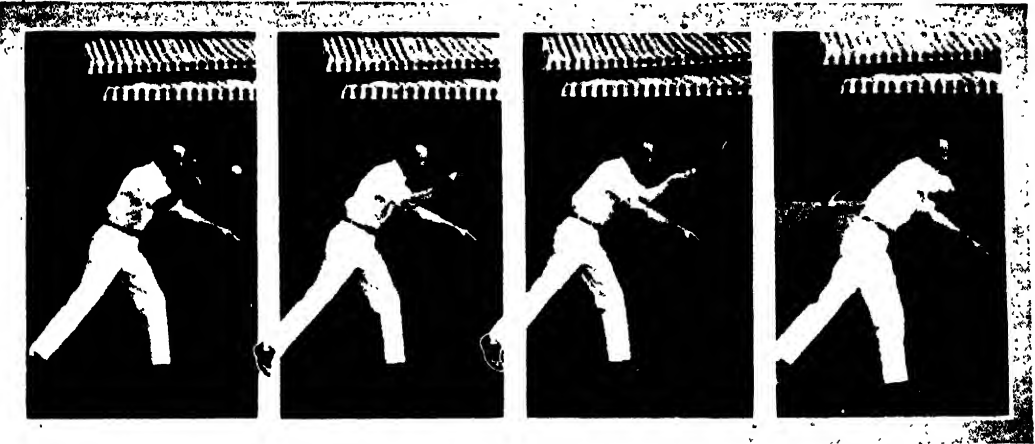


Photos from The Lawn Tennis Library, by J. Parnly Paret, American Lawn Tennis, Inc.

The third series shows another of Johnston's strong forehand drives, this time seen from in front. The

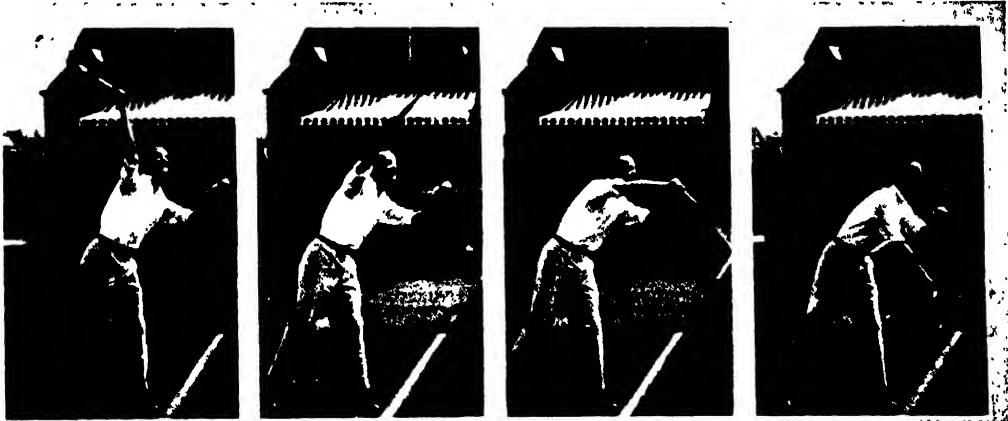
player did not get quite so perfectly set for this stroke and had to move out a little to meet the ball.

TENNIS



Johnston has his own particular stroke. He is not so heavy as some players, and so gets more power by

making an unusually wide swing with the racket, which passes, as you can see, completely over his head.



Part of the trick of serving well is to throw the ball just high enough with just the right twist. Johnston

reaches his left hand higher than most players do. Each person must work out his own service.



Photos from The Lawn Tennis Library, by J. Parnis Paret, American Lawn Tennis, Inc.

This third series shows the same mighty drive as the first series, with the player completing a circle and a

half in the swing of the racket. In both drives he has hit the ball unusually high in the air.

TENNIS

1874 and carried it back to the United States with her—although she had a hard time getting her outfit through the customs, since nobody knew what it was! At all events, by 1881 American tennis enthusiasts had formed the United States Lawn Tennis Association, which still manages the game in this country, and in the same year the first national men's championship matches were played. Six years later came the first women's national championship matches. The most famous courts in the United States are at Forest Hills, New York, where both men's and women's national championships are decided.

Both the Davis Cup award for the international men's championship and the Wightman Cup award for the international women's championship were instituted by Americans. The Davis Cup was founded in 1900 and named after the giver, Dwight F. Davis of St. Louis. Each year "zone" championships are played in Europe, in North America and Australasia, and in South America. Then the zone winners play each other, and the winner of these semifinals challenges the holder of the cup for the year before. The final tournament is held at any one of several places, according to arrangement. In the thirty-three matches played between 1902 and 1939, the United States won eleven times, the British Isles nine times, Australasia—which means either Australia or New Zealand—seven times, and France six times. The United States held the cup steadily from 1920 to 1926 inclusive, then lost it to France. In the first matches after World War II the United States regained it.

The Wightman Cup matches were founded in 1923 by Mrs. George W. Wightman of Boston, who had herself been the national

women's champion for four years. They are held alternately at Wimbledon and at Forest Hills and include only England and the United States. So far the United States has won thirteen matches and England four. Of course, to be world's champion a woman player has to meet other nations too—particularly France. Most famous among women champions so far have been Helen Wills Moody of the United States and Suzanne Lenglen (lôN'glân') of France. Later American women champions include Alice Marble, Helen Jacobs, and Pauline Betz.

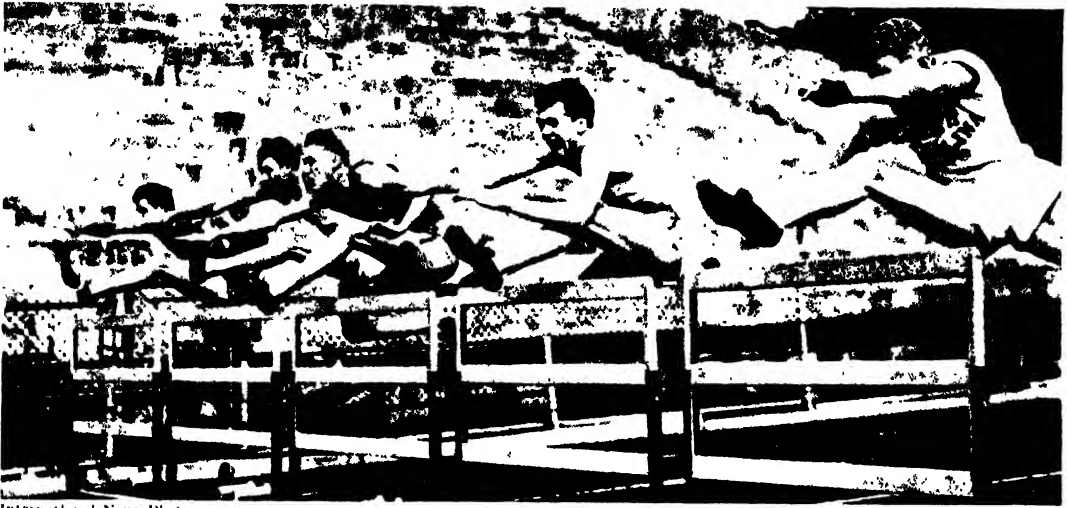
But perhaps you think that with all this talk of cups and championships we are forgetting that you want to learn to play for the mere joy of it. And certainly not all of us can be champions, nor do we all want to be! But you cannot possibly learn to play tennis out of a book. All we can hope to do is to make you so eager to learn that you will get a racket and start right out for the nearest court. All those other strokes—backhand, volley, and the like—the way to learn them is on a court, racket in hand. When you begin to feel a little more at home in the game, you will want to read some of the books written by people like Beasley, Lacoste, and Cochet, who know how to play spectacular tennis. From these books you can learn many fine points and stratagems, and can judge what strokes are best fitted to your style, temperament, and endurance. For the strokes to learn are those of the masters. Whenever you get a chance, too, you should watch fine players play.

And first, last, and all the time—practice. Practice anywhere you can—against a brick wall, if necessary. Best of all, practice against a real opponent across the net.

Are you ready? Serve!



TRACK AND FIELD



International News Photo

Here they come, neck and neck, in the 120-yard high hurdles! The runners seem fairly to skim over the

obstacles, but it takes hard practice, taut muscles, and perfect timing to make that easy running spring.

MAJOR SPORTS of TRACK and FIELD

Are You a Speedy Runner? A High Jumper? This Will Tell You about What the Great Runners and Jumpers Can Do

LIKE many another term, the word "athlete" has had a curious history. In Greece, where the word came from, it meant a prize fighter. In America to-day it means a person who excels in almost any form of physical sport, for with us an expert in tennis or in baseball is an athlete. But in England it means only those experts who excel in the sports of track and field. It is about those sports that we are now going to talk; but perhaps we may say a word at the start about the general history of athletics.

Just a word, however—the subject is far too vast for us to treat it fully in one story. From very ancient times every nation that rose out of savagery had some form of athletics, and the history of athletes, of athletic clubs and federations, of matches between teams and cities and states and nations, would fill many a volume. In modern times every civilized nation has seen a vast growth in athletic competitions, and there is no village in the civilized world that does not have its athletic stars.

A great many of our athletic sports come from ancient Greece, especially the sports of

track and field, for the Greeks set more store by athletics than any ancient nation. Long before they had done very much else in history, the Greeks established the great series of Olympic games, held every fourth year for more than a thousand years. They counted time by their Olympic games, and the four years between two sets of games was an Olympiad. There were few if any higher honors in old Greece than to be crowned a victor in the Olympic games, and no games in the history of the world have been considered so important by the people who played in them or the people who flocked to see them.

With the vast revival of athletics in the past century the idea was born again of having a series of Olympic games every four years. This time the games were not to be for just one nation, as of old, but for all the nations of the world who cared to enter. From the first of those great games, held in Athens in 1896, down to the latest of them, these have been the largest and most famous athletic contests that the world has ever seen. Many of the nations have done well, and certain of them have regularly excelled

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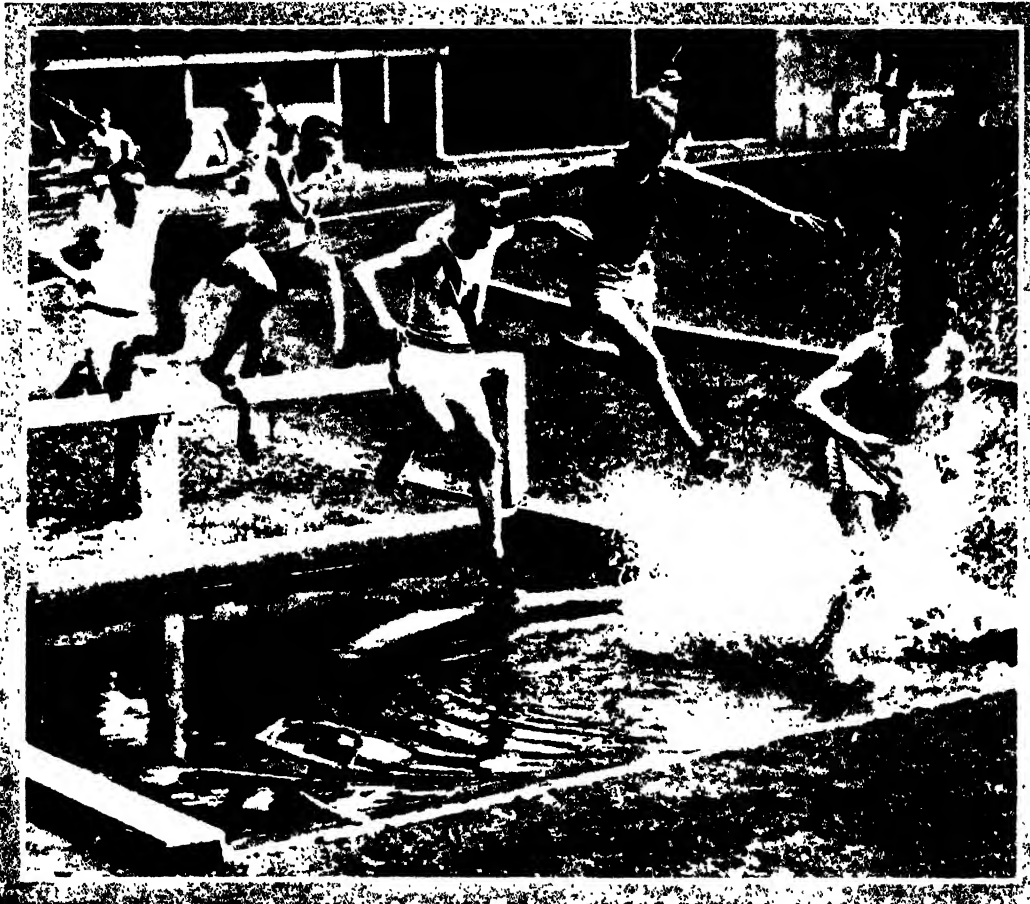


Photo by Keystone View Co.

As though ordinary hurdles were not enough, fancy obstacles, such as this water jump, are often put on the track for a steeplechase. For if the runners were

racing across country, as they used to do, they would have to ford streams as well as leap hedges and run over rough, uneven land.

in one or more favorite forms of sport in which they were usually without a peer. But in general it may be said that the United States has taken the position held by ancient Greece at the head of athletic prowess in the world.

What Are Track and Field Sports?

We were going to talk, however, about those of the sports which come under the heading of "track and field." The rest we have treated elsewhere in our books.

First among these sports comes running, in all its forms. The three main forms include "sprinting," for short distances—100 and 220 yards; middle-distance running, for all distances from 440 yards, or a quarter of a mile, up to a mile, and sometimes even

further; and long-distance running, for any distance from a mile up to the Marathon, of 26 miles, 385 yards—or even longer. Besides these there are special kinds of foot races, such as cross-country runs, steeplechases, hurdles, and still others. The way an athlete runs in one of these races depends very much indeed on how far he has to go.

Of course the 100-yard dash is the speediest, and the most thrilling to watch. The time for this is so short that not a fraction of a second may be lost anywhere by the man who wants to win it. For that reason the runner always crouches for the start, to get away like the wind at the crack of the pistol. From that moment, most people think, he simply sprints his fastest till he reaches the tape. But this is not quite true. Not even for a

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short hundred yards can a man go at his very top speed; he cannot quite do that for much more than twenty yards. So the hundred-yard racer puts on an extra burst of speed for the last twenty or twenty-five yards, and tries to hurl himself past the tape a fraction of an inch before his nearest rival. The fastest runners have covered the distance in a little over 9 seconds.

The 220-yard dash—an eighth of a mile—calls for the same skill in sprinting, but for a good bit more of endurance. No runner can quite sprint all the way. What he does is to start at top speed and keep it up for about 75 yards, then settle down to a pace that is just the least bit slower, and finally to put on another burst of speed for the last fifty yards or more. This distance has been done in a little over 20 seconds—better than 10 yards per second.

The Endurance Race

In general the same men can do these two dashes well, though the art of running is so specialized that the best man in one is not so likely to be the best in the other. But when we come to the middle-distance racing, even the quarter-mile race, we meet another set of runners. These are not sprinters. They are athletes who may be a little bit less speedy, but who have been trained for more endurance. Tall and slim, with long legs and a swift, smooth stride, they settle down to their long grind with the will to run as fast as they can over the course and still leave themselves breath and strength for their speediest effort at the end. They have to have long practice not only in running, but also in timing their speed at every point of the course; they must know just how fast they are going at every stage, and whether they are up to the schedule they have set for themselves. In general, the schedule calls for them to go fast at the start, a little slower for

the second quarter of the distance, a little slower still for the third quarter, and fast again, or possibly their fastest, for the rest of the way. Of course these speeds will vary according to what their rivals are doing and according to the way they themselves are getting along, but the speeds do not vary a great deal with the good

Nothing on the field is prettier to watch than the pole vault. It looks almost like magic to see the athlete lift himself far into the air and slide smoothly over the horizontal bar.



runners.

They have done 440 yards— $\frac{1}{4}$ mile—in about 40 seconds; a half mile in 1 minute and some 40 seconds; and a mile in a second or two over 4 minutes.

The long-distance runners are still another set of men, with still another form in running. They settle down to a steady pace for the grueling endurance test. Their pace may vary as they watch their rivals, or as they think of the record they may be trying to break, but in general their aim is simply to cover the

Photo by Keystone View Co.

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Photo by Keystone View Co.

This flock of runners is off for the Marathon race. Each wears a large number, so that the spectators can tell from afar which is which. For in this long race

the contestants will scatter and spread out, and the watchers will have plenty of time to follow the progress of this or that individual runner.

course as fast as they can with a steady, even speed that will not wear them out completely before the end. They need as much endurance as any athlete is ever called upon to show. They have run ten miles in a little more than 50 minutes, twenty-five miles in slightly less than $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours, and fifty miles in 5 hours and a little over 50 minutes. They have done the Marathon in just about $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

The Origin of the Marathon Race

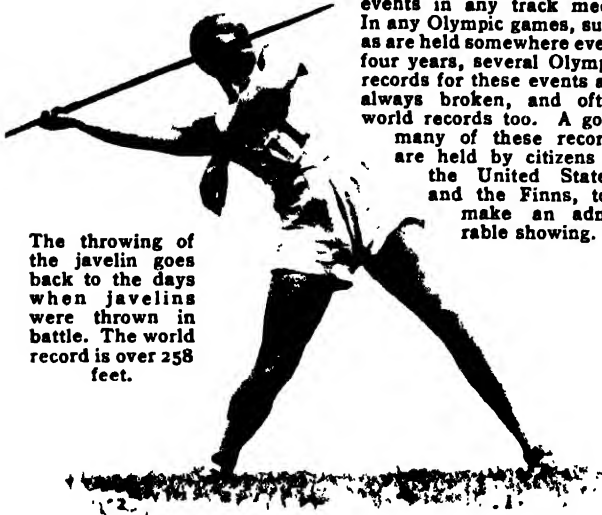
This famous Marathon race comes to us from Greece. After the great battle of Marathon a runner named Pheidippides (fī-dīp'f-dēz) dashed away to Athens to tell the people that their men had beaten the Persian host. The distance, as we figure it, was 26 miles, 385 yards. We do not know how fast

Pheidippides did it; but the story goes that as he cried out the news of the victory to the anxious citizens in the market place, he fell dead from exhaustion. In memory of his feat the Marathon race has been revived.

The Fun of a Hurdle Race

In the special kinds of foot races there is usually something in the way of the runner to make his path harder to travel. For many a year these were simply races across country—"steeplechases" in which the runner had to leap any ditch or hedge or brook that he might find in his way. There are still many races of this kind. But human ingenuity long ago thought of having these races on a track, like others, where an audience could see them, and of simply putting the obstacles in the way along the track.

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The throwing of the javelin goes back to the days when javelins were thrown in battle. The world record is over 258 feet.

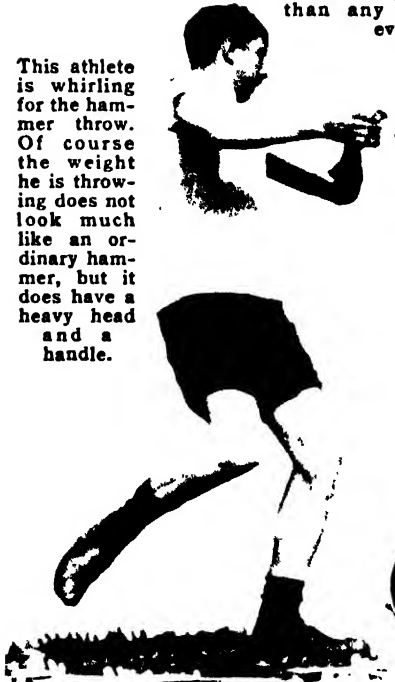
Here are the main throwing events in any track meet. In any Olympic games, such as are held somewhere every four years, several Olympic records for these events are always broken, and often world records too. A good many of these records are held by citizens of the United States; and the Finns, too, make an admirable showing.



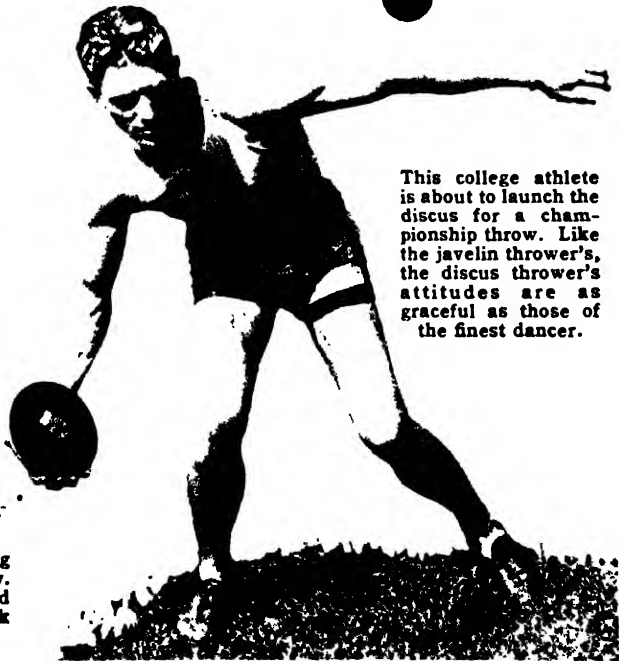
The shot put, shown at the right, takes more sheer strength of muscle than any other field event.



This athlete is whirling for the hammer throw. Of course the weight he is throwing does not look much like an ordinary hammer, but it does have a heavy head and a handle.



This college athlete is about to launch the discus for a championship throw. Like the javelin thrower's, the discus thrower's attitudes are as graceful as those of the finest dancer.



After all, breaking records and winning championships are only for the few. But nearly all of us can find health and fun in some of these sports of track and field.

These obstacles are hurdles, and hurdle racing is now a popular form of sport.

Of course it is such a special form of race that hurdle racers seldom run in any other kind of contest. The height of the hurdles varies with the length of the race—from 3 feet, 6 inches in the 120-yard dash to 30 inches in the 220-yard. Next to the sprints the hurdle races are the most exciting of all track events. The runner must know his own pace so well that he will take every hurdle as one special stride in his running—not as any kind of jerky jump, which would surely lose him the race. He must not lose any time or any energy when he comes to a hurdle, but must, so to speak, “run over it”; for hurdling is not “running and jumping” but rather “jumping while running.”

The Highest Jump Ever Made

Another of the field sports is jumping, and of this there have been many kinds; but only two are prominent in modern athletics. These are the running broad jump and the running high jump. The farthest any man has ever jumped is over 26 feet, 8 inches, and the highest is 6 feet, 11 inches—a goodly distance. These are phenomenal jumps, and they can be executed only by expert craft combined with long training; for in all of the athletic feats there are dozens of clever tricks which must be added to mere speed and strength to get the result desired.

Right here it may be said that it is dangerous to put any world's record into print. The record may be broken before your words reach the printed page. The world's records for every athletic feat are constantly mounting higher and higher, and it is almost certain that some of the ones we are now putting down will have been beaten by the time these books are published. But the athletic magazines and clubs keep all the records, and it is easy for anyone to find out the latest one. The reason why records keep on being broken is not mainly that the athletes are getting stronger all the time, but that all the time they are inventing new little tricks for speed, for distance, for height, or for whatever else it is their object to attain.

Then there is a special kind of high jump called the pole vault, in which the athlete uses a pole to lift him over the bar. He runs fast with the pole, sticks the end of it in the ground, and then lifts himself high over the bar with its aid. This takes a great deal of practice and very great skill. In the pole vault man is now beginning to assail the 16-foot mark.

Finally the field sports include throwing in its various forms. The main ones now recognized are the shot put, the hammer throw, and the discus throw.

For the shot put the athlete stands on one side of a circle seven feet across, holding a 16-pound shot in one hand, at about the level of his ear. In two skillful steps he crosses the circle, and then heaves the heavy shot with all the force of his arm and his whole body behind it. He does not throw the weight, but simply pushes it. Of course great strength counts for much in this feat, more than in most contests; but skill in the proper movements is very important too. No amount of strength will get anywhere near a record without the skill. The record is over 57 feet.

Much the same thing is true of the hammer throw. Here the shot is attached to a steel wire with a handle which the thrower grasps in both hands. Starting on one side of an 8-foot, 2½-inch circle, he goes to the other side whirling around on the way and whirling the “hammer” around him. At the right moment he lets it go and it flies through the air. The farthest it has ever been thrown is about 193½ feet.

The discus came from the Greeks, and has been revived only in recent years. It is the prettiest of the throwing contests. The modern discus is a round, flat thing, in shape like a coin. It measures 8½ inches across and weighs 4 pounds, 6½ ounces. It is made of wood, with a metal rim and side plates. The thrower takes the discus in one hand, hurls it with a smooth but rapid movement of his whole arm, and a graceful motion of his entire body; and as it spins and sails through the air the disk describes a beautiful curve. It has been thrown a distance of nearly 175 feet.

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The photographs illustrating this article were taken by Mr. C. A. Storer, former president of the National Billiard Association of America.

The next best thing to being an expert pool or billiard player yourself is to watch someone who is. There is something irresistible about the way the bright little balls dash about on their smooth carpet in response to a master's touch.



Photo by Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co.

IS THIS *the* MOST SKILLFUL *of* GAMES?

One or Two of the Things We Are Going to Say about Billiard Balls Will Sound Altogether Impossible. But They Are True, All the Same

WHAT do you think is the most delicate, the most skillful, the most miraculous game in all the world? Nobody can be quite sure, of course. But certainly the game of billiards comes about as near to perfection as any other game of skill.

Billiards is one of the many things, and by no means the least one, that we owe largely to that grand monarch, Louis XIV of France. Not that he invented the game; it had been played long before him, so long that no one can say where it started. But his doctors had told him to play it for fun and for gentle exercise, and he proceeded to make it fashionable. From that day to this it has grown steadily in popularity.

Even if he played it like a king, billiards must have been a pretty poor game in the days of the great Louis. The balls were made of ivory, to be sure, but these were about the only thing in his game that remains the same in ours. The cue for striking the ball was tipped with ivory too. The table was wooden, and covered with cloth; and the edges were turned up to keep the balls from rolling off. These were the things with which the great nobles played—for only nobles were allowed to play—and the best shots they could have made with such implements would make a tyro blush in our time.

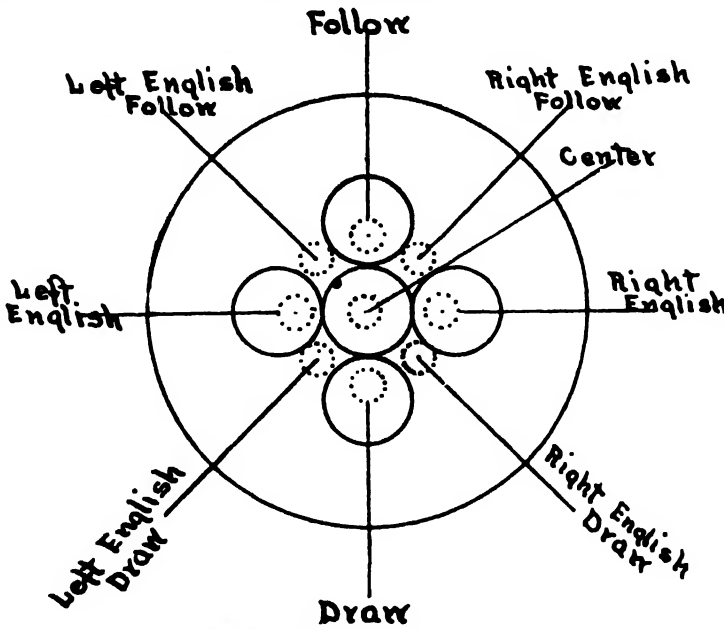
But as the game grew popular, one im-

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provement after another came to it. The cues were made more shapely, narrowing down to half an inch or less at the point that strikes the ball. This point was covered with leather instead of ivory, to keep it from slipping on the smooth ball. Then came chalk to pat on the

leather after every shot or two, to make it still less slippery; and with a chalked leather cue a player could do miracles undreamed before. Cushions of wool were run all around the table to make the balls rebound when they touched the edges; and finally these were far surpassed by the cushions of good rubber which make the ball act like a live thing when it strikes an edge. The floor of the table was made of hard, smooth slate instead of wood, and covered with a fine, tight cloth. And by this time the table was ready for the experts!

The table has since taken many forms, and many different kinds of billiards and pool are played on it. The standard English table is very large, and has pockets at the corners and on the sides. The American table is smaller, 10 feet by 5, and has no pockets. The com-



ick-Balke-Collender

This diagram shows where to hit the ball to make the various billiard shots named above. The large circle is the billiard ball. The smaller solid-line circles show the approximate size of the cue tip. The small dotted-line circles show the approximate space covered by the actual impact of the tip on the ball.



Photo by Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co.

A person who holds his cue with a death grip will never be a billiard player. To make a perfect follow-through stroke, the cue should be held lightly by the first two fingers and the thumb. It is held at the butt end, near the balancing point of the cue—as shown above

mon French table is smaller still. We shall talk mainly about what the experts do on the American table.

Like most admirable arts, billiards is very simple—to describe. There are three balls on the table, one red and two white. One of the white

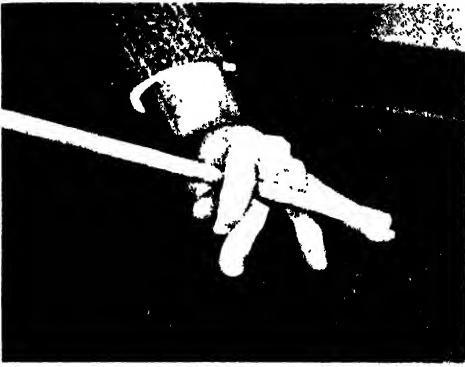
balls has a tiny black mark so that you may know which it is. One of the white balls

belongs to one of the players, the other to the other player. Whoever is shooting must strike his own ball with the cue and make it hit both of the others. That will count one point. If he makes it, he may shoot again, and keep on shooting till he misses one of the balls. Then his opponent starts and does the same thing until he misses, when the first player goes at it again.

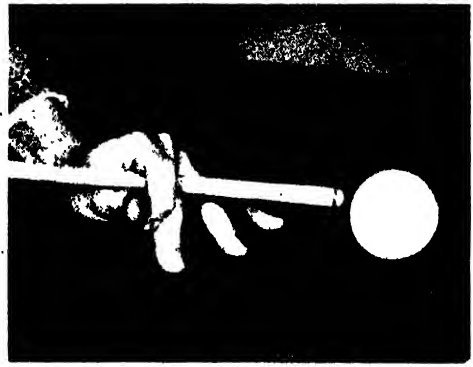
Whoever finishes his score first, wins—and the score may be set at 50 or 100 or any number you please. That is all there is to the game, except a few minor rules that anyone can learn over the table.

But how do you keep on hitting two balls with your own ball time after time? It is all very simple when the two balls are right together facing you,

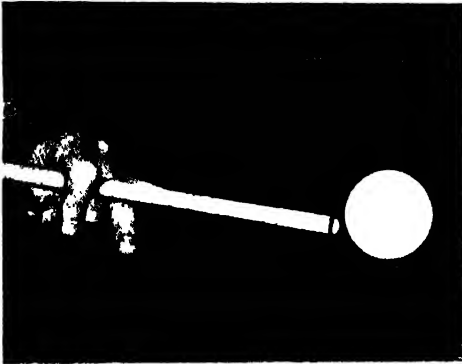
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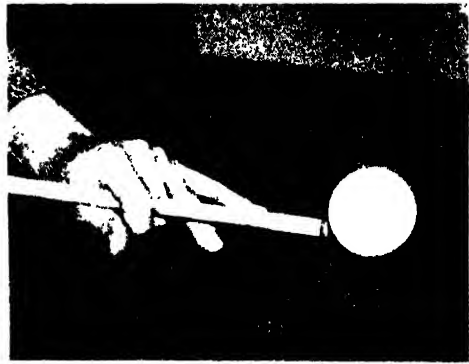
The "bridge"—showing the method of bridging the hand on the table to assure a firm contact with the cue on the ball. This is the bridge which is used for striking the center of the cue ball.



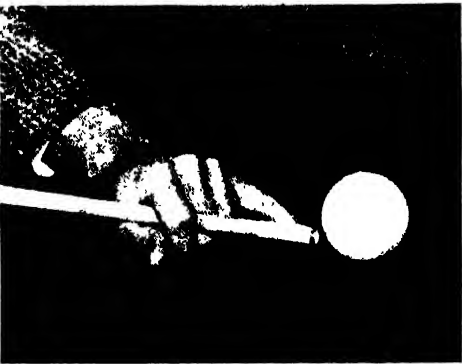
The follow shot causes the cue ball to continue forward after contact with the object ball. Strike cue ball a little above center. Raise bridge by pulling ends of fingers toward palm of the hand.



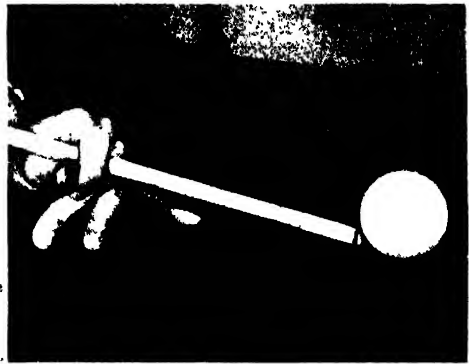
The long-distance draw shot. Strike the ball below center—just about the width of the tip of the cue. Lower the bridge by pulling the middle finger under the thumb. For all shots keep in firm contact with the bed—or surface—of the billiard table.



The medium-distance draw shot. Strike the ball somewhat below center—a little farther than the width of the tip of the cue. Place bridge hand closer to object ball. Lower bridge by pulling middle finger straight back under palm of hand.



Short-distance draw shot. Strike ball below center—about one width and a half of tip of cue. Move bridge hand close to cue ball. Lower bridge by doubling first and second fingers under palm. This is used when cue ball is close to object ball.



Don't use this bridge! This picture shows what to avoid. The bridge is too high and is not firm. The bridge hand is too far from the cue ball, making it impossible to strike cue ball accurately. Bridge hand should never be more than six inches from cue ball.

Photos by Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co.

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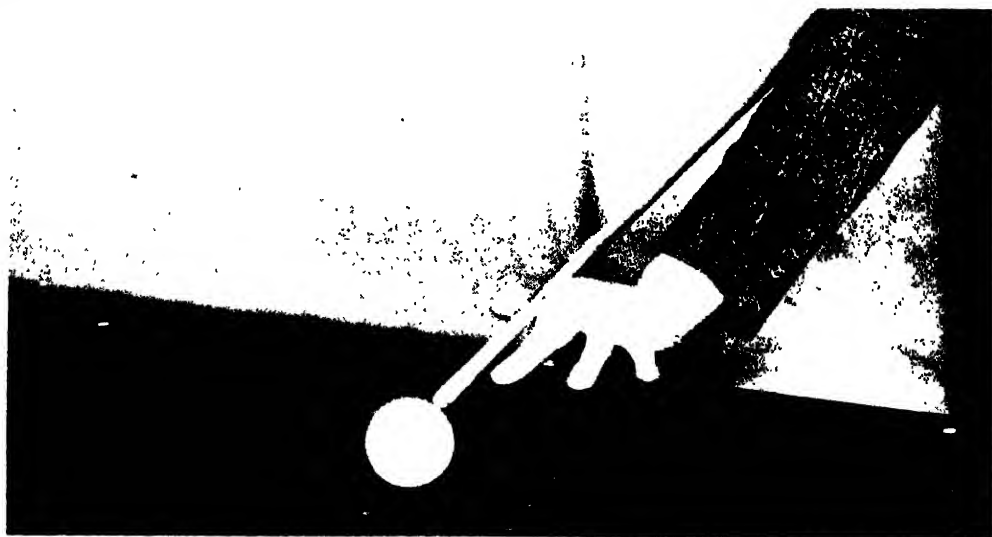


Photo by Brun, Dick-Balke-Cullender Co.

This picture shows the rail bridge—a firm bridge from the top of the rail, to be used when the cue ball is close to the cushion. Raise the thumb; bend the first

finger along the outside of the table rail, pressing it firmly against the table. Press down upon the top of the rail with the other three fingers.

but they do not come that way often. It is fairly easy when the two make a nice little angle so that you may shove one of them and roll on to the other, though it takes practice to do even that. But suppose the three balls are in a line, so that you cannot possibly shoot past one of them to the other? Suppose your own ball is in the middle, right between the other two? Suppose the two balls are at right angles to your own ball, four feet away and two feet apart? Suppose they are in opposite corners of the table against the cushion, and your own is somewhere out in the middle? These are the kinds of shot you will be getting all the time, with many others quite as difficult. How in the world are you going to hit the two balls then? To people who are just beginning, the shots will look utterly impossible.

How the Experts Do It

But the experts have figured out many ways of making all these shots, and all the others. They can all be made in various ways, and the way the expert decides upon will depend, as we shall see, not on what is easiest in this one shot, but on what will leave the balls in the best position for the

next shot. We may tell a few of the main tricks the experts have found out. They all take a trained hand and an eagle eye, but they can all be learned.

Some Tricky Shots

Suppose the three balls are almost in a straight line, but not quite, and your cue ball is at one end of the line. You cannot possibly touch the second, or object ball, lightly enough to glide on to the third one. You will certainly go off to one side of it. But you can do a "follow" shot. You strike your cue ball on the top, well above the center, and "carry through" with your cue, and you aim just a tiny bit to the side of the object ball—the side on which the third ball lies. Because you hit your ball on top, it will spin rapidly forward, and when it strikes the object ball it will not stop, but will follow on. And because you struck the object ball at just the correct angle, your ball will not follow exactly in the path of the object ball. It will make straight for the third ball, the least bit to one side, while the object ball will go on past the third ball.

Suppose the three balls are in a line, say a foot apart, with your own in the center. Then you do exactly the opposite thing. You

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make a "draw" shot. You hit your cue ball well under the center, following through, and driving straight into the object ball. Your cue ball will be spinning backward as it goes forward; and when it strikes the object ball it will not stop still, but will spin right back on its track to the third ball. If the three balls are not exactly in a line, but nearly so, then you must strike the object ball just a wee bit to one side, to make your own ball spin back in the right path.

Suppose the three balls are at right angles, say two feet apart. You must strike your own ball well below the center and well to one side; you must drive it into the object ball on the side nearest the third ball—practice must tell you how much to that side; and then your ball will go off at a right angle to the third ball. This is also a "draw" shot.

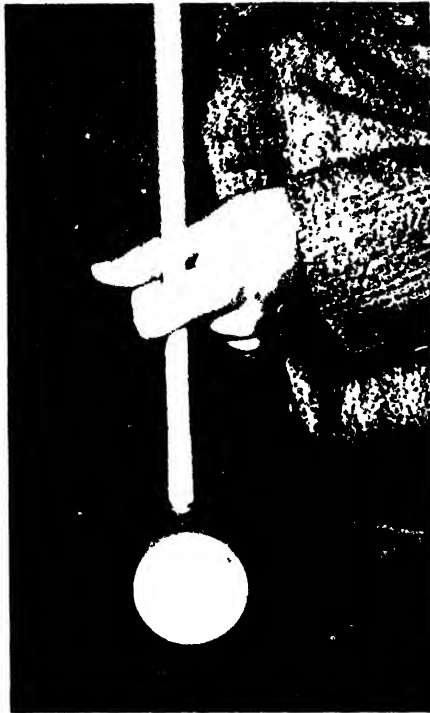
Suppose the two balls are both against the cushion, say a yard apart, with your cue ball about opposite one of them. Then you can make a "rainbow" shot, which always looks like wizardry to a novice. Drive your own ball just as if for a "follow" into the ball nearest you, a little to the side nearest the third ball. Of course your own ball will bounce back, to one side. But all the time it is spinning rapidly forward, and the backward bounce fighting with the forward spin will make it do a wonderful thing. It will go through a perfect curve—in the shape of a rainbow—away from the cushion and back to the cushion again. And if you have done the shot just right, it will go right for the

third ball on the cushion. Of course this takes a little practice, but it is not really very hard to do.

Now suppose the two balls are in opposite corners of the table, with your own somewhere in the middle. Well, often the best way to hit two balls is to strike one first, then go on to a cushion, and come back to the other. Or you may take two cushions on the way. When the balls are at opposite ends of the table, the long way, you may easily take three or four cushions, going all the way around the table. You shoot for one of the balls, glance off it to the top cushion, then to the side cushion, and then on down into the corner where the other ball is. Some people like to do this so much that they prefer a "three-cushion" game—that is, one in which the cue ball must take at least three cushions on every shot.

But you can hardly make a shot around the table like that, and you will never, never make it accurately by simply poking your ball with your cue, however hard, just to make it go. You must *never* strike your ball hard anyhow; it is fineness of touch that

makes the ball travel, and no sort of brute strength will do at all. To make a ball travel like a living thing around the table, you must put "English" on it; that is, you must stroke it on one side, and carry the stroke through. This will make it spin fast to that side. It will come off the cushion at a more acute angle than it struck the cushion at—and so with the next cushion,



—K. Balke-Collender Co.

The *massé* shot is probably more like wizardry than any other shot in billiards. Instead of spreading the balls, it groups them more closely. The idea is to strike the cue ball just a bit below the top, sending it forward with a tremendous spin. The path the cue ball describes is like a series of scallops curving out and then in as it touches each ball in turn. The free hand *massé* illustrated above is used for extreme *massé* action with forceful stroke. Form a loop with finger and thumb. Hold the elbow firmly against the side to insure steadiness. Strike the cue ball with force, a very little off center.

and the next; and it will leave each cushion at a speedier pace than it had when it arrived.

A certain amount of "English" is needed for a great number of shots, and a great deal of it for some of them. To calculate just the amount of it a ball must have in order to make a certain angle with several cushions, and to keep up a certain speed so as to reach another ball far around the table—to calculate all that is only one neat problem in the fine art of billiards.

Keeping the Balls Together

Yet the main thing is still to be told. Anybody can learn to do all those shots pretty well, though it takes a great deal of practice. But no good player cares much about any one shot. He wants to make a "string" of them. And he selects every shot—follow, draw, three-cushion, or any other—mainly with the purpose of bringing the three balls together, where he can keep them together for a long string of points. That is the only way he can ever build up his score fast.

Keeping the balls together is called "nursing" them, and "nursing" is the great thing that marks off a good player from a poor one. A novice will never keep them together except by accident, a fair player will do it for some three or four shots, and an expert will do it forever. Literally forever, for long ago the real experts found highly artful ways of nursing the balls so that they would stay in the space covered by a hat just as long as the player cared to keep them there. There was no end to his string of points. Indeed, there could be no game of billiards unless some rule was made to keep him from nursing the balls as long as he liked.

So a rule was made. Lines were drawn around the table, 14 or 18 inches from each side. If the two balls were together in any one of the inclosures made by these lines and a side, the player had to drive at least one of the balls over a line every second shot. But for this rule to make the game harder, there could be no game at all for the experts. Even so, the expert may run 400 points or more in one string. Whatever his shot, he will send one ball or both across a line or

more, into a cushion or more, and end by getting the balls together just about as before, either in the same place or somewhere else on the table. It is that sort of wizardry which made us say in the beginning that billiards is possibly the highest art in all manual games.

Even these feats are surpassed by the trick billiardist, who may or may not be an expert player. Here is just one trick—it looks impossible, but it is done, by some few experts:

A man places eighteen balls in a line at the far end of the table. The farthest ball just touches the cushion, at the center. The others barely touch one another, and the line points down the middle of the table. Then the man takes his place at the other end of the table, with a single ball between his thumb and finger. He holds this on the table, in a line with the eighteen balls. With a quick twist of thumb and finger he sends his ball toward the first of the eighteen. It touches the first ball, pushes it a bit to one side, and "rainbows" on to the second; touches that, and rainbows on to the third; then to the fourth and the fifth and the sixth, and so on to the eighteenth. With a little arc of a circle, it touches every one of the balls just at the point from which it will go on to the next, and it leaves all eighteen in a line about two inches away from where they were at first.

A Trick That Requires Skill

And here is one more "trick"—or rather, one more feat of superb skill, for there is no trick about it. The expert puts two balls in the middle of the table, with just enough space between them for a third ball to pass through. Then he puts the third ball about a foot away from them. With a deft stroke of the cue, he shoots this ball through the other two, hitting both of them, but so gently that neither moves a hair's breadth out of its place. His own ball goes a foot beyond the two. Then he shoots it back through again, in the same way; and then back through once more, the way he shot the first time. If he is expert enough, he may do this fifty times, striking both balls at each shot, without ever moving either of them at all!

The MILE-A-MINUTE THRILL

What Could Be More Thrilling than Doing Sixty Miles an Hour down a Mountain on the Ice?

COASTING" is what the average boy calls it, or maybe just "sliding downhill." But real tobogganing, while it is still just sliding downhill, is something that the average boy never sees, unless he is lucky enough to live at some such place as Lake Placid or near one of the great toboggan chutes in Canada or Switzerland. Then he knows what the breath-taking sport is like, and he has seen something that slides faster than a railway train.

A toboggan is not built like an ordinary sled, however fine that may be. It is built of various thin, narrow boards, with a hood in front that curves upward and backward. It will be pretty narrow, but is likely to be nine feet long or so, and it may carry as many as ten persons—and it is built for speed!

Any long steep hill will do for tobogganing, but the real tobogganers find the best hill they can in the world and then improve upon it. They build a special slide down the hill—a long pathway built with snow, with some thrilling banked curves near the bottom. When this is all laid out

and the snow is beaten down into a smooth, hard track, they flood it with water; and as this freezes they get a track of ice from top to

bottom as smooth as a windowpane. At the top is a high trestle with a sharp slope to give the toboggan a flying start.

No one needs to be told what the ice path is used for, but no one ought to use it until he knows all about keeping a toboggan under control. Even then he will get a nasty "spill" from time to time as he rounds a curve; the tobogganers wear crash helmets and other things to save them from harm in an emergency. With a swift swoop the toboggan darts from the top and rushes down the steep incline at a speed that would shame a locomotive. It takes the curves at a breakneck pace. Finally, as it nears the end of the course, it mounts a succession of little rises that slow it up, and at last it glides out smoothly on the level surface of a frozen lake. There is no greater thrill.

It perhaps comes nearer than any other sport to giving you the sense that like a bird you are leaving earth behind at last.



Photo by Yosemite Park & Curry Co.

Here is a skillfully built toboggan slide in Yosemite Park, in California. Like skiing, tobogganing often takes us to places where glorious mountain scenery adds to the joy of the thrilling sport.

The ART and SCIENCE of BASKETBALL

Invented Only a Few Years Ago, This Swift Game Has Gone through the World on Its Merits as a Fine Sport

HAVE you ever tried inventing a new game? If so, you have found it hard to think up one that anybody really wanted to play. It is, in fact, a stroke of genius to make up a game so good that people all over the world will play it. So far as we know, that has happened only once in recent times.

In 1891 James Naismith sat down in Springfield, Massachusetts, to think up a good new game. In one night, it is said, he invented a game that nearly all the world is playing now.

Naismith thought the world needed a fast game of skill that could be played summer and winter, indoors or outdoors, by boys or girls. Especially he wanted an indoor game for winter. And in a few years after he gave us basketball, it was the main indoor game all over the country through the winter months. Today it is the most popular sport in America in numbers both of players and of spectators.

The reasons for its rapid spread and its ever growing popularity are easy to see. It is a very fast game, and very exciting, either to play or to watch. It can be learned quickly, but the player can go on improving in skill for years. As it takes great speed and suppleness, it takes great endurance too, and it develops all these in a player. It requires fine individual playing, but it asks for teamwork just as fine. It demands plenty of quick wit. But, however rapid, it need never be rough. Finally, only five players are required to form a team.

Nearly everybody knows how the game is played, and of course the only way to learn its fine points is to watch it and to play it. The court varies somewhat in size, according to the persons who are to play. For a college team it is 84 feet long and 48 feet wide; for high school players it will measure 75 by 48, and for still younger boys 60 by 40. The ball is a round leather covering outside an inflated rubber bladder. It is about 30 inches around, and weighs about twenty ounces. At each end of the court there is a board, 6 feet long and 4 feet high, lifted into the air, and from that board stands out an iron ring with a net under it. The ring is 10 feet from the floor and 18 inches in diameter. The object is to throw the ball so that it will drop through this ring, each team having its opponents' ring or basket to "shoot" for. That is about all, but, as experts play, it is no easy matter to shoot a basket.

There are five players on each team, or ten in all. These consist of a center, two guards, and two forwards on a side. The game begins when the referee throws the ball up between the two centers

and lets them jump to see which can get it and start toward the goal. From that moment it is a thrilling struggle to get the ball and keep it long enough to shoot it through the basket. A goal is worth two points. When a goal is made the team scored upon takes possession of the ball under its own basket. In case of a foul the other side has a free throw for the basket



International News Photo

It is a tense moment as this basketball player leaps high into the air to sink a one-handed shot into the basket for two points.

BASKETBALL

from a point at least 15 feet away. A goal made in this way counts one point. Of course the highest score wins.

In the beginning it was the business of the players to cover a certain part of the court, according to their positions. The centers played mainly in the middle of the court, the forwards had the main task of trying to shoot goals, and the guards of trying to keep the opponents from doing so. But as a good game is played now, the players will be all over the court, no matter what their technical position, each going to the place where he is most needed at the moment. That will be a different place at every instant. Good individual play consists in being where you can do most at any instant and then doing it fast, and good team play consists in having all the players at the places where they can work together as one man. This can come only with long practice on the part of steady, swift, and clever players.

Since the players may have to play on any part of the court, each ought to be a master of every part of the game—of passing the ball, blocking the ball, dribbling it, pivoting, feinting, and shooting the goal, as well as of all other plays. But in any team there will naturally be some players who are best at one of these things, and others who are best at other plays; and good teamwork also requires that the whole team do its best to let its stars have the best chance at their own specialities. There is always one man, for instance, who can shoot the goal more accurately than any of the other four, and the object of the other four should be to get

the ball to that man for shooting whenever they can. But a "one-man" team can be stopped by closely guarding the star. So each of the other four should be expert at shooting.

No player may grab or push or hold another player. No player may run with the ball. He must get it ahead in some other way. One way is to throw it to another player on his side, who ought to be scurrying around to some place where it can be passed to him without being stopped by an opponent who will be doing everything he can to get in the way. In fact, all five players are in perpetual fast motion doing this, and the ball flies around very rapidly. There is great skill in scurrying for place, dodging your opponents, getting the ball away from them, and passing it safely. Another way to get the ball ahead is to dribble it—that is, bounce it up and down between your hand and the floor while you are running ahead. Of course you must not kick it. Once you get it near enough to the goal for a throw, you do your best to shoot the goal.

Often a player will send the ball out of bounds, or off the court. Then the referee must give the ball to one of the other team, who will do his best to throw it back to someone on his own side within bounds.

A good player must learn to make his passes accurate. He will master the chest pass, the one-hand pass, the bounce pass, and the hook pass. In shooting, he must learn to make a chest, or set, shot, a one-handed push shot, and above all he must give



Photo by Keystone View Co.

One of the best things about basketball is that it is fun for everybody—girls and boys, men and women. And an informal "scrub" game in the "gym" is nearly as much fun as a big match.

much time and attention to sinking shots from the foul line. In receiving passes, he must learn to keep his fingers loose and supple to avoid having the ball bounce off. A fumbled pass in basketball may lose you possession of the ball, and you cannot score unless your team has the ball. Dribbling and guarding complete the basic skills.

The game is played in two periods of twenty minutes each, with an intermission.

It is so fast and so breathless that only well-conditioned players can stand up under the strain. Of course any other time limit may be agreed upon, such as four periods of eight minutes each. There is a modified form of the game for girls. In it the players do far less running because they have to keep within certain stations allotted to them. But this is going out more and more; in our day the girls often play just as the boys do.

The BREATHLESS ART of HANDBALL

Simple as It Looks, This Sport Will Call for All the Skill You Have, and Every Bit of the Nerve and Muscle

ONE of the simplest of all games, handball is still one of the speediest. It is a favorite game with many kinds of people—with hard-working business men who want to keep fit, with athletes who need to keep in training, and with all sorts of people who like a good, swift game. It taxes nearly every muscle in the body, makes for speed and precision of movement, and keeps a man in tone. It is twice as fast a game as tennis, and an hour of it is enough for a hardened athlete. In the big cities it is especially popular, because it takes so little space where space is rare and expensive. There we find handball courts in gymnasiums, clubs, schools, and often enough on the high roofs of skyscrapers.

The handball court has a plank or concrete floor 20 feet wide and 34 feet long. At one end is the board, a stout wall 16 feet high. A "short line" is painted across the court 15 feet from the board and parallel to it, and a "service line" is painted 9 feet behind that.

There are usually two players, the server and the receiver, though four persons may play in pairs. They use an inflated rubber ball, $1\frac{1}{8}$ inches in diameter and weighing 2 ounces. They commonly wear fairly soft leather gloves to save their hands.

At the opening of the game the server stands between the service line and the short line, and the receiver stands back of the service line, at least until the ball has crossed the short line in play. The server bounces

the ball on the floor; as it rebounds, he must send it against the board hard enough to make it bounce back somewhere between the short line and the service line. Of course he tries to put it where his opponent will have the hardest time to get it; for the opponent must take it either on the volley or on the first bounce and slam it back to the board in such a way that it will rebound somewhere outside the short line. Then it is the first man's turn again. And so the ball is kept in speedy play until one of the players fails to make a good return. All the while each of the players is doing his best to make the ball go so fast and to such difficult places that the other one cannot get it. When one player fails, the other one counts a point, and a game is usually 21 points though it may be longer or shorter by agreement.

That is about all there is to the game, except the speed and skill and wit that are acquired in playing it. But these are so great that an hour of handball is at least as strenuous as one of football. All the minor rules of the game may best be learned in practice, and the skill can come only in that way.

There is also a game of "four-wall" handball, in addition to the "one-wall" game we have been describing. It is a good deal more complicated and is much less played. The name of the game describes it; for four walls are used around the court, with certain rules for play, and the action of the ball against the four makes a good deal harder game.

CHESS

These are the pieces that fight the mighty battles of the chessboard. The smallest are the pawns, weakest of all. Then there are the knights, which look like horses. The bishops have a little slit in their heads to remind one of a miter, or bishop's head-dress. At the top of the picture is a castle, or rook. The piece nearest it is a queen, the most powerful piece on the board. The king, not shown here, is like the queen except that it is a little taller and has a more elaborate crown.



Courtesy Tennessee Eastman Corporation

The GAME of KINGS, the KING of GAMES

For Its Science and Its Art, Chess Is an Unrivalled Monarch in the Realm of Pastime and a Game That Can Tax the World's Best Brains

FANFARE of the King's trumpets! Crash of Royal Guard's cymbals! Make way, make way for the bishops, knights, King and Queen, rooks and pawns—the warriors of the royal game of chess!

They come from far back in history, these warriors—so far that no one exactly knows when or where they saw the light. Look closely, and you may see the sand of Egypt's deserts on their shoes; look again, and you may find the salt of the shores of India. Perhaps that cloth comes from the hand looms of China—that silk in the gown worn by the Queen there. Or could the mantle worn by the King be a toga such as the Romans used to wear? The armor of that

phalanx of eight men—the pawns—did it shine on some crusade to far-off Jerusalem? And those queer men who shoot straight from behind their castle windows—the rooks, soldiers of India and Persia—when were they imprisoned there? Each country has its own conjectures about all this, its own claims. Every student of the history of the great game sets forth his own ideas as to its birthplace. But who will ever know what the stolid, impassive faces of the characters themselves do not tell?

Now come to the battlefield, and perhaps you can judge for yourselves. See how they line up—the bristling pawns in front, menacing and protecting. The King is next to his

CHESS

Queen, who in Arabia is termed a counselor. Next come the bishops, then the knights, and at the end the rooks, who received their name when they were soldiers in India and Persia.

Long Live the King!

Notice how they guard the King. For their lives are dependent upon his. Once he is killed, they are all bound to surrender. No other piece is too precious to spend in his cause, nor, in an attack upon an enemy stronghold, is any man's life of value if by giving it up one can open the way to the hostile monarch. Many a time chess has been called a miniature battleground—a place where heads fall bloodlessly to the ground. But the fighting is confined to the board.

It is said that two brothers, Lydo (lĕ'dō) and Tirrhene (tĭr-ĕn'), being afflicted with great hunger, were seeking a means to pass away the time so that they might not suffer so much from their pangs. To do so they invented this game, and spent the time so well that they did not think of eating more than three times in two days, and so were able to survive until they received help.

That story is only a myth, but the fascination of the game is a reality. Another story, this time a more credible one, is told of the famed Italian master Paolo Boi (pă'ô-lō bō'ĕ). He had been a slave, but when his master discovered his skill at chess, he forced Boi to teach him the game. Then, when he had attained some skill in his own right, he freed Paolo, and endowed him with a large sum of money.

Another famous player of that day, Leonardo da Cutri (lă'ô-năr'dō dă kōō'trĕ), had a brother who was so unfortunate as to be captured by the pirates. Leonardo, going to pay the ransom, found that the captain of the pirate band was a chess player. He engaged the bandit in combat over the board, and played so well that he won back the ransom and two hundred crowns besides.

Chess has sometimes been called an old man's game, but nothing could be further from the truth. José R. Capablanca (hō-să' kăp'ă-blăng'kă), world champion from 1921 to 1927, was champion of Cuba at the

age of twelve. Sámuel Reshevsky (rĕ-shĕv'skĭ), recently the champion in the United States, finished on even terms with the noted master Janowski (jă-noŭ'skĭ) when Reshevsky was only ten years old. In 1928 the United States sent a team abroad to play in the international chess matches at The Hague, held in conjunction with the Olympic games. This was the first team ever to represent the whole country, as such—and four out of the five players were twenty-three years old or younger. The team finished second among the teams of seventeen nations. Three years later, another team won the first place, and only one of the players was over twenty-five. Chess, then, is the young man's game!

Famous Games of Chess

Now we are going to tell something about the history of the great game by showing a few famous and typical contests. If you have ever played a single game of chess, you can make all the moves shown below. If not, just get someone to show you how the thirty-two pieces move—it will not take more than five minutes.

The exciting thing about chess is found in the many combinations of moves possible. Each piece moves differently from any other, and the skill of the player at the beginning of the game lies in placing his pieces in such a position as to allow them the full scope of their range. It was the fashion many years ago, and up to about 1855, to throw forward one's pawns recklessly, in order to make a breach in the opponent's position. Through this breach the more powerful pieces might enter. If the opponent went after pawns, to the neglect of his own piece development, great was his woe at the reckoning! No better example of this style of play can be found than in the following game between Anderssen and Kieseritzki (kĕ'zĕr-ĭt'skĭ):

White (Anderssen)		Black (Kieseritzki)
P-K4	1	P-K4
P-KB4	2	P×P
B-B4	3	Q-R5 ch
K-B	4	P-QKt4
B×KtP	5	Kt-KB3
Kt-KB3	6	Q-R3

CHESSE

It is trying to hold this P at B5 which gets Black into difficulty.

P Q3 7 Kt-R4
Kt R4 8

Black threatened Kt Kt6 check, winning the "exchange"—a rook for a knight.

8 Q-Kt4
Kt-B5 9 P-QB3
P-KKt4 10 Kt B3
R Kt sq 11 PXB
P KR4 12 Q Kt3
P R5 13 Q-Kt4
Q B3 14 Kt-Kt

This is necessary to avoid the loss of the queen, which would follow after BXP. Notice that now the only Black piece working is the queen.

BXP 15 Q B3
Kt B3 16 B B4
Kt Q5 17 QXKtP
B Q6 18 QXR ch
K K2 19 BXR
P K5 20 Kt QR3

White announces checkmate in three moves: 21, KtXKtP ch, K-Q1; 22, Q B6 ch, KtXQ; 23, B K7 mate.

Shortly afterward, Anderssen was defeated by Paul Morphy, the first American champion, who thereafter was generally recognized as champion of the world.

In the fourth game of their match, the American champion showed the proper method of play against a person playing as described above. Here you can see what the method was:

<i>White</i>		<i>Black</i>
(Anderssen)		(Morphy)
P-K4	1	P-K4
Kt-KB3	2	Kt-QB3
B-Kt5	3	

This opening is called the "Ruy Lopez" (rōō' lō'pēs). It is named after a famous Spanish player who in 1561 wrote the first important book on the game.

	3	P-QR3
B-R4	4	Kt-B3
P-Q3	5	B-B4
P-B3	6	P-QKt4
B-B2	7	P-Q4
PXP	8	KtXP
P KR3	9	Castles
Castles	10	P-R3

P Q4	11	PXP
PXP	12	B-Kt3
Kt B3	13	Kt (Q4)-Kt5

White has given himself a weak pawn in the center in order to open up the lines for an attack on Black's king (Q-Q3 and thence to R7). Black's plan is to keep attacking these threatening pieces, and to delay the attack until he can capture the P in safety.

B Kt	14	B-K3
P R3	15	Kt-Q4
B-K3	16	Kt-B3
Q-Q2	17	R-K1
R Q1	18	B-Q4
Kt-K5	19	Q-Q3

Refusing properly to "bite" at the proffered pawn, White now tries his best to complicate matters.

Q-B2 20

With the threat of KtXB and QXKt on B3. The Q is a two-edged sword!

20 KtXP

What a way to meet the attack! Black accepts the challenge to take the pawn on the very move when it looks most dangerous.

BXKt	21	BXB
KtXB	22	QXKt (K4)
KtXKt ch	23	QXKt
Q R7 ch	24	K-B

All that for a single check! The Black king is quite safe.

B K4	25	QR-Q
K-R sq	26	BXKtP
QR-Kt sq	27	RXR ch
RXR	28	QXP
Q-R8 ch	29	K-K2
Q-R7	30	B-K4
B-B3	31	Q-Kt6
K-Kt1	32	Q-Kt3
QXQ	33	PXQ

The Calm. The attack is over, with Black three pawns ahead, and it is only a matter of time for him to push one to the eighth rank, where it will become a queen. White resigned on the 52nd move.

Following this match, chess players all over the world began seeking for a system of opening which would give the same possibilities for attack without the same danger of inferiority if the attack did not develop.

Thus came into popularity the Queen's gambit, fostered by the next great American

CHess

player, Harry Nelson Pillsbury. We cannot here attempt to set forth its power, but a glimpse into the following game may show the strength of White's attack and the difficulty which Black encounters in trying to free his pieces.

<i>White</i> (Pillsbury)		<i>Black</i> (Burn)
P-Q4	1	P-Q4
P-QB4	2	P-K3
Kt-QB3	3	Kt-KB3
B-Kt5	4	B-K2
P-K3	5	Castles
Kt-B3	6	P-QKt3
R-B1	7	B-Kt2
P×P	8	Kt×P
B×B	9	Q×B
Kt×Kt	10	B×Kt
B-Q3	11	R-B1

The contrast is great between the two positions, and Black's last and artificial move serves only to emphasize it. His next five moves, made for the purpose of stopping White's threat of P-Q5, serve only to shut in his one developed piece.

P-K4	12	B-Kt2
Castles	13	Kt-Q2
Q-K2	14	P-QR3
R-B3	15	P-QB3
KR-B1	16	P-QKt4
Q-K3	17	R-B2
Q-B4	18	QR-QB1
P-K5	19	P-QB4

All Black's preparations to free himself have served merely to weaken his king's position, and the next move by White splits him wide open.

B×P ch	20	K×B
Kt-Kt5 ch	21	K-Kt1
R-KR3	22	Q-K1
To let the K escape at K2		
Q-R4	23	K-B1
Kt-R7 ch	24	K-Kt1
Kt-B6 ch	25	K-B1
If P×Kt, Q-R8 mate		
Kt×Q	26	K×Kt
Q-Kt5	27	P×P
R-R8 ch	28	Resigns

If Kt-B1, then 29, R×R, R×R; 30, R×Kt ch, K×R; 31, Q-Q8 mate.

To combat this opening, two distinct types of defense arose. One was the ortho-

dox type—an attempt to exchange pieces until White's attack went off the board with them. In the recent championship match of the world, played between José R. Capablanca and Alexandre Alekhine (ä-lyä'kin), challenger, the former deliberately played for a drawn game with the black pieces—admitting by this concession the tremendous power of White's game. The reader is urged to consult the games of that match. The following example of an "orthodox" defense going astray is included further as an example of the brilliant and aggressive play of Frank J. Marshall, famous chess champion of the United States. It received the brilliancy prize in the New York Metropolitan Chess League, for the 1932 season:

<i>White</i> (Marshall)		<i>Black</i> (Gladstone)
P Q4	1	P-Q4
P QB4	2	P-K3
Kt-QB3	3	Kt-KB3
B-Kt5	4	QKt Q2
P-K3	5	B K2
Kt B3	6	Castles
R-B1	7	P B3
P-QR3	8	P-KR3
B-R4	9	P-QR3
Q-B2	10	P×P

Not a move of White is wasted. He waits for this exchange to develop his bishop.

B×P	11	P-QKt4
B-R2	12	P QB4

It is upon this move that Black places his hope for wholesale exchanges that will insure him a draw.

Kt K4	13	Q R4 ch
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But now he abandons his plan to go "pawn grabbing"—with the usual result.

Kt (B3)-Q2	14	P×P
Castles	15	P×P
P×P	16	Q-Kt3
Kt×Kt ch	17	B×Kt
B-Kt1	18	R Q1
Q-R7 ch	19	K B1
Q-R8 ch	20	K-K2
Q×KtP	21	

A startling move, possible because of the fact that the Black B cannot move because of the "pin" by White's B on R4, and because of the indirect pin on B7.

21	Q×P ch
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CHESSE

K-R1 22 B×B
 Q×P ch 23 K-Q3
 The ending is a fine example of the Queen's roving powers.
 Kt-K4 ch 24 K-Q4
 Q-R5 ch 25 B-Kt4
 Q-Q1 ch 26 Q Q5
 Q-Kt3 ch 27 K-K4
 Q Kt3 ch 28 K-Q4
 Q-Q6 mate 29

Meeting the Queen's "Death Grip"

Another group of players reached an entirely opposite conclusion as to how to meet this Queen's gambit "death grip." Keeping their pieces close to their side of the board, moving pawns only when White created weaknesses through rash pawn moves, as in the Anderssen game above, these creators of new and unusual situations took the whole chess world by storm—or rather by guile! For how could White attack an opponent who was not there? Perhaps the following game will show one answer, although not a solution:

White (Hanauer)		Black (Helms)
P-Q4	1	Kt-KB3
Kt KB3	2	P B4
P K3	3	P KKt3
B-Q3	4	P Kt3
Castles	5	B QKt2
QKt Q2	6	B Kt2
P B3	7	Castles
R-K1	8	P Q3
Q-K2	9	Kt Q2
P-K4	10	P×P
P×P	11	P-K4
P×P	12	P×P
P-QKt4	13	

Diamond cut diamond! White wants to oppose the B at KKt2 with his own at QKt2, and he incidentally prevents the Kt from coming to QB4.

Kt-B1	13	Kt R4
R-Kt1	14	Q K2
B-R6	15	QR-B1
Q×B	16	B×B
	17	Kt-Kt1

Since this Kt has no outlet at QB4, he seeks entry via QB3 to Q5.

Q-R3	18	KR-Q1
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Q-Kt3	19	Kt-QB3
Kt-K3	20	Kt-B5
P-Kt3	21	Kt-K3
Kt-Q5	22	Q-Kt2
B-Kt2	23	P-KR3

If Kt-Q5, White exchanges, and his Kt at Q5 will never be dislodged. Black decides to play P KB4, and he moves his K away from the threat of the Q at Kt3.

QR B1	24	K-R2
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Nothing harmful is on the surface, but there is a hidden case of TNT!

R×Kt	25	R×R
Kt×KP	26	R (B3) B1

Still Black does not see the danger.

Kt Kt4	27	P-KR4
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Kt (Kt4)-B6 ch	28	K-R1
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Q-K3	29	R-B7
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Kt×RP	30	
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The death blow! White necessarily saw all this when he played R×Kt.

	30	R×Kt
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If B×B, mate in 3. If R×B, 31, Kt×B, Kt×Kt, 32, Kt-B6, Kt B4; 33, P×Kt, K-Kt2; 34, Kt-R5 ch, P×Kt; 35, Q-Kt5 ch, K anywhere; 36, P-B6, and mate to follow.

B×B ch	31	
(Q-R6 ch is bad: K-Kt1; 32, B×B, R×Kt and wins)		

P×R	31	K-Kt1
Kt-B6 ch	32	Kt×B
	33	Resigns

Black cannot stop mate after Q-R6.

Only Practice Makes Perfect

Why are these games included here? Because they are superb ones; because any person who plays them over on a board and falls under their charm will soon be a devotee of chess. No attempt is being made here to teach the game to the reader. Volumes have been written upon single openings, upon endings, upon the combinations of the game. How can the reader learn the game? No book alone will ever teach him; no teacher, no matter how expert or sympathetic, can impart to him the endless ideas that will arise while he himself is playing. How can one learn to play? By playing! Sit down at a board and start. It might not be a bad plan to begin to-day.

BOWLING ON THE GREEN



Photo by the Artist, Griffith Baily Coale

Here is old Peter Stuyvesant, last governor of New Netherland before it became New York; he is watching his people bowling on the green. In these days tall skyscrapers have shot up around this strip of park on the lower tip of Manhattan, but it still bears its pleasant old name of Bowling Green, although no one plays at ninepins there any more. The English like to play a game called "bowls"—"lawn bowls" on a green and

indoor bowls in a bowling alley. The game, which differs from ninepins, is very old; it goes back as far as the 1200's, perhaps farther. The bowling green is laid out in four "rinks," each from 18 to 21 feet wide. There is a "jack"—a small white ball—on the green. The player has a "bowl," a much larger ball that is not perfectly round, and so will go "on a bias" when rolled. His job is to roll the bowl near the jack.

LACROSSE



Photo by Keystone View Co.

Lacrosse has lately been gaining in favor as a college sport. It is more popular in Canada than in the United States, but there is now an active United States Inter-

collegiate Lacrosse Association, and each year an "All-America" and an "All-Canada" team contend for an international trophy.

A BALL GAME *of the* RED MEN

Taken Over from the Indians, Lacrosse Has Become the National Sport of Canada and a Popular Game in the United States

WHEN the French explorers first came into the upper regions of the St. Lawrence River, they found the Indians there playing a ball game very much like one that was popular in France. The Indians used a ball that was stuffed with hair and covered with deerskin, and to throw or carry the ball they had a long stick curved at the farther end and fitted with a network there. The curved stick looked a little like a shepherd's crook or a bishop's crozier; and since the name for that in French is "crosse," the newcomers called the Indian game "lacrosse." Whole villages played the game, which was frequently very rough. Later it was standardized with new rules, and has become the national game of Canada. Many colleges in the United States have lacrosse teams, and the game has also gone to England and other parts of the world. It is still very rough.

Lacrosse is played with a soft rubber ball a little smaller than a baseball. The stick is still called the "crosse" and is very much like the one the Indians used. It is made of hickory, and at the curved end it has a net-

work of leather thongs to catch the ball. The players catch and throw the ball only with the crosse; they must not throw it with their hands, though they may boot it along the ground with their feet.

The game is played on a field from 300 to 400 feet long and of a suitable width. In the center at each end of the field is a goal, very much like the goal in a soccer field. The posts are six feet apart, and the crossbar is six feet high; and behind the posts there is a net, as in the game of ice hockey. There are twelve players on each side, each with a definite post; and the aim of each side is to earn as many goals as possible, or to put the ball through the opponents' goal as often as they can. The side making the most goals wins.

A game begins in the center of the field. The ball is placed on the ground between two of the players, and at the signal each tries to scoop it up on his crosse. Whoever gets it will start for the goal with it, or will throw it to another player on his side who will do his best to advance it.

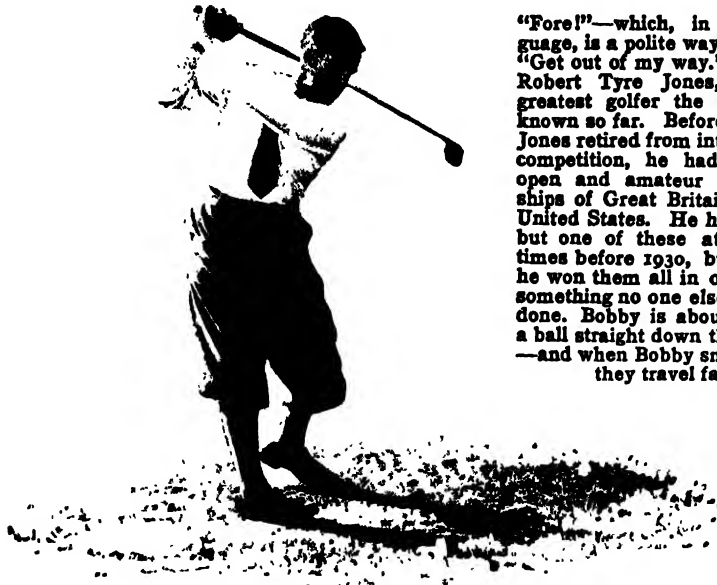


Photo by Warner Bros.

"Fore!"—which, in golf language, is a polite way of saying, "Get out of my way." Here is Robert Tyre Jones, Jr., the greatest golfer the world has known so far. Before "Bobby" Jones retired from international competition, he had won the open and amateur championships of Great Britain and the United States. He had won all but one of these at different times before 1930, but in 1930 he won them all in one year—something no one else has ever done. Bobby is about to drive a ball straight down the fairway—and when Bobby smacks 'em, they travel far!

WHY GOLFERS NEED IRON NERVES

*A Game That Gives Hardened Athletes a Nervous Breakdown,
Yet Can Be Enjoyed by Duffers of Any Age*

WOULD you like to try a game that requires delicacy of touch, powerful coordination, a keen sense of distance and timing, an iron grip on your temper and nerves—a game which can never be absolutely mastered? Then try a round of golf—but not unless you are willing to become a lifelong addict. The lure of the game is so powerful that the phrase "golf widows" has been coined to describe the non-playing wives of golfers. The game is an eternal challenge to your skill. Famous professionals have spent eight hours a day for years in learning it to an almost miraculous perfection—yet even they cannot foresee the impish antics of the little white ball.

We do not know the birthplace of golf. Something like it used to be played on the ice in Holland during the Middle Ages. But it came to us from Scotland, where it had already been popular for centuries. Such a craze had it been in Scotland that five hundred years ago laws were passed there to keep the people from playing it when they

ought to have been at business or in church. But the rest of the world had hardly known about it till a little over a half century ago. Then it spread down into England, about 1880, and almost at once came over to America. In both places it took the land by storm. Now it has gone through all the world, and is played in every place where men have time and sense enough to follow any game of skill.

A golf course is just a stretch of country laid out in a certain fashion for the game, or rather in a curiously uncertain fashion. At various points between one end and the other of the course there are some little holes in the ground, eighteen in all for a course of full size. You start at one end with your little white ball and some nice, queer clubs, and all you have to do is to whip the ball with the clubs to the other end of the course, sinking it in each of the eighteen holes as you pass them. That is all you have to do, under certain rules of play. And the great idea is to see how many times you have to

hit the ball—or how few strokes you can manage to get “around” in. That is absolutely all. But that will give you absolutely no notion, till you have tried, of the thousand and one things that the pesky little ball can do to keep you from having your way with it.

Of course there are certain rules. Your

little ball is just a bit over an inch and a half through, and weighs just a little over an ounce and a half; it is made of rubber and gutta percha, and is as hard as a stone, but very bouncy. Your clubs may be of many kinds, in many curious shapes, of wood or of metal. But you can get along well enough with four or five kinds. Your “driver” will be a wooden-headed club for making a long shot. Your “niblick” and your “mashie” have metal heads; the niblick is to get you

out of sandy places such as bunkers, and the mashie is to deal with a ball that lies in tall grass. Your “putter” also has an iron head, for rolling the little ball into a hole when you come to one. You must never touch the ball with your hand, except when taking it out of a hole. But these clubs will get you out of any trouble. That is, begging your pardon, they *ought* to get you out of any trouble.

You will start on a tee—a level plot of some few square yards. There you “tee up” your

ball on a wooden peg or a tiny mound of sand for a long shot toward the first hole. You ought to send the ball 200 yards, maybe 250, in a low, graceful curve, straight down the “fairway.” The hole may be 400 or 500 yards away, though the distance varies a good deal, and the fairway to it is a rolling

stretch of close-mown turf. In another shot you ought to be on the “green”—a plot of turf nearly as smooth as a billiard table, some forty feet across, with the hole in the middle of it. The hole is about 4 inches in diameter. One or two more shots ought to put your ball in the hole. Then you may go on to another tee, down another fairway, into another hole; and so on for 18 holes. Four shots per hole: 18 times 4 is 72,

so you are “around” in 72 strokes!

That, of course, is what ought to happen. That, or something better, is what would happen if you are Robert T. Jones—“Bobby” Jones or one of the other great golfers. But what *does* happen, all too often?

Well, your little ball is very little; it is hard to hit the perverse thing just right. Any little error in your “stance,” or the way you stand; in your “grip,” or the way you hold the club; in your “swing,” or the way you hit the ball, may send it the wrong way, or may not send it anywhere at all. You



Photo by the Artist, Griffith Bailey Coale

You may not have thought of golf as a game for kings, but the picture above shows you Henry VIII playing the venerable game as it was played in his time. The gallery is quiet and attentive—as it should be. In the background is Windsor castle.

GOLF

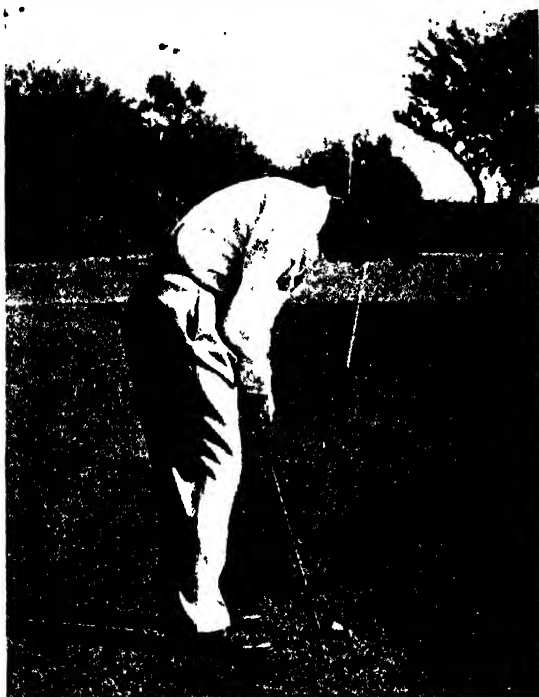


Photos courtesy Byron Nelson's *Winning Golf*, by Byron Nelson, copyright 1946, published by A. S. Barnes and Company.

The golfer at the top left is taking pains to grip his wooden-headed driver correctly. You can see that the fingers of his right hand are locked next to the club handle by the fingers of his left hand. As the bottom picture shows, the good player is relaxed as he addresses the ball for the drive. His weight is evenly divided between his feet, and his arms hang naturally

and straight. The small cuts show four instants during the drive. During the backswing the weight shifts to the right foot and the left knee bends to help the body pivot to the rear. At the top of the backswing both eyes concentrate on the ball. Now the weight is solidly on the right foot. In the downswing notice that the left arm remains firm while the right elbow is held close to

GOLF



the body. As he completes the swing the golfer raises his head to follow the ball. At the finish of the shot the hips are pointing in the direction of the shot. Once the ball is safely on the green, the putter is called for. Now a keen eye counts heavily as the golfer estimates the direction and power needed to sink the ball in the cup. Even the experts slice into the rough, so they

must know which iron has the proper "loft," or backward slant to the head, to carry the ball back to the fairway. A midiron or mashie should get the man at lower left out of his difficulties. In the two large pictures above, notice how a good putting grip links the index finger of the left hand with the small finger of the right. The knees and feet are kept close together in putting.

GOLF



Photo by Canadian Pacific Ry.

Although Scotland is the true home of golf and is famed for its fine links, many superb courses are to be found in other parts of the world. The golfer above

is using an iron to drive across the pool that forms one of the hazards on this fine Canadian course. Courses like this one are very expensive to maintain.

may "slice" the ball, or shoot it off to one side; you may "hook" it, or drive it off to the other side; you may "loft" it, or just pop it up into the air; you may "top" it, or hit it on the top and only get it to move a few yards over the grass.

You may drive it clear off the fairway into the "rough," or among the trees and bushes, where it will be lost. And there are all sorts of things called "hazards" in your way—cunningly left there, or put there, by the "architect" of the golf course, to give you plenty of problems and to make the game sporting. There may be a big tree right in the middle of the fairway. There may be a brook or a lake—a "water hazard." There are sandy "bunkers" all around the greens, and in other places, with little mounds around them. There are little "cups," or depressions in the ground here and there; your ball simply loves to nestle in these snug harbors. There are all sorts of troubles, hard to avoid and hard to get out of. The rarer ones are far too numerous to mention. You will hear about them from the golfers. The golfers

are forever talking about them. For some reason golfers talk—about the game—ten times as much as any other sportsmen.

Once in a while your ball may get stuck up in the crotch of a tree. Once at least a ball got caught in a sheep's wool, and went off with the sheep—at a fast clip. These are only some of the strange things that may happen to your pert little ball—you learn the other thousands when you play. They are the making of the game. And to overcome them a man must have a steady temper.

But they are by no means all that goes to make the game. Sunshine and fresh air and green scenery are part of it too. Good exercise, never too violent, is part of it. And skill is a great part of it; for in this game, more than in most others, it is art and not mere muscle that tells. The art of a fine swing and a free "follow through" will send the ball a good deal farther, and a great deal straighter, than mere hard hitting. For young and old, for men or women, for a single player or for two or four, golf is to many people the king of games.

HOW TO MAKE A GOOD KITE

A sunshiny day and a clipping breeze, and a fine kite tugging at the string! Could anything be gayer? And if fancy so suggests, a boy or girl may become something of a scientist in the process of learning to be a skillful flyer of kites.

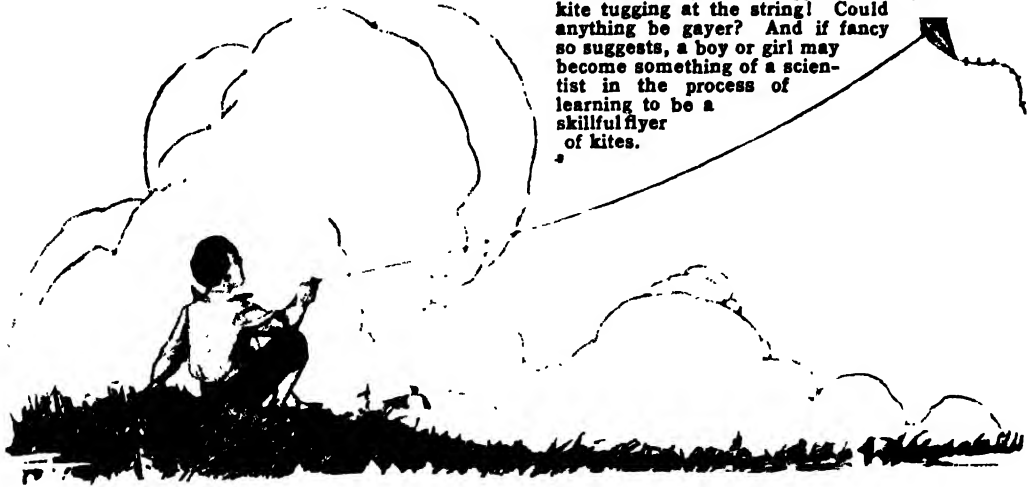


Photo by Standard Oil Co. of Ohio

CAN YOU MAKE *a* GOOD KITE?

If Not, This Will Tell You How to Do It; and if So, It May Show You Some New Tricks in the Sport of Kite Flying

OVER in Korea, New Year's is much the most important day that ever comes round. On that day a Korean father goes out with a huge kite, perhaps shaped like a dragon and gaudily painted in the brightest yellow and blue and green. Fastened to the string of the kite are slips of bright red paper bearing the names, ages, and birthdays of all the boys in the family. Up and away goes the kite, for it is let loose to fall on some distant field or hillside, there to remain for the year with its bright red papers attached to it. The idea is that the paper dragon will guard the paper children from all harm during the year; and the father believes that if his paper children are safe, then his real children will be safe too, for the year.

Nearly all the people in the Far East are fond of kites. They have loved kites for centuries. The Chinese have a kite festival on the ninth day of every ninth month, and the array of kites to be seen on that day is something that we never behold in our land. There are kites of every size and shape, made to look like every kind of thing, real or imaginary. There are dragons and fighting

cocks, warriors on horseback, princesses in boats or in odd little houses; there are kites shaped like mushrooms and like bats and like pears, for the Chinese look on these as signs of good luck. And all kinds of people are out flying these kites, from ragged urchins to pompous old Chinese gentlemen. They can fly the kites so skillfully as to make them fight great battles high up in the air.

It has been said that our early travelers to the East brought back kites with them and taught the boys in the West to make and fly them. Almost surely this is not true, for the people in the West must have learned how to fly kites before they ever went traveling very far; and the Greek and Roman children used to have kites, as we may see from pictures on some of the ancient vases. Yet the first travelers in the East did find the natives playing with kites, for kites have something to do with Malay superstitions, and the brown natives of the far eastern islands even use kites to fish with. They have a few strings dangling from a kite flying out over the sea, and the strings carry baited hooks—so we do not need to tell the rest of that story.

HOW TO MAKE A GOOD KITE

In the main a kite is only a plaything, but it has often been a good deal more than that. As far back as 1749 a scientist in Edinburgh sent up thermometers in a kite to find out the temperature of the upper air. Three years later Benjamin Franklin made a great discovery by flying a kite in Philadelphia. He sent it up in a thunderstorm and let the lightning strike it; and thus he proved that the lightning is the same thing as our electricity. Until we had the airplane we used to employ many kites to find out about conditions high up in the air. The United States Weather Bureau still uses them. It sends up kites of the box type, flying them in groups and putting scientific instruments of various kinds in them. Some of them are flown with as much as ten miles of fine wire, and climb nearly as high as five miles.

Box kites strong enough to lift and hold a man several hundred feet above the ground used to be employed in some of the European armies for sending up military observers, but of course the airplane now does this very much better. Even to-day, however, an engineer will sometimes use a big kite for carrying a rope or a wire across some deep chasm that would be hard to span in any other way.

The Fun of Flying Kites

But after all, the main thing about kites is the sport they give us. It is neat work to make them—if you think it is easy you might just try to see how many of your first kites will fly—and it is great sport to fly them in any kind of wind from breeze to gale. It is a good, sunny sport, too, and there is plenty to learn about it before you turn from a bungler into an expert. It is restful, like fishing, and like fishing it is a good deal of

an art. If you want a lesson in the art, make five or six kites, just as much alike as possible, some rainy day. Then when the skies clear, take them all out. If they all fly, you will find that no two fly at all alike. Every kite has its own temperament, and demands its own kind of management. They will cut all sorts of different capers and keep your hands and wits busy. And every one will act differently in various kinds of breeze. But with sharp eyes and plenty of patience you may learn how to make them all obey.

A good kind of kite for a beginner to make is one of the simple two-stick type. You will need some strong boards with a straight grain—laths are good—a sharp knife, some glue, some paste, and plenty of fine, strong cord.

A pencil, ruler, and scissors will help. Crêpe paper is the best, but any kind of tissue paper will do. Do not use any heavy paper if you can't help it, and never use glazed paper unless you want your kite to dart about like a scared bat.

The pictures will explain to you how to make a simple two-stick kite, and give you suggestions for one or two other kinds. You may want to try a three-stick kite, too. It is nearly as easy to make as one with two sticks, and is a good deal sportier; in fact it is one of the prettiest of kites. It differs from a two-stick kite in that it has no spine, but instead has two long sticks crossed in the shape of a narrow "X." The "cross stick" crosses them where they touch each other. This kite, has six sides. If you are successful with the simple kites shown here, you will want to try all sorts of fascinating fancy kinds, for which you will have no trouble in finding directions. You will learn, too, to take one weather-wise look at the way the wind is acting, and guess what

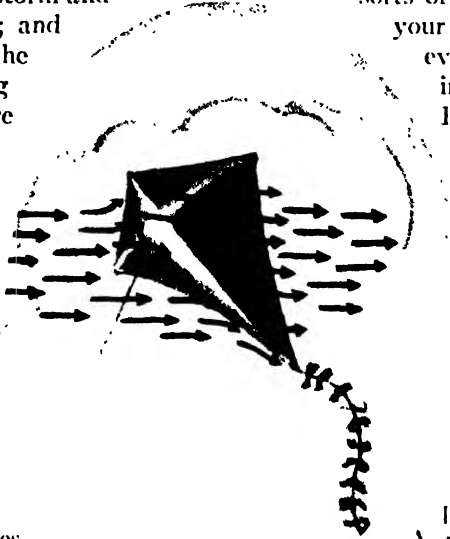
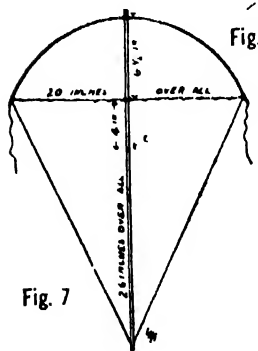
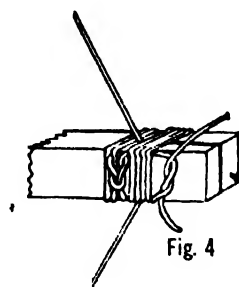
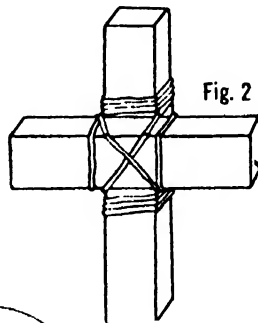
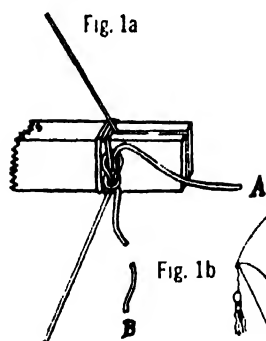
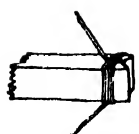
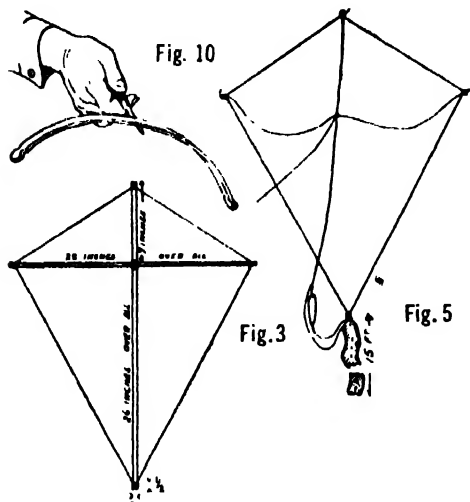


Photo by Standard Oil Co. of Ohio

In this diagram the arrows show how the wind strikes against a kite to buoy it up and drive it on its way. With those strong currents pushing up beneath it, the kite cannot sink. The principle is the same as that of the airplane.

HOW TO MAKE A GOOD KITE



HOW TO MAKE A GOOD KITE

length of tail will make each of your kites fly best that particular day. As you see, the flying of kites is an art.

The author of this story, when he was ten years old, used to make kites for nearly all the boys in his village. Now, at fifty, he is still making them and flying them. He likes it. And he is going to tell you one of his little discoveries which he has never put into print before, and which he does not think will be found in print anywhere else. One day he made a three-stick kite that was so steady that it simply floated in the air, without ever a dart or a caper of any kind. It just stayed aloft and pulled hard, but remained all but motionless. It was the perfect kite. So when he took it down the author measured the kite, to see what the dimensions of a perfect three-stick kite should be. Since then he has made many a kite with those same dimensions, and all the kites, with the right amount of tail, have been perfectly steady. Here are the dimensions:

The Perfect Three-Stick Kite

Between the ends of the two long sticks, at the top, 6 inches; from the top of each long stick to the point where they meet, 7 inches; from the end to the middle of the short cross stick, 8 inches; and from the point where the sticks meet to the bottom of each long stick, 12 inches. Now if you want to make your kite bigger than that, you must keep the same *proportion* in the dimensions; and to figure that proportion for kites of all sizes will be a nice little problem for you in arithmetic.

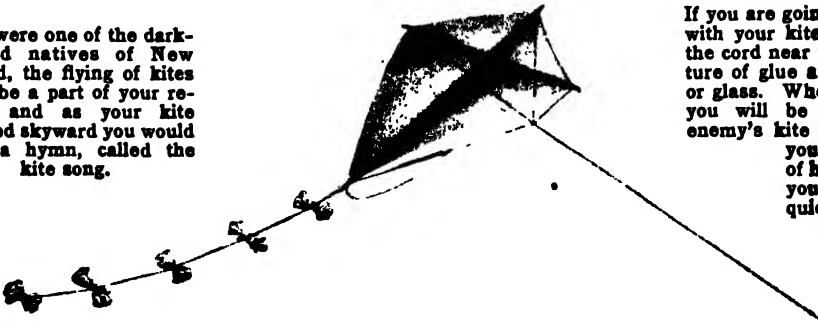
The only trouble with a kite made by these dimensions is that it is likely to be *too* perfect. It will be too tame, and not sporty

enough. So you may want to vary the proportions just a little—not too much—merely for fun.

The author cannot refrain from telling about one other thing that happened to him. He was flying a big kite—the kind that pulls like a horse—one day on the Palisades, four hundred feet above the Hudson River. There was a stiff breeze right up the river. Suddenly the cord broke, and the kite was gone. It fell in slanting sweeps, as kites will. But the cord got to the water before the kite did; and when a certain length of the cord was dragging through the water, it began to “hold” the kite. Then the kite righted itself, and started sailing slowly and steadily up the river. The author watched it as long as he could see it. When at last it faded out of view it was still sailing merrily, headed for Albany.

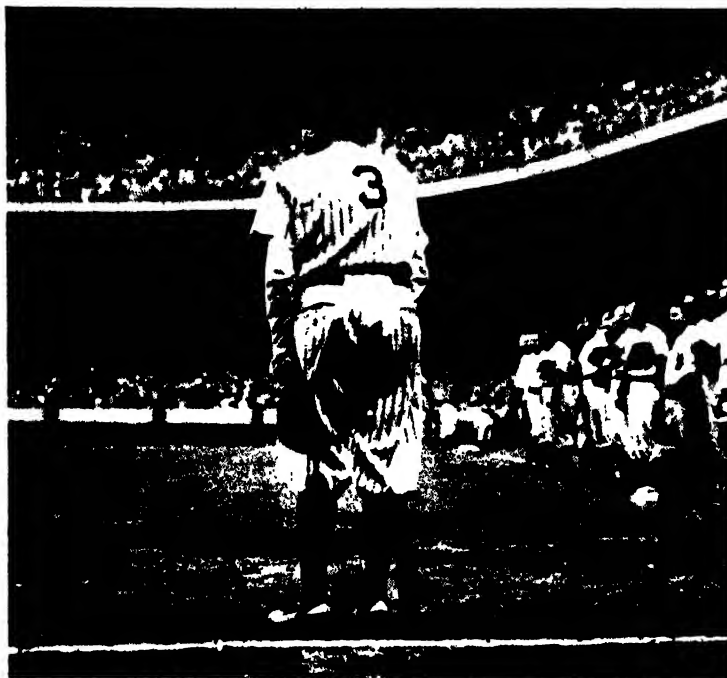
You must never, never let anyone see you dashing across a field in a breathless effort to “put up” your kite. If the kite is fit to fly, and if there is a good wind, you will never have to run. Make the kite right in the first place. Then simply stand calmly for a moment in a breezy spot and hold up the kite to the wind. In a moment the wind will take it, and the kite will do the rest. It will tell you well enough how fast you can let out the cord. If the breeze slackens, pull the cord in gently, and if it dies down altogether, pull it in fast; but even then, never run with the kite. If the kite “darts” in a stiff wind, give it *more* cord; but pull it in between darts and put on more tail. Tie a whole bush or a stone on the end of the tail if necessary. To pull in a kite between fast darts in a real gale is no easy thing, and a novice cannot do it. But practice will make perfect.

If you were one of the dark-skinned natives of New Zealand, the flying of kites would be a part of your religion, and as your kite mounted skyward you would chant a hymn, called the kite song.



If you are going to fight a battle with your kite, you must soak the cord near the kite in a mixture of glue and crushed china or glass. When this has dried, you will be able to cut an enemy's kite string by getting your kite to windward of his and then giving your own string a quick jerk when it touches his kite string.

One of the most famous players baseball has ever seen was "Babe" (George Herman) Ruth, who knew how to bat them right off the lot. Shortly before his death from a long and painful illness he appeared to make his last bow in a moving ceremony at the Yankee Stadium in New York. No one on the Yankee team will ever bear a number 3 again.



New York Herald Tribune Photo

The GAME of GAMES for ALL AMERICA

No Athletes Are More Expert, and None Are More Popular, than Those Who Hurl and Whack the Sizzling Baseball through the Summer Season

IS THERE any single able-bodied boy between Maine and California who has never played a game of baseball?

He may never have played tennis or golf, he may live where it is always too warm for skating or where there is no pool for swimming, he may never have even seen a game of chess or checkers; but if he has never felt the thrill of baseball, he must surely be about the rarest boy in the land. The chances are that he has seen many a fine game between expert professionals, and that at some time or other he has thought the one best thing that could ever happen to him would be to get a place on one of their great teams. For baseball is the national sport of sports. It is played everywhere in the country, from the immense stadiums of the major leagues in the big cities to the sand lots on the edges of the tiniest villages. Everywhere it is exactly the same game, for every "scrub" team in the land is trying to play like the Giants or the

Yankees, and every player on the team is doing his best to be a Joe DiMaggio or a Bobby Feller.

So there is no use in our giving the rules for baseball or telling how it is played. Nobody needs to read them. All over the country, in the summer afternoons, the newsstands are piled high with newspapers for the eager buyers who flock to them. A few of those buyers want the news from Washington or from Europe; the vast number want the baseball scores. They want to know whether their hero made another home run. They talk about their man more than they do about the president of the country. They are eager to find out about the latest feats that have been added to the history of the game. The statistics of baseball are carefully compiled and form a constant source of discussion among baseball fans.

The first man who picked up a stone to throw at some animal or some enemy would

BASEBALL

stand utterly amazed if he could come back now and see what a "big leaguer" can do with a little ball. The man must throw the ball practically on a straight line from third base to first, or from second base to home. The minute a player begins to get too stiff for that—the minute he finds he has to elevate the ball, ever so little, to make the throw—he can begin to count the days until he will be out of the game. He must throw this ball from practically any position. If he is fielding a hot grounder he may have no time to stop and right himself for an easy throw; he must hurl it from where he stands, or even where he is falling down, if the ball is to get to first a split second ahead of the runner. He must throw the ball to the exact spot where it is wanted. It is no easy task for a catcher, sitting on his haunches, to send the ball to second base accurately and fast enough to catch a runner trying to steal.

An outfielder must have such an arm that he can throw straight in to the home plate if he needs to. As a rule, however, he does not do this in the game. He can get the ball home faster by throwing it on a straight line to the shortstop or the second baseman, who will send it on to the catcher the moment it lands in his glove. When two throws can be made faster than one, we can see how quick the second thrower has to be in handling the ball. There are plenty of people who like to go to baseball games very early because they really enjoy the practice before the game more than the game itself. It is then that they see the most skillful throwing, as well as wonderful "stunts" of all sorts, for the players will take chances in doing spectacular things.

Of course the most extraordinary throwing

is done by the pitcher, who is the most important figure in the game. A good pitcher can hit a silver dollar held on a string over the home plate—if he wants to. But that is not the way he pitches. He does not want to cut the middle of the plate with the ball at every throw, for then the batter would have an easy time. He wants to cut the corners of the plate, the outside one this time and the inside one next time, so as to keep the batter guessing. He wants to throw one ball just below the batter's shoulders and the next one just above his knees, and always to throw exactly the kind of ball which he knows this particular batter does not like. He wants to start the ball straight for the middle of the plate and then have it curve out of its course while the batter "fans the air," or to start it as if it were not going to touch the plate and then curve right over it, while the batter stands motionless, never dream-



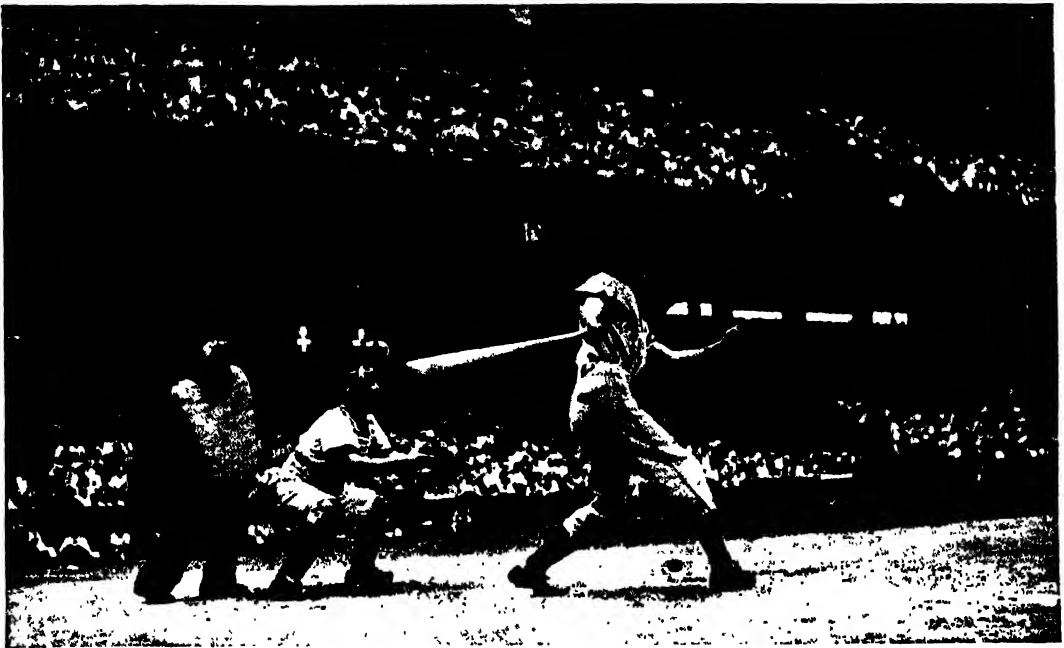
International News Photo

One of the big leagues' greatest hitters has taken a mighty swing at the ball. Everyone watches breathlessly, for thus far it has been a no-hit, no-run game. The pitcher instantly runs to his left to field the ball, while the umpire watches intently from behind the plate. But the ball will curve foul, and the pitcher will go back to the mound to finish his stellar performance.

ing that he is letting a strike pass. He will send in one ball so fast and straight that the batter will be swinging for it about the time it has landed in the catcher's hands behind him; and then he may send in the next one, with exactly the same motions, so slowly that it veritably seems to float up to the plate, and the batter may swing for it before it ever gets to him. The pitcher may deliberately throw a bad ball, which the batter, expecting a good one, will reach for. Sometimes the pitcher may not want to give a certain batter any chance to hit the ball at all. He may prefer to "pass" the batter with four balls, rather than to let him try for a hit.

In general the pitcher fools the batter more by changes of speed—that is, by alternating fast balls and slow ones—than by throwing

BASEBALL



International New York

It's a hit! In a fraction of a second the batter will drop his bat and speed toward first base, while the throng in the stands roars excitedly. For this is "big league" baseball, where rivalries are keen and fans

are ardent. Great crowds come to the games to root for their favorite teams in the struggle for the American or National league pennant, and in early fall for their choice in the all-important World Series.

the most puzzling curves. In general, too, the art of the pitcher is not so much to keep the batter from hitting the ball at all, or to strike him out, as to make him hit the ball to a certain place, where it can be easily fielded. Have you ever seen the pitcher signal to the fielders where to stand for the ball?

The Important Duties of the Catcher

But while it is the pitcher who does the work, it is not he who decides what shall be done. It is the catcher who tells the pitcher just what kind of ball he is to throw every time. That signal from catcher to pitcher is known at once to every fielder on the team. So the catcher is a most important man, for this as well as other reasons. He it is who must know best what kind of ball every player in the whole league finds it hardest to hit. He it is who must guess just what kind of ball will be hardest for this particular batter this particular time. And above all this, the kind of ball he may order may depend on whether there are one or two or three men on bases, or whether the bases

are empty; on whether there are none out or one out or two out.

Another important baseball skill is fielding. Here again the most amazing things are done. The third baseman may reach one hand skyward like a flash of lightning and "stab" a sizzling liner that the whole grandstand took to be a sure hit. The shortstop may plunge headlong after a hot grounder and get it in his finger tips just as it was heading for the outfield; he may even swing it to first base just before he starts to roll over in the grass from his dive after the ball. An outfielder may race in after a "Texas leaguer" and pick it out of the air "off his shoe laces"; and the next time he may have to turn his back squarely to the plate the moment a long fly leaves the bat, judge where it is going from that first glimpse before he turned away from it, race at top speed toward the back fence, and then turn again at the right place, find the ball in the air, and take it as it drops.

Fast thinking is expected of baseball players. We sometimes hear about "bone-head" players, but no ball player can be a "bone-

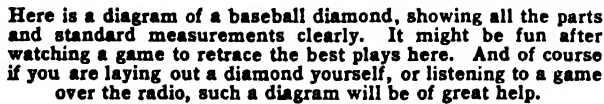
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If it is a grounder and there are no men on bases, he simply throws to first. But he may do a great variety of things, depending upon whether there are runners on bases, what their lead off the bases may be, the number of outs, and still other factors. The fielder will be certain to consider the score and the number of innings left to play. If there is a man racing home, he will throw home rather than to first—that is, if he can catch the man

So what a fielder does with a ball depends on a good many dozens of things, which are never exactly the same. Nearly always he has to make a very close decision, and a lightning decision. In fact, the decision has to be just about automatic, for he has no time to stop and think. That is where the quick wit comes in, and why "bone-heads" are simply unthinkable. It is by these quick decisions that the players of the other side get put out, and are kept from piling up enormous scores. Probably the greatest difference between a "scrub" team and a pro-

A single player has even been known to put out three men in a single play. Can you

imply ran to meet



Much baseball glory is won by skill at bat. This probably interests the crowd more than any other feature of the game. And batting is very skillful art. The batter must know how to wait for his ball. He must know whether the curving thing that is whizzing in is going to cross the plate or not. He must not swing away at any ball that comes near the corner of the plate, too low or too high for him, even if he thinks it is going to be a strike. He must not mind letting two strikes pass—the good batter wants only one fair swing at the ball. He must make a lightning decision as to just how fast this ball is coming, so as not to strike too soon or too late. He must strike just at the right instant in order to send the ball where he wants it to go—a fraction of an instant earlier if he is

BASEBALL



Photo by Keystone View Co.

Safe by a mile! The Yankee center fielder has hit a "three bagger" and slides into third in a cloud of dust. The umpire is on the spot as usual to call the play,

aiming for left field, or later if for right field. That is, if he is a right-handed batter; it will be the reverse if he is batting left-handed. And about half of the players always bat left-handed, because that puts them a few feet nearer first base at the start. He must learn how to hit flat line drives which are not likely to be caught by the outfielders. Moreover, he must be able to lift up a long sacrifice fly when he is told to, or to tap a little bunt straight down the third base line. He must do all these things without letting his motions tell the fielders what he is going to do. And in all this he must obey instructions. For a batter hardly ever decides for himself what he will try to do--whether to make a bunt or a home run. He does what he is told--but of that a little later.

Wielding the Bat

The pitcher is seldom expected to be a good batter, and the catcher may or may not be one. These men--the "battery"--are too important for their place on the team to depend on what they can do with the bat. But all the other players are chosen very largely for their ability to wield the stick--not merely as "sluggers," but as artists.

and the fans are howling their applause for the batter, who has raced three-quarters of the way around the infield and has to hit the dirt in a close play at third.

Of course another glory is the base-running. Stealing bases takes fleet legs and quick wit. There are times when it pays to try to steal much better than at others, and accordingly the spectator can often tell when a steal is going to be attempted. It depends on the speed of the runners on the bases, on the number and position of them, on the state of the score, and on other things. Very often a "double steal" is attempted when there is a man on first and another on third. Then if the catcher throws to second to catch the man going down from first, the runner on third may try to get home while the ball is going to second and back. But there are many tricks to stop this play. For instance, the catcher may throw hard, not to second, but to the pitcher; and if the runner on third thinks the ball is going to second and races for home, he may be neatly caught when the ball comes sizzling back from pitcher to catcher.

The Squeeze Play

The prettiest of all steals is the "squeeze play." You may see it from time to time, when there is a fast runner on third and the score is desperate. The runner gets a big

"lead" off third. Then, as the pitcher starts "winding up" to throw the ball to the batter, the runner dashes full tilt for home—literally to beat the ball in. The batter, knowing what is afoot, bunts the ball in order to gain time by keeping the catcher from catching it. The catcher gets the ball, springs for the plate, and tries to touch the runner. But he has to touch one foot of him, which is not so easy; for the runner has taken a long "slide" to one side of the plate, with just that one foot reaching for it. Many a time he makes it safely; and then the crowd goes wild!

Teamwork, the Key to Success

The greatest glory of the game is the teamwork. The crowd does not notice very much of this, and practically never applauds it. It may see that when the first baseman has to run far to field a ball, the pitcher will get over and play first base before the runner gets there; but it hardly sees how fast he has to go to be there on time. It may note that when the second baseman is fielding a ball, the shortstop will cover second base if he is needed there. But sometime at a big ball game take your eyes off the outfielder racing after a batted ball, if you possibly can, and look at what all the other players are doing. They will all be shifting around the lot to very different places from the ones where you see them the rest of the time, and the places to which they shift will vary a great deal according to what the fielder is going to do with that ball when he gets it, and according to many other things in the state of the game. If the fielder has to throw to third base, for instance, watch how the shortstop and the pitcher will get out far behind the third baseman before the fielder ever gets the ball; they are taking no chances, but are "backing up" the baseman in the unlikely case that he may miss the ball. As you watch you will see a great deal of this sort of thing. You may even see a first baseman playing third for a moment. And always you will see nine men playing as one, instead of as nine!

The main thing that keeps them playing as one man is a hidden part of the game. It

is the signaling, or what is sometimes called "inside baseball." The crowd can see almost none of this, but the old hands in the audience know it is going on all the time, for almost every play. There has to be one central brain for the team. Somewhere in the grounds there is a manager who is directing the whole game. Every time a batter tries for a home run or a sacrifice fly or a neat bunt, it is because the manager has given a little signal. Every time a runner tries to steal a base, every time a pitcher "passes" a formidable batter, every time a "pinch hitter" comes up to bat in a crisis, it is for the same reason. And so on for many another play. To give so many signals in a hurry, and to send them all over the field without letting the opponents know what they are, requires a whole code of signaling and a wise and steady manager.

So when you play baseball, play it like a "good sport"—that is, try to shine as a member of the nine, not merely as an individual. If you have a manager, do exactly what he tells you, even if you think he is wrong. He may be right, after all, and it is better for him to make a mistake or two than for every man on the nine to be playing just as he pleases.

How to Be a Sport at a Ball Game

And be a sport, too, when you go to see a big game. Applaud the star plays on both sides. The public is learning to do that. Never applaud the errors on the other side, and never try to "rattle" the opposing pitcher. It is not sporting—and honestly, it does not worry him in the least. He has other things to think about. It only worries you.

Invented in America, baseball is the great American game, though it is now played in Japan, Canada, Mexico, Cuba, and Porto Rico. In about the present form it has been played for nearly a century. The first big league—the National League—was started in 1876; the American League came in 1900, and the World's Series between the two in 1905. There are a great many minor leagues in all parts of the country.



Courtesy NYSPIN-Commerce

A true sportsman never forgets the conditions under which he operates. You will notice that the girl above has stretched out her right hand to balance the canoe as

she leans to the left to pick her lily, and her companion is intent upon keeping the prow in position in order to help her as much as possible.

The WITCHING WAYS of the CANOE

What the Red Man Taught Us about Travel and Sport on Lake and Stream

LIKE a yellow leaf in autumn, like a yellow water lily" floated the canoe of Hiawatha on the waters. "Like two bended bows together" did the framework of cedar branches make the tiny craft stout and steady. With fibers from "the tough roots of the larch tree" had the hero "closely sewed the bark together, bound it closely to the framework." With balsam and resin from the fir tree had he smeared "each seam and fissure, made each crevice safe from water." Then, with his canoe decked with a girdle and a gleaming necklace of shining porcupine quills stained red and blue and yellow, he had paddled up and down the river, in and out among its islands, "sailed through all its bends and windings, sailed through all its deeps and shallows."

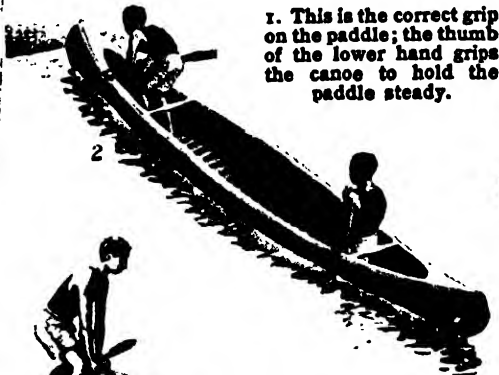
That was the kind of birch-bark canoe the red men were using when our forefathers came to America. There had been other canoes in the world before, but none exactly like this. It was the kind of canoe that took the white men exploring over the lakes and rivers, through streams and across portages where they could hardly go in any other way.

And it is about the kind of canoe that takes thousands of us camping, fishing, or just fun making on the water to-day. If we can no longer have a birch-bark canoe like the Indian's, we can have one of cedar and canvas that is far better than he ever owned, and just as graceful.

A canoe brings us quiet, restful sport, with plenty of gentle exercise, in the sunshine or in the starlight, in familiar waters or in secluded nooks where we can forget all the busy hum of the noisy cities. It carries us alone back to the heart of nature, or it takes us away with one chosen friend for a trip of hours or of months. It gives us a chance to rest our minds and souls, and think the longest thoughts we can—or think no thoughts at all, if that is better.

But nobody ought to go off in a canoe until he knows all about the water, and all about canoes. These things can be learned, and fairly easily, but until they are learned a person had better stick to a big, flat-bottomed boat. A canoe could not be the light and tricky thing it is if it were as safe as a boat, and it is never safe for anyone until he

CANOEING



1. This is the correct grip on the paddle; the thumb of the lower hand grips the canoe to hold the paddle steady.

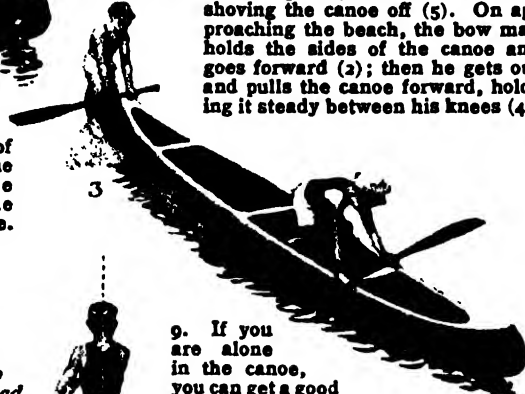


2, 3, 4, 5. There is a great art in shoving off from the shore and in beaching the canoe properly when returning. In

launching, let the bow paddler get in first. He holds the sides of the canoe and goes forward exactly in the middle to his position (3). Then the stern man steps in, at the same time shoving the canoe off (5). On approaching the beach, the bow man holds the sides of the canoe and goes forward (2); then he gets out and pulls the canoe forward, holding it steady between his knees (4).



8. The paddler should always keep the center line of his body in line with the center line of the canoe.



6. Directions of strokes when making a long turn to the right under way.

Hooked Draw stroke

7. Directions of strokes when making a long turn to the left under way.

Wide sweep ahead

9. If you are alone in the canoe, you can get a good purchase on the paddle by taking this position on one knee.

Wide sweep ahead

Power stroke with hook on the end

10, 11. When paddling alone, you steady the canoe at the end of each stroke by turning the inside edge of the blade backward with a twist, or hook, away from the canoe.



In 14 and 15 are shown the directions of strokes in a two-paddle canoe when you make a right turn (14) or a left turn (15) before you have got under way.



12. In making a left turn alone, use a combination draw stroke, reach out, then draw paddle toward you, blade parallel to the canoe.



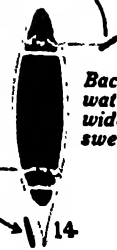
13. In making a right turn alone, make a wide sweep along the surface, with part of the blade above water.

Wide sweep ahead

Backwater using wide sweep

Back water wide sweep

Wide sweep ahead



CANOEING

has mastered a good part of the Indian's skill in it. Then he may launch his canoe in confidence. He will go where he pleases and get home again.

He must not go out in a canoe until he knows how to swim well. A sudden wind may take his craft a mile from shore, or he may strike a rock. He ought always to be ready to swim, and therefore he should wear a swimming suit in the canoe. He should never have on shoes that lace, but some sort of slippers that he can kick off in the water. He should never use a canoe less than 16 feet long—then it is not so likely to overturn, and it will keep him up if it does. It ought never to be loaded or balanced with anything so heavy as to sink it if it overturns; though if it does turn over, the swimmer in it ought at once to see that everything in it is dumped into the water. Then he must keep his head, stay almost entirely in the water, not try to right the canoe and get into it again—which is almost impossible—but simply lay his hand lightly on it and let it float him. It will do that. It will float two persons or even more. Then he may take his time and kick out for the nearest shore, pushing his craft before him. Almost surely help will come. Even if not, he has plenty of time, and the wind itself, or the current, will take him ashore in time.

But it will not be so pleasant if he loses his head. It will be far worse, in a high wind, if he does not keep hold of the canoe as it turns over; for the wind will take the boat bounding away over the water faster than he can swim after it. So he really must know the ways of the water if he is going to be safe.

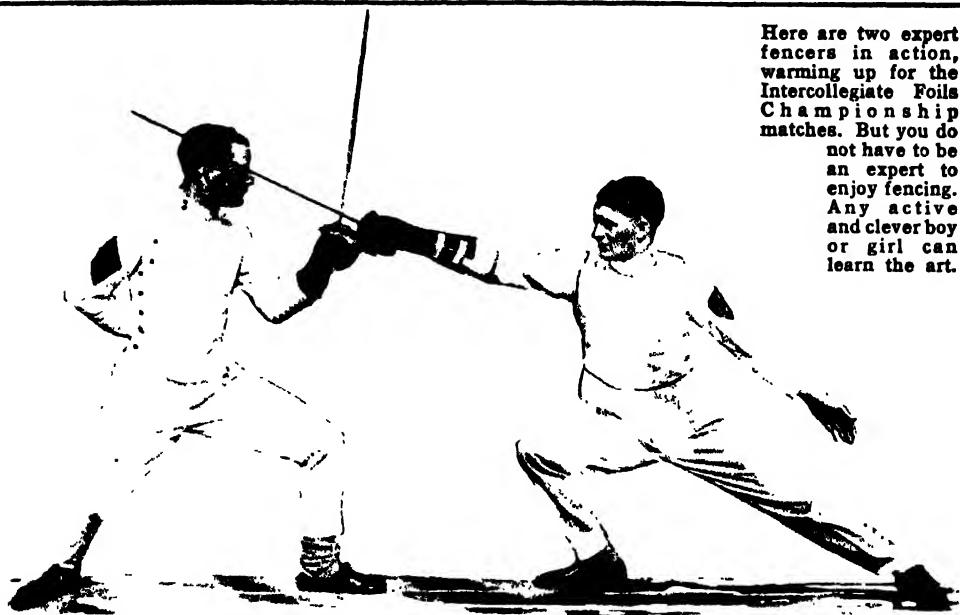
Expert paddling and steering can be learned only with some instruction and with

practice. A paddle with a single blade is better for nearly everyone; the double paddle is best left to the expert. The canoeist must learn to push his craft ahead with each stroke and to keep her pointed in the right direction, whatever the wind or current, with a little twist at the end of the stroke. He is no canoeist so long as he has to change sides in paddling just to keep the craft straight, and he will never make much speed in that fashion. When there are two persons in the canoe, the one in the rear should do all the steering. They should both paddle slowly, steadily, with a regular, sweeping motion, but with never a jerk. In rough water they should keep the end of the boat to the waves, increase the speed of the strokes, and keep the paddles in the water as much as possible, to steady the boat.

When you get to be a really expert canoeist—and not till then—find a chance some time to go to some wild country like the Adirondacks. Pick a night as black as pitch and choose some stream of which you know every turn and twist by heart. Paddle slowly and noiselessly up that stream. Never take your paddle out of the water for an instant, for the very dripping of the drops of water from into the stream will be too noisy. But if you make no sound at all, all around you in the dark you will hear the wild creatures as you will never hear them in any other way—the muskrats munching their nocturnal meals, the beaver slashing their mighty flappers right by your canoe's side, the deer eating the sweet lily pads in the river, and many another animal. Carry a flash light, and when you hear all sorts of animals around you press the button—and watch!



FENCING



Here are two expert fencers in action, warming up for the Intercollegiate Foils Championship matches. But you do not have to be an expert to enjoy fencing. Any active and clever boy or girl can learn the art.

Photo by Keystone View Co

The **THE FINEST ART of SELF-DEFENSE**

*With a Thin Blade of Tempered Steel the Expert Fencer Will
Remain Untouched by Any Blows a Blundering
Giant May Rain on Him*

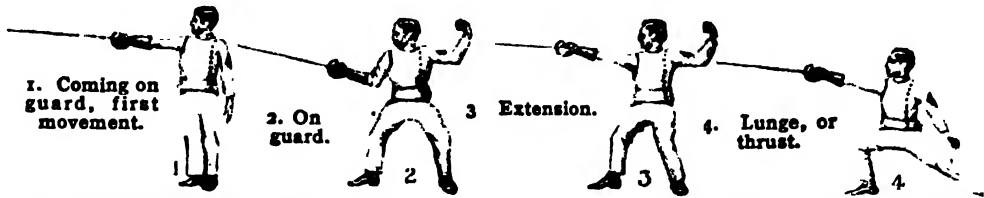
ATHIOS! Porthos! Aramis! Who has not read of the "Three Musketeers" and their friend D'Artagnan, who slash their way through the most thrilling romance of its kind ever written? The tale was written by Dumas, and its scene is laid in France in the days of Louis XIII; for those were the days when fighting men were more expert with their swords than they have ever been before or since.

So long as the old knights went around in heavy armor, the only kind of sword that would do them any harm was a mighty affair that often took two hands to wield. We hear of many a knight with a sword so heavy that none but him could wield it. Now there could not be much skill in wielding such a sword—the main thing was just brute strength. But when armor began to be useless, after guns came, the swords that were used could be much lighter, and skill in using them began. Then men found that it was a good deal more deadly not to slash

with the sword blade but to thrust with the sword *point*; for they could do more damage by running an enemy through than by giving him a gash. So the swords grew lighter still, and the handling of them became a real art. For the battles and for the duels of the time men were trained long and carefully in the art of swordsmanship. Then the sword practically disappeared from battles, owing to the perfection of rifles and cannon, and the duel happily vanished from most countries. So swordsmanship, with all its fine art, passed into a sport. And a great sport it is to this day. It is now called "fencing."

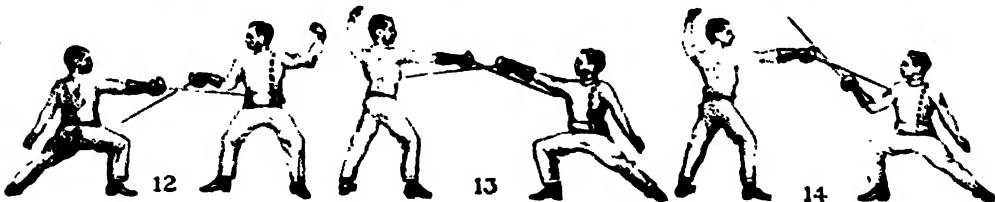
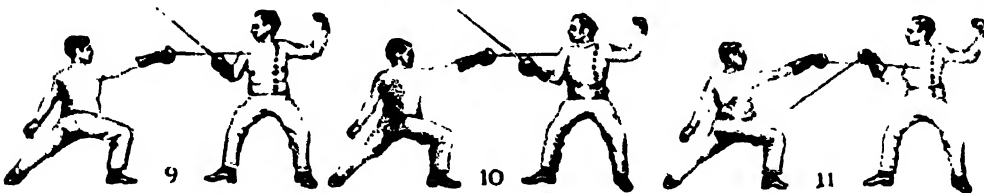
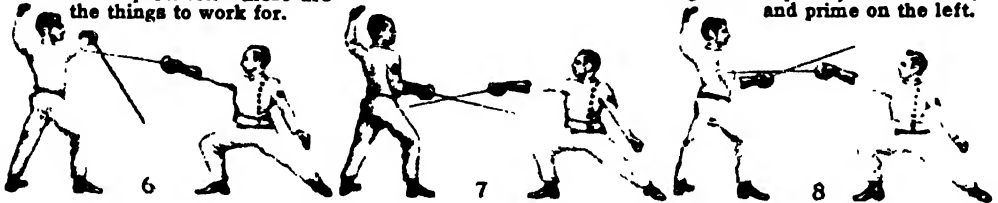
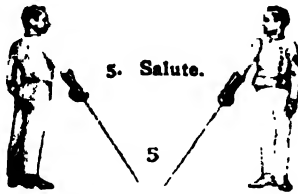
Since it is a sport, it is done with swords, or "foils," that have buttons on their points to make them harmless; and the fencers wear masks to protect their eyes, and plastrons, which are a kind of chest protector. But the object of the sport is the same as ever—to touch your opponent at the point where, if there were no button and no mask or plastron, you might give him a severe or

FENCING



Of course it is impossible, in one page of pictures, to teach you how to fence, or even to show you all the movements of fencing. But we can explain a few fencing terms; and if you take lessons these pictures ought to be of real help when you practice. You will notice that the fencer always keeps his profile toward his opponent, and that he is as careful of the position of his left arm and his legs as of the arm that carries the foil. To keep perfect balance, to waste no movement or ounce of energy, to thrust and parry with swift precision—these are the things to work for.

The different thrusts and parries are named according to the "lines of engagement"; that is, the part of the body aimed at or protected and the position of the hand holding the foil. Thus, a thrust in sixte is aimed at the upper right-hand quarter of the body; if such a thrust is parried with the hand palm up, it is a parry of sixte; if with the hand palm down, a parry of tierce. In the same way the upper left-hand quarter gives quarte and quinte (cànt). The corresponding "lower lines of engagement" are octave and seconde on the right and septime, or half circle, and prime on the left.



FENCING

fatal wound. The sport is kept up from age to age—indeed, it has recently come into far higher popularity than ever, in America and England—for a good many reasons: because it is good fun and good exercise, because it trains the eye and the whole body to unusual quickness, and because it gives a grace to posture and to movement that few other things can give so well.

It was in France that fencing first became a fine art, and for a long while the French were the most famous fencers of the world. In fact they are still foremost in the sport. But the art passed into all other lands, and had its experts everywhere; and in the revival of the sport in our day, certain of the other nations, including America, have taken a good part. In most of the large colleges and in many of the leading athletic clubs of our day, fencing is well taught and eagerly practiced.

Now the whole point of fencing is to "touch" your man with the end of your foil, and of course in as vital a spot as possible. That sounds simple enough. But with an expert fencer it is unbelievably hard. No other person but another expert need ever dream of getting near him with his foil. He can stand perfectly still and with little twists of his rapier keep the fiercest thrusts of your foil a yard away from him every time. In fact, his skill is probably the most "scientific" that is known to any sport in the world. The simple-looking art has been studied and perfected for so long that whole libraries of books have been written to show

the many ways at the fencer's command to keep your sword away from him while his own point finds out your weakest part. Until one has seen a good fencing match, he cannot have the slightest idea of what an expert can do with only a little whirling foil in his hand to keep himself unharmed by the biggest giant with a sword. You may give a good fencer a harmless foil and his untrained opponent a deadly sharp sword; and the fencer can stand for hours without the slightest fear of being scratched in the fray, even if his enemy wants to do him real harm.

How to do this can hardly be told in a book. One must have instruction, must see good fencing, and above all must practice; though the pictures here will give some idea of what happens in a match. They will help to show how one fencer will "thrust," or try to reach his opponent; how the latter will "parry," or ward off the thrust; how he may then execute a "riposte" (rĕ-pōst'), or a thrust immediately following a parry.

It will be far better to get an idea of fencing from a good match than from most of the fencing scenes on the stage or on the moving-picture screen. These are often rather ridiculous. Real fencers do not bluster and scurry about in the way of so many actors in the plays, who give the spectator better thrills than swordplay. The good fencer keeps cool. He knows he can do better, both in attack and in defense, if he does not dance around too much. He is a calm, smiling, alert artist.

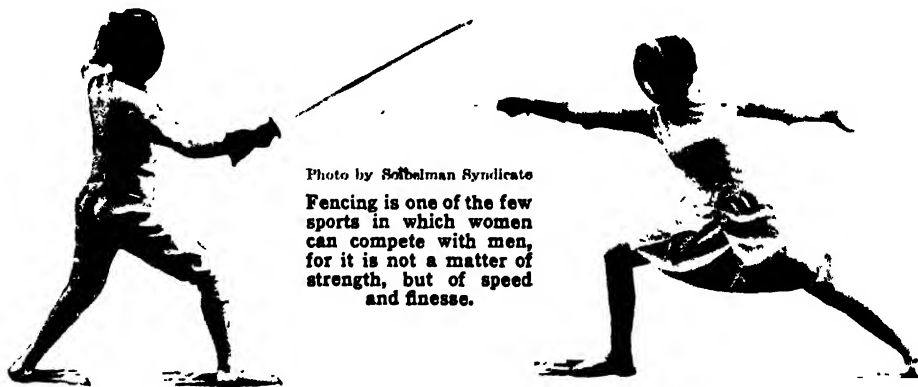
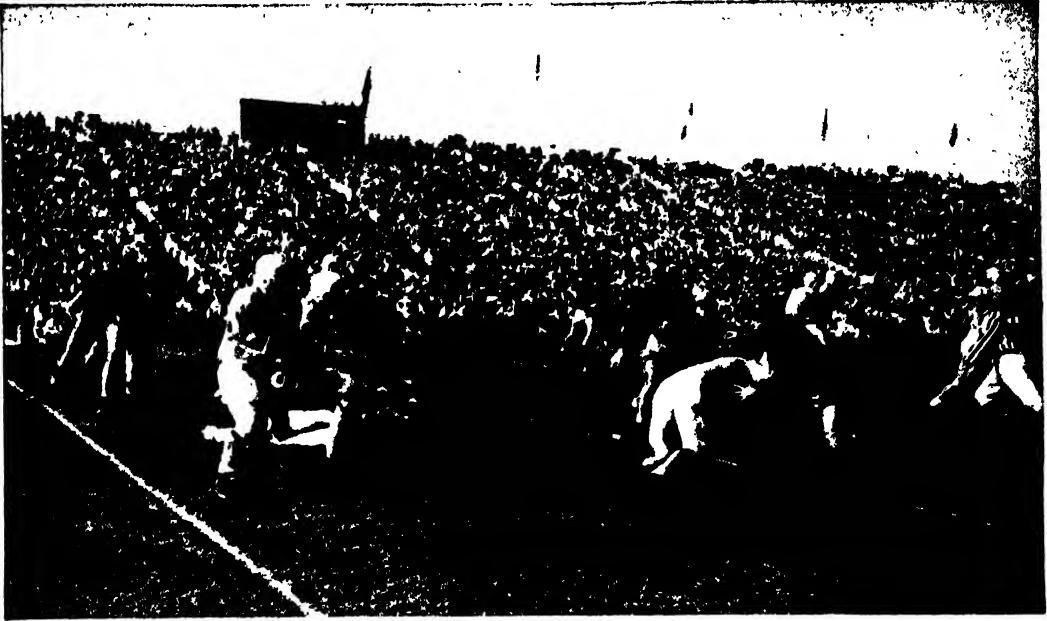


Photo by Seibelman Syndicate

Fencing is one of the few sports in which women can compete with men, for it is not a matter of strength, but of speed and finesse.

FOOTBALL



It is in the closing minutes of a hard-fought game when the back in light blue breaks through the line and dashes up the field behind his blockers. The

home team's rooters leap to their feet cheering wildly. But hope for a touchdown is soon to die, as the dark-jerseyed tacklers close in upon the man with the ball.

The GREAT SPORT of the COLLEGE BOY

Speed, Wits, Courage, Muscle, Teamwork: All These You Must Master if You Are Going to "Make" the Team When You Go to College

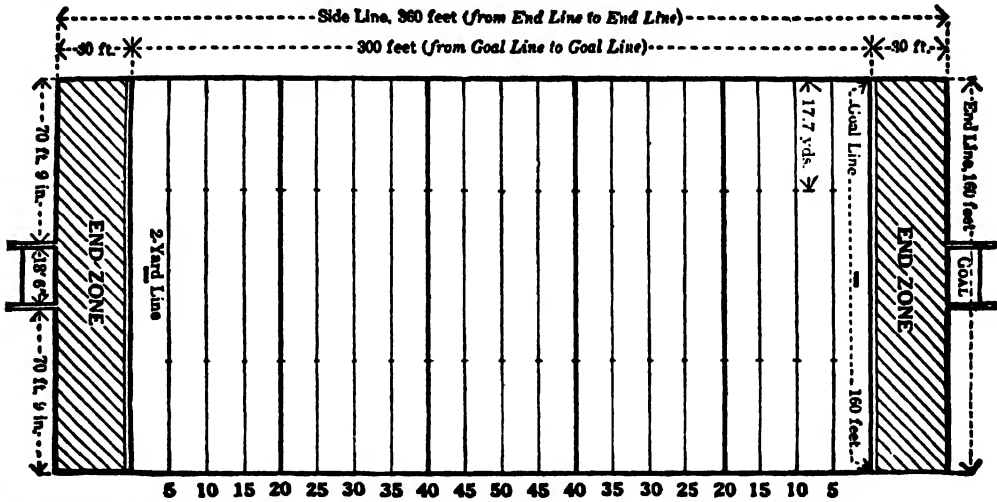
AS THE sun sinks behind the stadium the vast football throng is frantically cheering its warriors on. The north side of the field, with green pennants fluttering wildly, is chanting, "We want a touchdown." From the south stands comes an equally determined "Hold that line." Red-sweatered cheer leaders beat out the staccato rhythm. The score is tied, but the red-clad team has time for one more play. And there it goes! - a wide, sweeping, end run. But, no! Just as he reaches the sideline the ball carrier stops and tosses a long forward pass! Eighty thousand pairs of eyes watch the ball spiral neatly into the eager arms of the end. It's a touchdown!

As we carry our new hero off the field on our shoulders, we have probably forgotten all about the other members of the team.

And yet the fine play of the whole team is the only thing that can make a football hero possible. For it takes eleven players to make a star, no matter how strong and clever he may be himself, and every one of the players must know his business thoroughly and do it bravely and well. More than almost any other game, football demands teamwork. That is the best thing about it. If the team is working as one man, then the hero may have his chance. If not, then there will almost certainly be no hero. The truth is that the team is the hero.

In requiring such teamwork, the game is a test of quick wit as much as of massive muscle. The players must know how to run with the ball, of course, and how to kick; they must also be men of brawn and men of bravery. They must know all their own

FOOTBALL



By studying this plan of a football field you can learn a good deal about the way the game is played. Try

keeping it before you as you read the account of some big college or high school game.

plays and be ready to carry these out in the twinkling of an eye; and they must know a great deal about the way their opponents play. All these things are very complex, for football is anything but a simple game; and that is why men get their places on the team for brains as well as brawn.

The quarterback, in some offensive systems of play, receives the ball from the center and puts it into play by passing it on to the fullback or to one of the two halfbacks. He should have the best wits on the team, for he directs the play. He is chosen for his wits and experience, and after thorough training he is held responsible for the play. Besides knowing all about the game, all about each of his own players and each of the opponents, he has a good deal else to think about. Is the wind high, and is it blowing toward the opponents' goal? Then it is a good day for punts; or if not,

punts had better be avoided as much as possible. Is the field wet and slippery? If so, this is no day for fast starts and long runs.

The quarterback must never forget just where his team is playing in the field. In modern football, the emphasis is on speed more speed, and still more speed. The plays are designed for a wide-open game in which anything can and does happen. In the old days teams tried to slog ahead for some two yards on each play in order to make their ten yards in four smashing plays or punt out of danger. Nowadays each play is designed as a possible touchdown. And this is true for any part of the field. You are as likely to see a team try a forward pass from away back in its own territory as to see any other play. It all depends on whether the team's signal caller thinks he can surprise his opponents.

If a team has the ball close enough to the opponent's goal, it

Not every exciting football game is played before a crowded stadium. This picture, for instance, shows a rough scrimmage between the first and second teams of a big university.



"Photo by Keystone View Co.

FOOTBALL

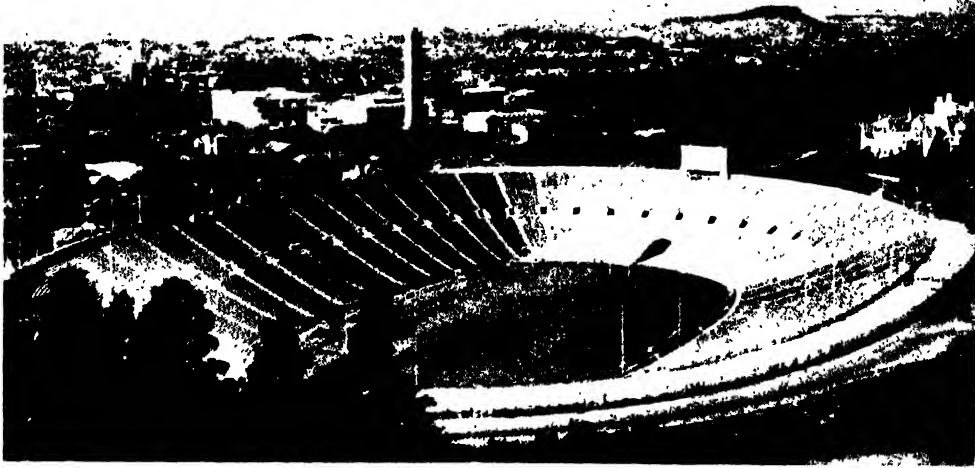


Photo by The Californian, Inc.

All over the land, university after university has spent huge sums to build such stadiums as this, with enough seats for all the thousands of people who like to watch

football games. This particular picture shows the stadium at the University of California, with the city of Berkeley spread out in the background.

may attempt a place kick or drop kick for a field goal which would give it three points. Of course, the ball has to go over the bar and between the goal posts in order to score on a field-goal attempt.

The Importance of a Good Kicker

The place kick, the drop kick, and the punt are often used as a last resort. So good kickers are important men. In modern football the tendency toward specialization has made it possible for a player to do nothing but place kicking for points after touchdown or attempted field goals. Or one player on the squad will be developed as the punter. It is best if the punter is a backfield man, for then it is possible to surprise the opponents with quick kicks, which sail over the heads of the unprepared enemy backs, but any man on the squad may become the punter.

The defensive skill of modern players has become very complicated. Not only must they learn various blocks and tackles, but they must also learn many defensive alignments into which they shift upon the signal of the defensive-play caller on the team. No longer may a player think in terms of his own spot in the line-up. He must coordinate his work with that of the rest of his team.

The places taken by the offensive players may well indicate what sort of play is planned. The spectators can often tell what kind of play to expect, and the defense can tell far oftener. But by no means does the defense always guess right. There are many deceptive plays, though they are not quite so common as most people think. It is far easier to deceive the spectators than the opposing players. As a rule the "fake" play, meant to surprise the defense, is a reverse play or a trick. In a reverse play several players will shift to one end of the line as if they were going to make a strong attack there. Of course they want to force the opponents to shift enough of their own players to leave a weak point somewhere else in their line. Then they will try a play that will make the most of that weakness. But the best coaches say that very few trick plays have much chance of success, and they train their men to rely on straight football; they do not expect opponents worthy of their steel to be misled by any mere shifting of players. It is true that many reverse plays succeed, but mostly because of speed and skill rather than because they mislead the opponents.

Many a deceptive play involves the for-

ward pass, which gives the spectator a thrill nearly as great as that of a long run. The pass may be directed to a man at the end of the scrimmage line, in the hope that he may be able to escape attack from the opponents and make a good run into their territory. Or it may be sent far behind the line of the defense. Often a player will act as if he were going to pass the ball in one direction, only to wheel at the last moment and send it the opposite way, to a player who is all ready for a dash but has so far escaped notice. Or sometimes the offensive players will be shifted around as if for a strong rush through the line; and then, instead of a rush, there will come a forward pass to a man who has taken advantage of a weakness at one end of the line. Of course any forward pass is dangerous, because the ball may be intercepted at great cost. But if it succeeds, it is a great way of gaining ground.

What Is a "Down"?

Whether by the forward pass, the rush, the punt, or whatever other method, the one aim of the offense is to advance the ball toward the goal. Unless they advance it ten yards or more in four plays, they must give it up to the opponents, who will try to advance in their turn. When the ball is stopped by the defense, it is called a "down." Most of the punting and forward passing are tried after the second or third down, because it then seems better policy to lose the ball to the opponents after driving it far into their territory than to lose it where it is.

Any spectator who has seen the players of two football teams piled up in a writhing, struggling mass will know how hard it is to advance the ball. He will know this even better if he understands all the duties of the different players in the line. The player in the middle is the "center." He passes the ball to the quarterback, who usually passes it on to one of the other backs. As the center holds the ball to the ground while waiting for the quarterback's signal, he must never by the slightest motion betray what he is

going to do with it. Opposite the center is the center of the other team, ready to break through the line the moment the ball is passed. On either side of each center is a "guard," then a "tackle," and finally an "end." The end must be especially fleet of foot, for on him falls a large part of the task of protecting the backs of his own team when they try to carry the ball around the scrimmage line in a long "sweep" play. And he must do his part in stopping the opposing backs when they try the same thing.

The Duty of Each Player

Thus each player in the line is confronted with one in the other line, and must find a way to dispose of him. That is what causes the fray and the piling up of the players. If each player in the offense line can keep his opponent busy, then it is likely that the backs on his side may carry out their play well, whether it be a kick, a forward pass, or a run. The seven players in the line have a more important part in the game than many a spectator thinks. One can tell how well they play their parts by noticing how often two of them will be struggling with each other on some part of the field far from the place where the ball is in play. That is good football. To think that only the speedy and clever halfback ought to get credit for some long run is no sort of justice to his skillful teammates.

Nearly every run of that sort depends for its success on the protection which the other backs and an end give to the back who is carrying the ball. They are called "interferers." Their business is to go with the man who has the ball, and ahead of him, and ward off all attacks on him. His business is to follow them, now one and now another, dodging in and out as he carries the precious ball ahead. If he fails in this, if he tries to strike out for himself before his way is clear, then his run is likely to be a short one.

That is why the whole team is the hero of a game—often both the team that loses and the team that wins.

Perfect balance and a fine sense of timing are necessary if one is to execute figures on ice skates. It took many years of practice for Barbara Ann Scott, whom you see here, to acquire the skill which made her the world's leading woman amateur figure skater. At the age of eighteen this gifted young Canadian, who already held the Canadian and the North American championship titles for ladies' figure skating, won the coveted world title as well in a competition held in Stockholm.

Photo courtesy of Canadian Information Service



WHY NO ONE CAN SKATE *on* ICE

Then What Is It That We Do Skim Over in the Glorious Sport of Skating?

DO YOU want a puzzle that will catch anybody? Then just ask what it is that a skater skates on. Of course the answer will be "ice." And it is wrong.

You cannot really skate on ice. Ice is not slippery—not a bit more slippery than a smooth stone. It *feels* slippery when you rub it with your finger, but only because the heat and friction of your finger melts the surface of the ice beneath it into a very thin film of water. It is this water on the ice that is slippery. And beneath a pair of skates the same thing happens as beneath your finger. The pressure of your weight is enough to melt the surface into a very, very thin film of water just under the runners of your skates. You skate on that film of water. However fast you go, the skate keeps on melting the ice as it speeds along; and behind you, of course, the film of water keeps on freezing instantly again into ice. That is how you skate on water, and there is nothing else that you can skate on. In the Arctic the cold is so intense that your pressure will not melt a film on the ice, and you

cannot skate at all—not one bit more than you can skate on a sidewalk.

But luckily you can skate on something, for there is hardly any better sport—hardly any sport that makes you thrill and tingle so with health, hardly any that is more graceful and beautiful to watch.

How long people have been skating nobody knows. They must have skated a little very long ago, as soon as they found out that they could "slide" over the ice if they had almost any sort of shoes on their feet. Later they made runners to attach to their shoes, of course a vast improvement; and when we first begin to hear of skating, those runners used to be made mostly of bone. They were made of metal about as soon as men knew how to use metal well, and finally they were made of steel, the best of all metals for the purpose.

Of course the northern peoples were the greatest skaters, and they still are. In spite of all the expert skaters in Canada and the United States, most of the champions still come from Norway. In the Norse regions

there were famous skaters many a century ago, though most of their skating was done for business rather than for sport. There was plenty of skating in Holland and in England long before America was settled; and there has been still more over here, in the northern parts of the country, ever since we have had the leisure to enjoy it. In the past fifty years, and especially in the past twenty, there has been far more of it than ever before. Long ago we ceased to be satisfied with whatever ice the winter simply made for us—though that, of course, is still the best to skate on—and began making our own ice rinks. Now there are thousands of these indoor rinks, sometimes open more than half the year, in towns and cities all over the country.

As the sport has grown more popular, it has grown more speedy and more skillful. The skates are far better than they used to be. They are made of the finest steel, with thin blades and sharp edges to reduce friction and increase speed. The best kind are

clamped right on the special skating shoes, instead of being merely strapped to your walking shoes, as of old. They are of many kinds for many purposes—from the stout, short skate for beginners and all ordinary skaters, to the long, thin skate for racing and for other ice sports. These are likely to have little teeth at the front and back, to dig in the ice and let a hockey player, for instance, start or stop or turn quickly.

As skating has spread more and more widely, there have come a good many fine sports, of which racing and ice hockey are only two. Figure skating, or the cutting of various complicated figures in the ice, has grown into a high art. There are many local, national, and international skating contests, above all in the Olympic games held every four years. As for speed, the skaters have come near doing a mile in two minutes; as for figures, there are 360 different ones which every expert ought to know—with others being added all the while. For skating is not a sport alone; it is an art as well.

THRILLS of a SKI JUMPER

*In All the Realm of Sport, What Other Feat Can Be So Thrilling
as to Plunge through Empty Air for a Hundred
or Two Hundred Feet?*

CAN you think of any way to jump two hundred feet? It can be done, and has been done, but only on skis. And surely the thrill of plunging two hundred feet through the free air, and then of landing to shoot off at a dizzy speed over the hard snow must be the supreme thrill in all the realm of athletic feats. The sport of the gods ought to have been skiing—at least of the Norse gods. As a matter of fact, it sometimes was, for often we hear of great prowess on the ski as one of the glories of a Norse god or hero in the romantic legends of the olden days.



Press Association Photo

Nothing could be more fun on a cold winter's day than to race down a steep hill covered with powdery snow.

In World War II much of the fighting in Finland and Norway was done on skis. Maybe a pair of long skis might seem clumsy for a fighting man to have to carry, but if we remember that a good skier can travel more than ten miles an hour—faster than the average trotting horse—over level land, and can cross over mountains and wintry wastes where it would be hard to go in other ways, we can see that a pair of skis might be useful to a soldier. That is why ski troops are trained for the armies of a number of countries today.

For many centuries

SKIING



Photo by Swiss Federal Itys.

It is hard to believe a picture like this if you have never skied or seen expert skiers. But it is a real man jumping on real skis in the Swiss Alps, near St. Moritz. Of course a very good way to convince yourself is to go to St. Moritz—or to Montreal, or to

any other place where people gather from near and far for the winter sports—for “seeing is believing.” But perhaps you will want to put off the trip until you have learned the difficult art, so that you will not be afraid to try a few thrilling jumps yourself.

skis have been useful in the lands where the snow is deep, just as snowshoes were, simply for traveling from place to place. Only fairly recently has skiing grown into a great winter sport—the chief of winter sports in countries where there is enough snow. As a great pastime it started in Norway, but it has spread rapidly to the Alps, to Canada, to the northern parts of the United States, and to many other regions.

The word “ski” comes from the Old Norse, and means a “split board.” A ski is just that—a board split into a long wooden runner that is strapped to the shoe in much the



Press Association Photo

You cannot spend all your time swooping down hills. Here you see a man using the herringbone climb to reach a hilltop.

same way as we strap on a skate or a snowshoe. The ski is somewhat over seven feet long, though its length may vary. The longer ones are more likely to be used for ski jumping than the shorter ones, which are preferred for travel through the deep woods. In the middle, where the foot rests, the ski will measure three inches across, or a little less. It will grow a trifle wider at each end. The forward end curves gracefully up to a point, while the rest of the ski is straight and flat on the bottom. It is thickest in the middle, and slightly thinner at the ends. The middle, where the weight

SNOWSHOEING

rests, has a gentle upward curve to give it a spring. There may or may not be grooves along the bottom of the ski, the long way, and the ski may often be waxed or oiled to make it move more easily over the snow. The straps and metal clamp that hold the ski to the shoe are known as "bindings," and are of various kinds. The important thing is to have them strong and snug, to hold fast to the shoes. These shoes ought to be a bit too large, to allow for two or more pairs of heavy woolen stockings. A skier with freezing feet will not get very far. And of course he ought to have warm clothes.

He should also carry a pair of ski poles of metal or bamboo to aid him in cross country skiing. On the end of each pole is a sharp point, and some six inches above the point a "wheel" set crosswise of the pole to keep the point from sinking too far into the snow.

With these things ready, the skier may begin to learn his art. It takes some practice. Starting on a level course, he must hold his feet close together and keep his skis parallel.



Photo by Mount Baker Lodge

A forest ranger often finds snowshoes a price-less boon. Here is a Mt. Baker Park ranger snowshoeing through the woods of Washington.

He will push one foot ahead until the knee is bent far enough to hide his foot from sight. His whole body will lean forward to keep in balance. Just before the first foot stops gliding, the other one must be pushed forward—and so on.

But this is not walking, it is sliding. When he has learned to keep his balance it is time to learn how to go down hill. He must find an easy slope to begin with, and must learn to slide down it with the skis parallel to each other, his knees bent to absorb the shocks of uneven ground and his body low for a more secure center of gravity. Next he will learn to use the "herringbone" that is, placing his skis at an angle to slacken speed, and the stem turn, in which he controls direction by forcing the heel of one ski outward from his line of progress.

When he has mastered the art, he can look forward to thrilling sport. He may glide through the snowy woods or speed down a steep hillside. And some day he may soar far out into the air in jumps of a hundred feet and more. Then he will know beyond a doubt that skiing is a sport for the gods.

HOW to USE a SNOWSHOE

Once You Master the Fairly Simple Art, You Will Be Watching Eagerly for the Next Big Snow

MANY a boy who loves the snow has never dreamed of seeing much more of it than drifts around his house in the winter or than falls and melts in the city streets. He has never thought of tramping through the thick woods over it, and of threading all the deep nooks of the forest which may be his favorite resorts in summer time. He thinks he could never trudge there through a foot or two of snow.

Yet the thing is possible. Indeed, it is easier going in the snow than it is likely to be in the hot weather, for the forest floor may

be pretty rough then, while in the winter snow it will be far smoother. And you can travel fast over it—if you know the art of the snowshoe. That is the thing which will take you. And when you get there, you may see a fairyland of glistening bush and branch that will make you think the snowshoe is more magical than any magic slipper in a fairy tale.

All the Indians in the north were at home on snowshoes, though they were by no means the only people who ever used them. Snowshoes were in use among other peoples, in

various places, at least two thousand years ago. In Iceland and in other places the ponies learn to go on snowshoes; so it cannot be very hard for a man to learn.

There have been many varieties of snowshoes, but of course they are all pretty much alike. They have a stout but light wooden frame shaped more or less like an oar blade and strung more or less like a tennis racket. Of course there are not so many strings as in a racket, and the strings are much broader, for they have to hold you up in the snow. They are made of caribou rawhide if possible, or since this is rare now, of cowhide or horsehide. The wood is usually hickory. There are two wooden crosspieces, one at the toe and the other just behind the heel, to hold up the wearer, and the shoe must be carefully balanced. Its length and width may well depend a little on the weight of the wearer. From three to four feet is a common length. There are many ways of binding the snowshoe to the foot, with leather thongs

and straps and buckles; the best thing is to let the man who sells you your snowshoes tell you how to bind on his particular kind, unless you know all about it yourself.

You must wear moccasins on snowshoes, because any heel will soon break through the webbing, no matter how strong this is.

You can learn how to snowshoe more easily than you can learn to skate or to ski. The best way is just to watch somebody, and then do as he does. You will not do it just right the first time, but you will soon catch on. You will have to step a little higher than in ordinary shoes, a little wider, and a bit farther. You step higher to get the shoe out of the snow. At first stepping farther will tire you, but it soon leads you into a slow, swinging motion—and when you get into that you are snowshoeing. You will like it. If you want to, you may even get to be a racer on snowshoes, and a hurdle racer at that. But you do not need to be an expert to have a good time.

The SPEEDY GAME of HOCKEY

On Field or on Ice, the Old Sport of "Shinny" Is a Fast and Fascinating Sport for Stout Players

HOW many games do you know that are played on a field with a goal at each end, by two teams of players who are trying to put something past one of the goals? There are a great many such games, and though they differ widely they all have the same idea at bottom. Football and polo are only two of them. Hockey is one of the oldest and one of the simplest of them.

We do not know how old it is, or where it first came from. Something like it was played by the Greek boys and the Chinese boys of long ago, as well as by the American Indians and by many other peoples. As we play it now, the game came to us from Ireland, where it was called "hurley," and from England, where it was sometimes called "bandy." It has had various other names. The American boy used to call it "shinny"—because if he did not look out, he was likely to get a crack on the shins in the course of the game. Under that name boys had

played it thousands of times before hockey was made into an organized sport and adopted into colleges and athletic clubs in many parts of the world.

The game is played on a level field about 60 yards wide and exactly 100 yards long. This is marked off with boundary lines and with an ingenious set of lines in front of each goal to make a "striking circle." The goals are 12 feet wide and 7 feet high. In front of each goal, just fifteen yards away and parallel to the goal line, is another line four yards long; and from each end of this is drawn an arc of a circle to the point where it meets the goal line—just fifteen yards from the middle point between the goal posts. The space within these lines is the striking circle. From somewhere in that space the ball must be sent through the goal.

The ball is much like a cricket ball painted white—that is, a ball about 3 inches in diameter and a little less than 6 ounces in weight. It is struck and sent flying over the

HOCKEY

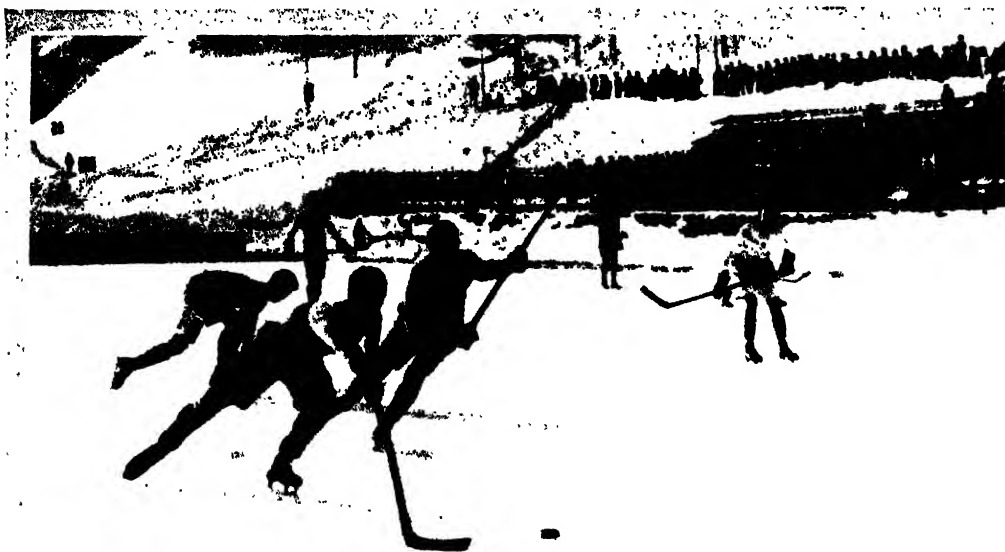


Photo by Swiss Federal Rtn.

Ice hockey is one of the few outdoor winter sports which call for a field and a team, as so many summer sports do. And what a graceful and exciting game it is! The game in our picture is being played at St. Moritz, one of the great winter resorts of Switzerland. But

one need not go so far away as that to see ice hockey. There is a great deal of it in Canada and the colder parts of the United States. Lately many towns have taken to flooding and freezing indoor rinks, so as not to have to depend on fickle Nature.

field with the flat ends of the players' sticks, which are curved for that purpose at the end nearest the ground. A player may stop the ball with his hands or any other part of his body, but he must not hold it or throw it or kick it. He must send it along only with his stick. There are eleven players on each side—five forwards, three halfbacks, two fullbacks, and a goal keeper—and a great deal of expert teamwork is necessary in order to pass the ball from one to another, to keep it away from the opponents, to advance it toward the goal, and finally to shoot it through. The side making the most goals wins, and usually there are two periods of play, of 35 minutes each.

How to Play Field Hockey

The game opens with the ball in the middle of the field. Two players try to get it, just as in basketball—only here they must try to hit it with their sticks. As soon as it is in play, each team does its best to send it along to the goal in the way we have just told.

So it is a fairly simple game, easily learned. To play it expertly is another matter, of

course, and takes long practice. There is still some danger of a nasty crack on the shins in the game, and players commonly wear heavy woolen stockings, sometimes with light shin guards under them. But they do not get hurt very much, and the game has grown to be very popular, among girls as well as with boys. It needs a quick eye, a good wind, a pair of stout legs, and the trick of striking right and left with equal force and ease. For players who have these it makes a fine outdoor game that can be played almost all the year round.

Fast as lightning, and quite rough, is the game of ice hockey. Players must be master skaters and tough as nails. It is popular in Canada, where there is ice for many months, and indoor rinks have made it possible to play the game in the United States from November through April. The basic idea is much the same as in field hockey. There are six players on a team, and a "puck," or hard rubber disk, is used instead of a ball. Professional contests draw thousands of spectators. The Stanley Cup is awarded to an annual champion.

POLO



Photo by Union Pacific Rys

Do you remember the centaurs, those queer creatures of ancient story who were half man and half horse? If you want to be a good polo player, you and your pony have to act as though you were one creature

instead of two. Not even the champion "bronco buster" of the biggest round-up or rodeo is more like the human half of a centaur than is the polo player who is good enough to find his place on a champion team.

The SPORT of KINGS

Swift as the Scudding Ponies That Play It, Polo Is a Thrilling Sight for the Crowds That Flock to Watch the Sport

THE Persians of old were magnificent horsemen. Riding was the very first of all their studies, and many of them almost lived in the saddle, for the safety of their great empire very much depended on their skill on horseback. For these reasons it is only fitting that we first hear of polo, the game that horse and man play together, in the land of Persia. How far back the game may go we do not know, but certainly it is very old. It is one of the many great games that came to us from the East.

From Persia it seems to have gone into Tibet, and then all through the East - to India and China and Japan. In those lands it had been played for centuries before it was brought to England by some army officers a little over sixty years ago. It soon came over to America, and is now played in many countries especially in Britain, in the United States, and in Argentina.

Polo has to be a "rich man's game." It takes very fine ponies, which may bring a price up to \$10,000 and even more, and which must be very artfully trained. Nor does a single pony play all through a game, for the game is so fast and exhausting that several ponies will be used. So nobody but a rich

man can play polo. But the public can get the benefit of the sport, for it can go in great crowds to see the matches, and it seldom sees a more thrilling sight.

The polo field is of level turf, 300 yards long and from 150 to 200 yards wide. At either end there is a goal 24 feet wide. There are four men on each side, each mounted on a prize pony and each carrying a long wooden mallet. As the game begins, a light wooden ball about five inches through is rolled out on the field, and the riders of both sides dash out for it. Their object is to put it through the opponents' goal; and to do this they must strike it from one to another with the side of their mallets, always carrying it toward the goal and always keeping it away from their opponents if they can.

This makes literally the fastest game in the world, and one of the most beautiful. The pony and his rider act as one creature, and both are incredibly swift and clever. The pony feels the slightest command from the rider, whether given with the bridle or with the leg; in fact the pony will get into the game himself, for he knows a great deal about following the ball and takes the keenest interest in the sport. And atop the pony

POLO



Photo by the Artist, Griffith Baily Coale

Polo is the most venerable of all games involving a stick and a ball. From Persia, where it seems to have originated long ago, polo spread to the Far East, through Tibet to China and Japan. Its name comes from the Tibetan word "pulu," which means "ball."

the player will execute shots that rival anything ever seen in a Wild West show. Up and down the field he will career, twisting and turning with the speed of lightning, and driving the ball with sweeping swings, fore-hand or backhand, on either side of his darting pony or even under the pony's neck.

The game spread westward too—as far as Constantinople. Centuries later it came to England from India—and so to America. The modern picture above, done in the style of the old Persian miniature paintings, shows Persian horsemen playing their ancient game.

Fine players try to spoil an opponent's shot by hooking his mallet with their own.

The game is now well organized, and international matches are often played. Of late years the American teams have been very successful against the British. And great crowds gather to see the play.



Is there anything prettier than a quiet bay dotted with sails gleaming white in the sun? Once upon a time every harbor had its graceful sails—pleasure boats and merchantmen and men-of-war. But nowadays the roadsteads never see tall, full-rigged clipper ships; and

instead of galleys or war galleons there are only the steel-gray battleships. Yet even now trim pleasure boats often spread their sails proudly to the wind. And no galleon or clipper could be more beautiful than the finest and swiftest of the modern yachts.

The GLORY of the YACHT RACE

Surely the Most Famous Trophy in the World Is the Yachting Cup Which America Has Held against All Comers since 1851

OF ALL the great events in sport, which is the one that sets the most people in the country talking? The World's Series? The Olympic games? It is hard to say, of course, and perhaps nobody can be quite sure; but certainly one of the most exciting times the country ever has comes with one of the great international yacht races that are sailed from time to time.

It is just a little strange that this should be so. For anyone who knows much about yachts it is natural enough, of course, and for anyone who can go to the yacht race it will need no explanation. But fairly few of us, after all, can really see the yachts race, out on the ocean, and a great many of us never even see a yacht, while very few indeed know much about making or sailing one. And yet when a great race arrives, the people on the farms and in the villages a thousand miles inland are just as eager about it as the people along the seacoast. Everybody in the nation hangs on the words that come over the telegraph and radio to tell whether America is winning or not.

Surely one of the reasons for it is that America always wins. Ever since 1851, when the trophy cup first came to America, an American yacht has won in every single race when she has been called on to defend the cup. Many an American, to be sure, would be glad enough to see another nation win the cup away from us, and thus give us something to challenge for and try to win back. All the same, we have had the cup so long now, and have won so many races in defense of it, that we always want to see if we can win one more, and stretch the record just that much farther; and of course the longer we stretch the record, the more we want to add a few more years to it. Nobody likes to see a "winning streak" broken. And so every race is likely to be a little more exciting than the last one—not so much because we want to keep the cup as because we do not want to see the record cut short.

The word "yacht" comes from the Dutch, and there is a reason for the fact. About three centuries ago the Dutch seem to have first used the word for the speedy little sail-

boats of various kinds which they used for carrying messengers from one port to another, across wide harbors, and back and forth along the canals that run all around their country. For such purposes they made boats with few and easily managed sails, trim and slender, with the sharp lines that would let them cut the water at the best speed. Vessels of this general kind were used as dispatch boats to go with battle fleets, and also as pilot boats in the harbors. These pilot boats would lie in their ports waiting for the sight of an incoming ship laden with a rich cargo from some other land, near or distant; then they would speed out to be the first to reach the ship and earn a good fee for guiding it into the haven. All of these boats needed to be rapid and easily managed, all of them needed to be able to sail in shallow water, but to take to the ocean when desired. And some of these boats were used, not for business only, but simply for pleasure.

On such a boat, in 1660, did King Charles II come back over the Channel to take his place on the throne of England. He had learned to love yachts and yachting during his exile abroad. Soon after his return he had one built for himself, and another for his brother. Then boats of this kind began to grow popular in England, and it was not long before there was a race, with the King himself taking the helm of one of the boats for a part of the course.

From this time on there was a steady growth of yachting in Britain, with one yacht club after another coming into being during the centuries that fol-



This diagram will show you how a sailboat can make headway in the very direction from which the wind is blowing. The process is called tacking, or "beating up to windward"; it is a method of skillful zigzagging whereby the force of the wind is used to send the boat ahead, first to one side and then to the other. In our diagram the long line on the boat shows the position of the sail, and the short line the position of the rudder. When a sailor wants to tack, he sets his rudder so that the side of the boat is presented to the wind. As the wind catches the sail, it tends to drive the boat along in front of it. But the water offers resistance to this, as one may well imagine. It presses hard against the boat, in a direction opposite to the direction of the wind— with the result that the boat follows the line of least resistance and shoots out to the side, at an angle to the wind. Then, after a time, the rudder is turned, the boat changes her direction, the sail is swung around by the wind, and the craft shoots off to the other side. By zigzagging back and forth in this way, the sailor manages to forge gradually ahead along his course.

lowed, and with one improvement after another in the speed and beauty and comfort of the yachts. Finally the sailors arrived at that perfect thing of marine speed and grace, the modern yacht—the daintiest kind of boat that ever sped over the waters. Long before any such boat was perfected, however, the Americans had come to the fore in yachting, and had done as much as any other nation in the making of the modern yacht.

For a long time the Americans had been improving their fast boats, both the ones for pleasure and the ones for business. Over a hundred years ago their pilot boats had won the admiration of all sailors for their speed. By 1851 the American yachts were so famous that the New York Yacht Club received an invitation to enter the race around the Isle of Wight conducted by the Royal Yacht Squadron of England. The Americans accepted and told a young yacht builder named George Steers to make them a boat to take to Britain. He built the "America." In twenty days she made the trip across the ocean, and in the race she left all the British yachts behind her. Her only real rival was well to the rear, and the other fourteen boats were out of sight behind. She brought back the challenge cup to America, and to this day it rests in the home of the New York Yacht Club and holds the famous name of the "America's" Cup.

In all, there have been seventeen attempts to take the cup away from America, sixteen by the British and one by the Canadians. The cup remains. In various boats, with various

YACHTING



A racing yacht is built for speed. There is no unnecessary ounce of weight or inch of surface to resist the water. So much sail is spread that when the yacht is flying over the waves she may look every moment

as if she were going to tip over. Such a ship would never do to carry cargo, or even passengers, but she is perfect in every line for the purpose she was built for. And how she can sail!

winds and seas, and over various kinds of courses, the Americans have always won—sometimes by a margin of half an hour or more, sometimes by not much more than half a minute. The races have been

in the waters around New York, and hundreds of boatloads of passengers have gone out to see them, while the rest of the country waited. At the beginning a single British yacht would come over and race against the

entire American squadron, but very soon a single American boat was picked to race the challenging British yacht. Nor do the two sail only one race. There are several races, on different days and over courses of different kinds. One will be a straight "there and back" race of thirty miles, fifteen into the wind and fifteen in return. Another will be a race around an equilateral triangle for the same distance. But of course the yachts do not go in a straight line, as a rule. No one needs to be told that to sail a boat into the wind one has to tack and zigzag to the goal—and to find the quickest way in a zigzag is part of the art required in winning the race.

Only a little part of it, however; the art of building the fastest possible boat, and the art of then sailing her at the fastest possible speed in whatever wind and weather, are enterprises that call for the highest skill and the shrewdest experience. Boats and builders and skippers have all gained international fame as these races have gone on, decade after decade. "Columbia" and "Valkyrie," "Resolute" and "Vigilant" and "Shamrock," are names known everywhere as belonging to famous yachts; and to mention no other, the name of Herreshoff will long stand in the roll of great boatbuilders.

But the most famous name in yachting, and the best loved, is that of a man who never won a race. Five times he tried for the "America's" cup, each time with a new boat called the "Shamrock"—for he was an Irishman—and five times he gallantly lost.

Every time he came again, America loved him all the more, for his fine sportsmanship and for all his other qualities as a gentleman. We got into the habit of hoping that *this* time he would win, however much we hated to break our record. He never could quite win, but he made us love the way he took his losses.

That was Sir Thomas Lipton, a name that every American knew. He kept on trying to win the cup for thirty years. The last time he tried and lost, we felt that we simply had to give him some kind of cup. So we took up a subscription, bought a handsome cup, and presented it to Sir Thomas as "the world's best loser."

A man who would not rather have had *that* cup than the "America's" cup would never be a "good sport," which means really that he would never be a gentleman.

Of course yachting is not all racing. There are hundreds of yacht clubs in America, all along the coasts and lakes, with thousands of yachts that are used for pleasure cruises only, long or short. In these days when the roads are so crowded with motor cars, the yacht offers an ideal way to leave the crowds and heat far behind. And there are other races, too, besides the ones for the "America's" Cup. There is a well-known race to Bermuda, in which a great many yachts compete, and from time to time there are races all the way across the ocean. The fastest record made across the ocean is a few hours over twelve days.



Photo by Keystone View Co.

The SPORT of the VARSITY CREWS

How Their Long, Light Shells Skim over the Water as Eight Athletes Force the Last Ounce of Muscle into Their Oars

IF YOU had been walking by the river in London two or three hundred years ago and a pack of stout fellows had kept yelling "Eastward Ho!" or "Westward

Ho!" at you, would you have known what they meant?

They would have been the cabmen of that day. There were no "cabs" in London then,

ROWING

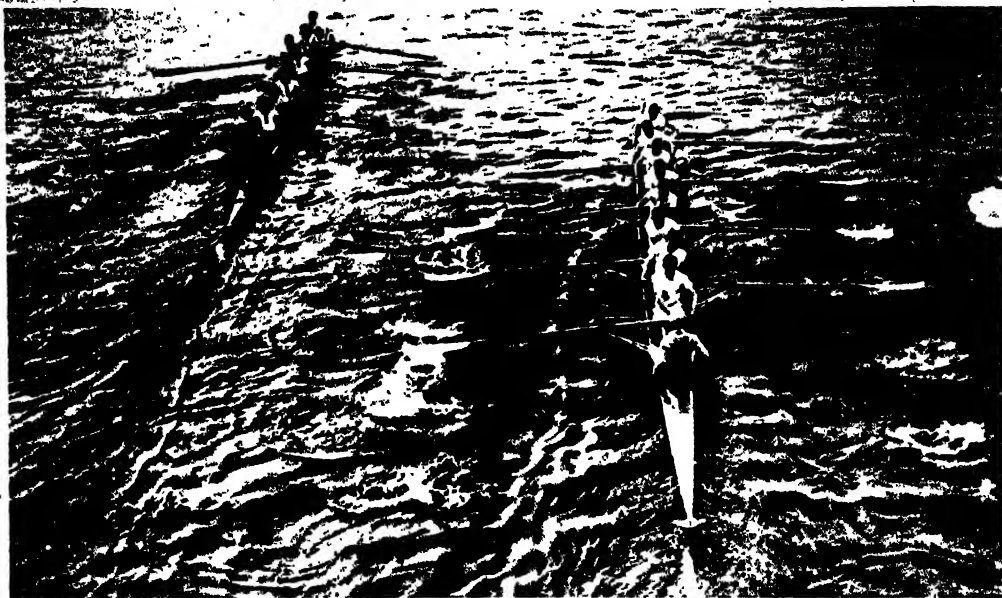


Photo by Keystone A. S. Co.

It is a thrilling moment in the Oxford-Cambridge boat race when the shells shoot under the Hammersmith

Bridge on the river Thames. Oxford is ahead and pulling strong! Will she keep her lead?

and indeed the streets were hard to drive through. Very largely people traveled on the water, in rowboats; and this pack of fellows would have been oarsmen who for a few pennies would have taken you eastward down the river or westward up the stream.

Now people had been rowing for a very long time, and surely they must have raced each other, being human creatures, often enough. But there was no organized sport of races between boats until about the time of which we were speaking. In 1715, however, a certain Thomas Doggett, actor, playwright, and theatrical manager, had the idea of a boat race in London. He offered a prize for the waterman who won the race; and when he died, about six years later, he left enough money to provide a prize for the winner in every year to come. That was the beginning of boat racing as a sport in England, and Doggett's race has been contested ever since.

The Growth of Skill

But many another race has come since that time in many a country, many a boat club has been established, and boat racing

has grown into a great international sport. If the rowers have not grown any stronger, they have learned a great deal in skill—especially the skill they show in building their boats.

A Slow but Safe Rowboat

Doggett's race was run in ordinary rowboats, of about the kind we have on lake and stream to-day. These may have flat or rounded bottoms, and may be more or less shapely and wieldy, but at best we should think of them as clumsy things for racing at the present time. A boat of the average size will have a length of about $13\frac{1}{2}$ feet from the pointed end, or "bow," to the square end, or "stern." It will be about $3\frac{1}{4}$ feet across at the middle, and about $1\frac{1}{4}$ feet deep. A runnerlike piece of wood along the bottom is called the "skeg," and the top edges of the sides are the "gunwales" (gŭn'-ŭl). The "thwarts" are the things that most people call the seats. The "rowlock" is the device in which the oar rests; or sometimes there are merely two pairs of metal or wooden pins, called "tholepins," inserted in the gunwales to serve for rowlocks. The right side

of the boat, as you look toward the bow, is the "starboard" and the left one is the "port." The oar, often made of stout ash, has a "blade" that goes into the water, a "handle" that fits into your hand, and a "loom" or shaft between the two.

The "Shells" of the Varsity Crew

Such a boat is a fine thing for lazying on the lake or down the stream on a summer's day, for fishing and for fun. But you must not expect to make fast time in it. You can get along at about a walking pace, or if you want to strain your back for a while, a good deal faster. But nobody rows races in a boat like that to-day.

Contrast it with the boats made for racing. These are hardly boats at all, in the old sense; they are so thin and light that we call them "shells," and a more shell-like thing has never been seen on the water. On the Thames men began to build these boats a century or so ago, and ever since they have gone on making them thinner and lighter and faster. At first they made the boats of cedar wood, then of papier-mâché, and now they make them of aluminum. The shells are very long, very narrow, and very shallow. They have no skeg, and they float upon the water like a straw.

No one can sit in one of them without long practice, for they are so delicately balanced that in a trice they will overturn and spill anybody but an expert into the water. It can almost be said that the oarsman must part his hair in the middle to keep from putting too much weight on one side. It certainly is true that he must never take his oars clear off the water, for the weight of the oars in the air will almost surely spill him. When the oars go back from one stroke to the next, he must therefore skim them lightly—or "feather" them—with the face of the blade parallel to the water. There are many tricks he has to learn before he can row in a shell at all; how many more remain before he can "make" the crew in his college!

The size of a shell depends on the number of its crew. For a crew of eight—the chief crew in a modern college—the shell is 60 feet long; but it is only 18 inches wide and 9 inches deep. For a single oarsman—and a

shell for one man is called a "scull"—it will be 30 feet long, 9 inches wide, and 5½ inches deep. And how much do you think it will weigh? Only 24 pounds! No wonder it skims over the water like a bird in the air. No wonder that eight good oarsmen can take their shell a mile across a lake in four minutes or so.

Between the scull for a single rower and the long shell for eight oarsmen there are intermediate sizes of shells for two, for four, and for six men. Usually an eight-oared shell also carries a coxswain, who sits at the stern and steers the boat with the rudder.

How the "Shells" Have Been Improved

Along with the improvement in the body of the boats came an equal improvement in some of their fittings. Two of these are of great importance. In 1830 Harry Clasper of Oxford fastened metal brackets called "outriggers" to the gunwales, letting the brackets stand out some twenty inches from the boat over the water. The rowlocks were put at the outer end of the outriggers, and this gave the oarsman a much greater leverage, allowing him to pull the blade through the water much harder. Then in 1857 J. C. Babcock of New York devised a moving seat which slides back and forth with the oarsman's stroke and allows him to put the muscles of his legs behind each pull. Rowing is now done with the big muscles of the legs more than with the smaller ones in the arms. With these two inventions rowing became much faster than before.

But of course the strength and skill of the rower, or of the whole crew, is the thing that wins the race. The oarsman has to be an athlete, and he has to be in training a long time for his special form of sport. All winter long, when the ice is on the rivers, the crews of the colleges are hard at work in their training quarters, pulling away at oars that never touch the water but are so arranged as to offer just the same resistance that the water would give. Colleges even have indoor tanks with running water to reproduce exact racing conditions. Only in a few races with other colleges do the men finally get a chance to show what they have learned. The

ROWING



Photo by Subelman Syndicate

Boat races, whether on the Hudson or on the Thames, are thrilling events. Every spring certain large colleges of America take part in the races at Poughkeepsie. A booming cannon announces the winner. If you are

lucky enough to be near the boat house of a winning crew you will see the tired but happy men pick up their little "cox" and dump him into the water—just a part of the ceremony of winning!

amid a great gay throng, with waving banners and resounding college yells, they may push their boat over four miles of water just a few feet ahead of their next rivals—and their reward is full.

There are few sights more thrilling, and any spectator soon sees that in such rowing art must count for more than effort. Eight men are working as one person, from long teamwork together. Never does an oar dip a fraction of an inch too deep into the water; any deeper dip means more effort with less result. Never does an oar rise in the air; it feathers its way back over the water like an insect skimming the surface. Never does any oar lose the perfect rhythm of the eight. Faster and faster the blades flash back and forth, as the rowers put every ounce of muscle in the legs and back and arms at work, till with a final burst of speed they cross the line.

In the past century many boat clubs and college crews have come into existence in many lands, but especially in England, in Australia, and in the United States. The Leander Boat Club of England, founded in 1818, is still the premier boat club of the world. But the colleges share the major part

of the sport. Oxford and Cambridge have had a famous annual race for nearly a century, and in both universities the various colleges also have races with one another. Any college is proud to be the "head of the river," that is, to have the leading crew of the year. Yet the most famous boat races in England are those held every year at Henley on the Thames. These are open to all comers who can qualify under the rules, and they are of various kinds—from races in sculls for single oarsmen to races for crews of eight. Henley Week is a great event in England, and draws a gay and colorful crowd to the river.

In America we have many races between various colleges in various parts of the country. Yale and Harvard have an annual race at New London. At Poughkeepsie, on the Hudson, there is a classic race every year among a large number of the university crews—Cornell, Columbia, the Naval Academy, Pennsylvania, Wisconsin, Washington, California, and others. From time to time American crews have gone over to Henley, and sometimes have come off victors. They have also held their own in the Olympic games.

SWIMMING

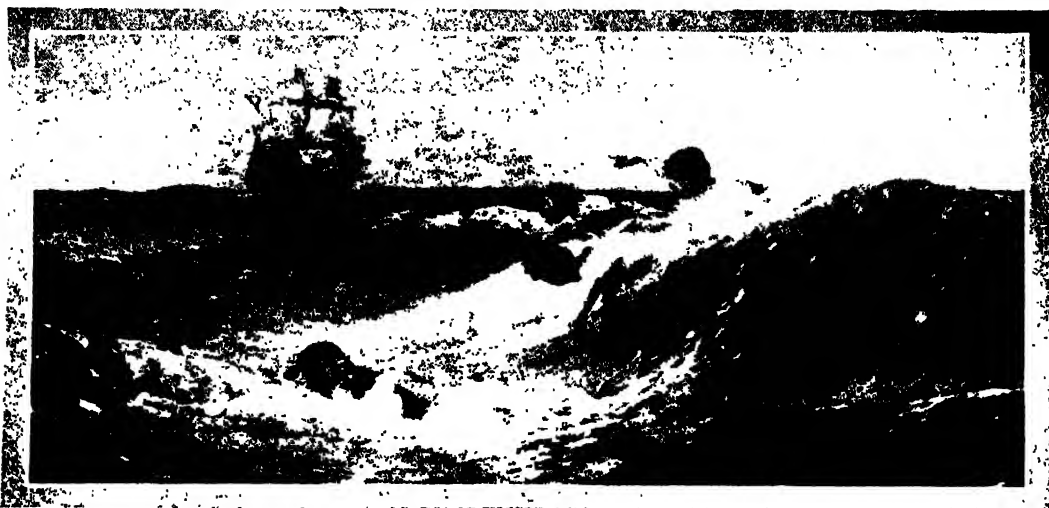


Photo by Metropolitan Museum of Art

This painting is called "In Strange Seas." Looking at it, we remember that men and women have swum and played about in the waves since long before the

time when the first sailing vessel took to the water; there have even been old stories of maidens who were fishes from the waist down—the fabulous "mermaids."

The BEST EXERCISE of ALL

Swimming Is the Ideal Sport Because It Trains All the Muscles and Rests All the Nerves at Once

THE one ideal exercise, the one purest delight in physical activity, is swimming. It is the ideal exercise because it uses nearly every muscle in the body without really tiring any of them—for a good swimmer depends on skill and easy effort far more than on violent exertion. It is a pure delight because nothing is so refreshing as the ripple of the water against every portion of your skin, and nothing so soothing as the feeling of rest and bodily peace it leaves.

It makes very little difference whether you go into some old shady swimming hole in the country or whether you are one of thousands at some great beach breasting the white-capped waves. It makes very little difference whether you stay in the water for five minutes or for twenty, whether you spend most of the time swimming far out around the raft or lolling about on the shining white sand in the bright sunshine. It is very much the same whether you are young or old, whether you are a boy or a girl. Indeed,

swimming is the exercise in which the girls do best; mainly because it calls for grace of effort rather than for great strength.

Of course it is not a very natural thing for people to be in the water. It has to be learned. But to many another animal it is not a natural thing either—for example, to the horse or to the dog. Yet these animals do not have to learn how to swim. They do it as easily as they walk or run. If you want to test it some time when you have a little puppy who has never seen a stream, just hold him over the water in a bathtub. Maybe you will have to let him wet the tip of a paw, and maybe not; but at once you will see him begin to swim—in the air. He will go through all the motions of swimming before you ever put him in the water, as long as you hold him over it. He knows all about swimming even before he can walk very steadily.

At least one of the reasons why the puppy and many another animal can swim at the first touch of water, while a human being has to learn it, is that in swimming the

SWIMMING

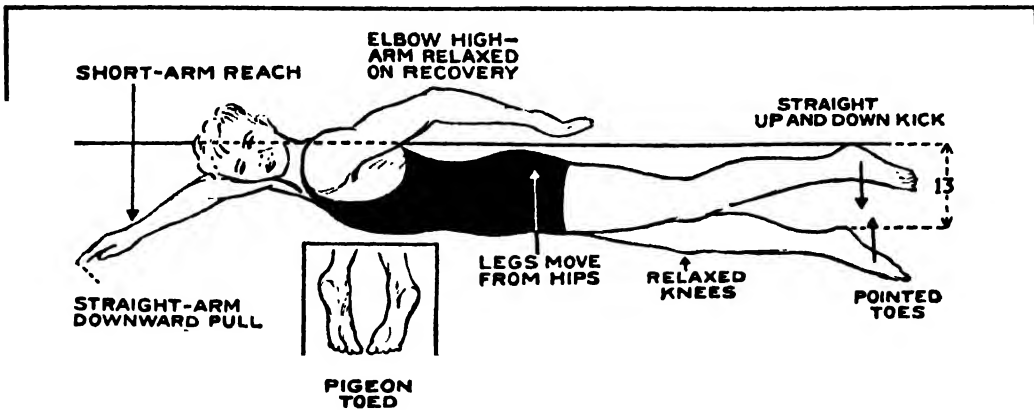


Photo by The American Sports Publishing Co.

One of the best strokes to master is known as the crawl, explained in this diagram. You turn your head far enough to the left to breathe in just as you raise your left hand from the water and "catch" the water with your right arm. As you reach forward, keep arms relaxed and elbows high. Make the "catch" on a direct line about one foot in front of your shoulder. Then pull your arm down, elbow straight, until the

hand is almost on a line with the hip; then bring it out of the water by bending and raising the elbow. For each complete cycle of the arm stroke make six beats with your legs, three upward and three downward. This up-and-down kick should measure about 13 inches from heel to heel; the feet should stay under water. Keep your toes pointed downward and inward—pigeon-toed—and your knees supple. It is a fast stroke.

animals have just the same position that they have in walking. Their four feet are all down, and their body is horizontal. But when a man swims he must take a very different position from that of walking. His feet must be up and behind him, not under him. He is used to being vertical, not horizontal; and that is something that he has to learn. The first time a boy goes in the water, he will do everything he can to get his body into an upright position, as if he were going to stand up in the water. That is all he has ever done, all he knows to do. If the water is too deep for him to touch bottom, he will then clutch wildly at nothing in the effort to keep erect, and the more nearly he manages to keep erect, the faster he will sink. Of course he should be trying to lie down in the water. Indeed, once he has learned to do that fearlessly, he is well on the way to being a swimmer.

Do You Fear Deep Water?

Nearly everybody has a natural dread of the water, and for good reasons. But the fear can be readily overcome, though far faster in some persons than in others. Overcoming it is the first thing to do in learning to swim. So we are going to tell you a way

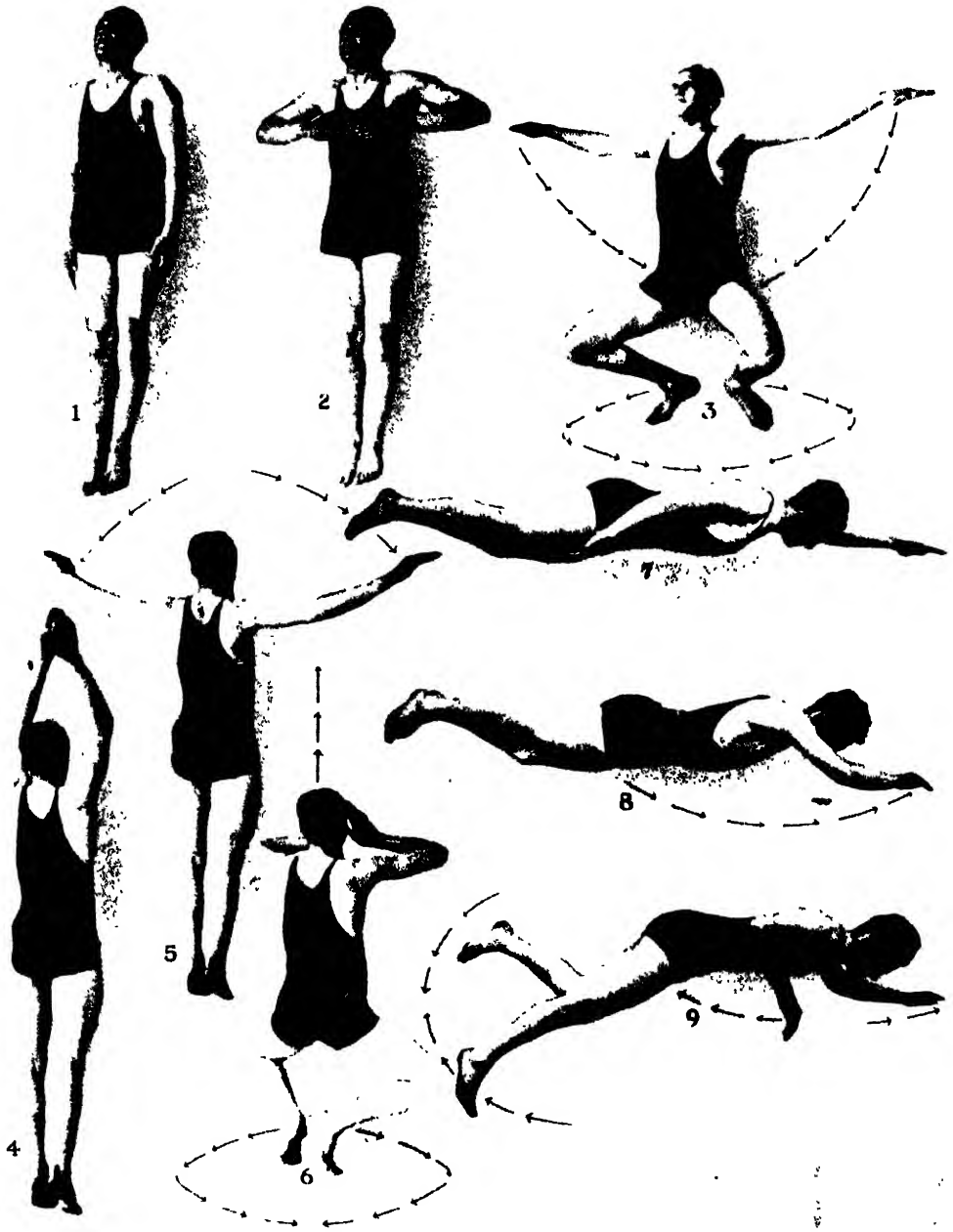
to get over it, if you are not yet a swimmer. You need have no fear in following these directions, for you will be in no danger.

To get used to the water, start by wading just a little way out, to where it is only about knee-deep. Sit down in it there, splash about in it, play in it until you get the "feel" of it. As you do so you will learn an important thing: the water will bear you up. If you sit in shallow water and relax completely, the water will begin to lift your legs and arms. You have found that out in the bathtub. And now you have learned the second important thing about swimming—that you must relax your whole body just as much as you can.

How to Learn to Swim

But you cannot swim in knee-deep water, and now that you are on friendly terms with it you may take the next step. Go on out to where it is about up to your hips. Face toward the shore and bend forward till your hands touch the bottom; then lift your feet very, very slowly. Do not strain. Do not be afraid; remember you have found out that the water will hold you up. Now that your feet are off the ground, you will find it is holding your whole body up, except for what your finger tips may be doing.

SWIMMING

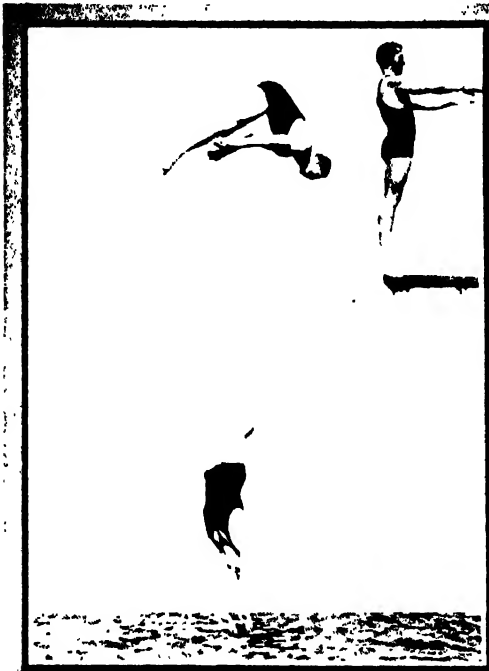


Photos by The American Sports Publishing Co.

Here are three of the simplest swimming strokes, all shown as they look from above. To learn the **BACK STROKE**, lie upon the water held up by water wings, chest out, head back, arms straight, as in Fig. 1. At count *one* take position 2, at count *two* position 3, at *three* come sharply back to position 1. The movements of the **BREAST STROKE** are shown at lower left (4, 5, 6). Keep the body continually on the breast,

with both shoulders on a line with the surface of the water. The leg movement here (6) is much like the "frog kick" illustrated in 3. The **SIDE STROKE** (7, 8, 9) is the basis of all more advanced strokes. Pull alternately with the arms, keeping both always under water. To make the "scissors kick" (9) draw the legs up about six inches; then at the same time extend the upper leg forward and the under leg backward.

SWIMMING



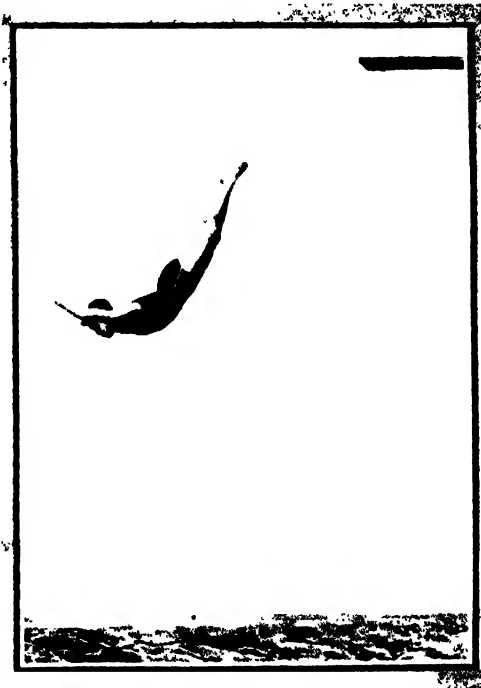
Back Jackknife. This dive is named, of course, from the way the diver doubles up in mid-air.



Swan Dive. This is one of the simpler dives, as direct and graceful as the movements of a swan.



Front Jackknife with Half Twist. The twist brings you about so that you enter the water as in the Back Jack.

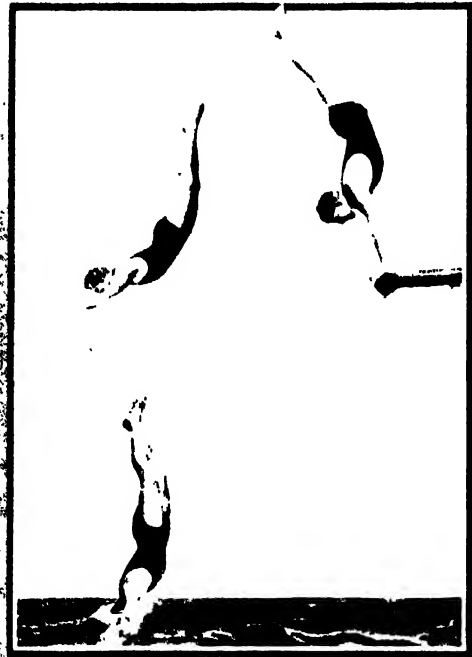


Swan Dive from High Board. This gives even more the effect of a swooping bird than the ordinary Swan Dive.

SWIMMING



Running Front Jackknife. In the jackknife position the body is bent at hips, and hands touch legs below knees.

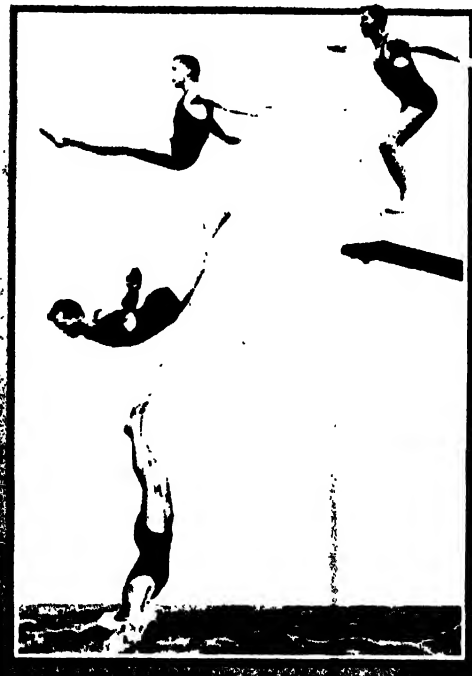


Hand-stand Dive. To take off from this position you allow the body to overbalance, and push slightly with the hands.



Photos by The American Sports Publishing Co.

Back Dive. The hands are kept on the hips until the highest point of the dive is reached.



Running Front One-and-a-half. In this dive the body makes a somersault and a half in the air.

SWIMMING



Handspring Somersault. Hold the hand-stand position on the board while you count three before taking off.



Back Jack Somersault. A combination of back dive, jackknife, and somersault.



Photos by The American Sports Publishing Co.

Back Jackknife with Half Twist. This gets you into the water in the same position as an ordinary dive.



Running Front Somersault. Here the diver takes off after running along the diving board.

SWIMMING

Once you can float like this, you are ready to start swimming. You have only to learn how to do a stroke or two; for swimming is only floating and moving ahead.

Now most people get badly excited at this point, easy as the thing sounds on paper. Their faces go under the water, and they think they are going to drown. They cannot see how they are going to breathe. Well, of course you cannot breathe when your face is under the water—not even in the wash basin, where it goes under water several times a day. You must learn how to turn your head to one side, take in a great gulp of air, and then put it under again and breathe out the air slowly into the water. Have you not seen a fine swimmer turning his head to one side every few moments as he sped through the water, and then putting his face right back into the water again? He is breathing every time he turns his head. He could keep his face out of the water all the time if he wanted to, and so could you, when you have learned to swim; but he swims this way because he wants to be as nearly horizontal as possible, and because the more fully he gets under the water, the better he will float.

Now try it all over again. Bend over in the water, put your fingers on the bottom, and lift your feet. You are still holding up on your arms, but you no longer mind getting your face wet. When you want to breathe, turn your face to one side and do it. But turn it back at once and breathe out the air into the water. Keep that up for a long time.

Floating like a Fish

Maybe that is enough for to-day. Perhaps you will try the rest to-morrow. But to-day or to-morrow the next thing will be to lift one of your hands. Do it slowly. Do not jerk. Just take up your hand and put your arm easily and snugly by your side. Still you float. Now there is nothing but the middle finger of the other hand holding you up. So pluck up your courage—it does not take much now—and raise that other hand. Put it by your side, and never fear. Behold, you are floating like a fish!

You will not sink if you just stay still and

keep horizontal. But if you begin to struggle and try to get upright, down you will go.

When you have learned to float face down, you must learn to float on your back, and then on either side. That will be easy. But before you have learned to float on your side, you will surely have begun to paddle with your arms. For once you have found out that you do not need your arms to keep you up, you will very naturally begin to use them to push you ahead. You will find that you are kicking with your legs too. You will be swimming "dog fashion."

The Real Fun of Swimming

Of course there is a great deal more for you to learn, but it will all come easily now. You have to learn all the strokes, the "side stroke," the "back stroke," the "Australian crawl." You will see swimmers doing these things, and you can do as they do. There are always plenty of people on the beach or at the swimming hole to teach you, and there are professional teachers. You ought by all means to learn some or all of the best strokes as fast as possible; for the longer you use the poorer strokes, the harder it will be to get rid of them. Learn to do everything with the utmost ease. Strain is the one great enemy of good swimming.

Until you are at home like a fish in the water, until you have grown into a strong swimmer, stay out of the heavy breakers and out of any water that is over your head. You can do any kind of swimming in water four feet deep, and you are not likely to drown in that. Never let anybody tempt you into strange waters, where there may be strong currents or outgoing tides or even whirlpools. Never go in swimming within two hours after a hearty meal, and never stay in after you have begun to chill. That is the way to invite a cramp, and a cramp will paralyze you; unless there is someone who can rescue you, you are pretty sure to drown. Even when you are an expert swimmer, there will be no sense in taking useless risks. You can have just as much fun without them. There are more swimmers drowned every year than non-swimmers because the swimmers take the risks.

VACATION ACTIVITIES

Reading Unit No. 20

THE PLEASURES OF OUTDOOR LIFE

Note: For basic information not found on this page, consult the general Index, Vol. 15.

For statistical and current facts, consult the Richards Year Book Index.

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Things to Think About

What is the motto of the Boy Scouts?
How do they carry out that motto?
How does the Girl Scout organization promote good will among

the nations of the world?
What are the essentials of life?
Is the civilized man able to get along in the wilds as well as the Indian?
What kind of man would a Boy

VACATION ACTIVITIES

Reading Unit

No. 20

THE PLEASURES OF OUTDOOR LIFE

Note: For basic information not found on this page, consult the general Index, Vol. 15.

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(Continued from page 540-A)

Scout grow up to be?
How does camping develop character?
Why should you wear a woolen shirt rather than a cotton shirt when you go camping?
What can you use to take the place of vegetables in your diet

when you are away from stores?
Why should you never wander about when you get lost in a forest?
Can an experienced woodsman explain to you how he finds his way about?

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Habits and Attitudes

The mind of a Boy Scout is trained to direct and his body is trained to act.
Scouts do not accept tips for courtesies.
The test of the Boy or Girl Scout

is the daily good turn.
A Girl Scout is a friend to all and has promised to help others at all times.
An alert mind and a strong body is necessary to a camper.

Leisure-time Activities

PROJECT NO. 1: Practice making the knots illustrated on page 14-555.
PROJECT NO. 2: Make a list of the items you would take with you on a two-weeks camping trip.
PROJECT NO. 3: Practice put-

ting up a tent according to the directions given in this unit. Learn the rules for good camping so that you will remember them when you next go on a camping trip.

Summary Statement

All of us, especially those who live in big cities, should go camping as often as possible. There

are a great many things we must learn, however, before we can trust ourselves in the wilds.

THE BOY SCOUTS

This is Lord Baden-Powell in full uniform as "Chief Scout of the World." No one can say how many boys have helped a cripple across the street or learned to enjoy an afternoon of outdoor sport because of the club this great Englishman founded.



Photo by Boy Scouts of America

BOY SCOUTS! *The BIGGEST BOYS' CLUB of ALL*

Here Is the Way to Have Fun, and Here Is the Way to Be a Man

A BOY SCOUT! He loves a hike through the woods more than a walk over the city's streets. He can tell north or south or east or west by "signs." He can tie a knot that will hold, he can climb a tree that seems impossible to others, he can swim a river, he can pitch a tent, he can mend a tear in his trousers, he can tell you which fruits and seeds are poisonous and which are not, he can sight nut-bearing trees from a distance; he can reef a sail or take his trick at the wheel, can pull an oar or use paddles and sculls; he knows the stars by name and can find his way by them; he can name birds and animals and fish and knows the ways and dwelling place of each.

A Scout walks through the woods with silent tread. No dry twigs snap under his feet and no loose stones turn over and throw him off his balance. His eyes are keen and he sees many things that others do not see. He notices tracks and signs which reveal to him the nature and habits of the creatures that made them. He knows how to stalk birds and animals, and study them in their natural haunts. He sees much, but is little seen.

A Scout can kindle a fire in the forest on the wettest day, and he seldom uses more than one match. When no matches can be had he can still have a fire, for he knows the secret of rubbing sticks, like the Indians, or he can start a blaze with only his knife blade and a piece of flint. He knows, also, the danger of forest fires, and he kindles a blaze that will not spread. What a meal he can prepare out in the open! Just watch him and compare his appetite with that of a boy who lounges at a lunch counter in a crowded city. He knows the unwritten rules of the campfire and he contributes his share to the pleasures of the Council. He also knows when to sit silent before the ruddy embers and give his mind free play.

A Scout never flinches in the face of danger, for he knows that every faculty must be alert to preserve his safety and that of others. He knows what to do in case of fire or panic or shipwreck; he trains his mind to direct and his body to act. In all emergencies he sets an example of resourcefulness, coolness, and courage, and considers the safety of others before that of himself.

THE BOY SCOUTS

He is especially kind to the helpless and weak.

A Scout can make himself known to a brother Scout wherever he may be, by a method which only Scouts can know. He has brothers in every city in the land and in every country in the world. Wherever he goes he can give his signs and be assured of a friendly welcome.

A Scout does not run away or merely call for help when an accident occurs. If a person is cut, he knows how to stop the flow of blood and gently and carefully bind up the wound. If a person is burned, he knows how to ease the suffering. If anyone is dragged from the water unconscious, a Scout at once sets to work to bring him back to life. He knows that not a minute must be lost.

A Scout knows his city as well as he knows the trails in the forest. He can guide a stranger wherever he desires to go, and his knowledge of short cuts saves him many needless steps. He knows where the police stations are located, where the fire-alarm boxes are placed, where the nearest doctor lives, where the hospitals are, and which is the quickest way to reach them. He knows the names of the city officials and the nature of their duties. A Scout is proud of his city and freely offers his services when he can help.

The Scouts' Motto

A Scout chooses as his motto "Be prepared," and he seeks to prepare himself for anything—to rescue a companion, to ford a stream, to gather firewood, to help strangers, to know right from wrong, to serve his

fellow men, his country, and his God—always to "Be prepared."

The Boy Scout movement was founded in 1908 by Lord Baden-Powell in England. It was brought to this country in 1910 by a Chicago publisher. The story is one that every Boy Scout loves.

How the Scouts Came to America

William D. Boyce, the Chicago publisher, had lost his way in the heart of a London fog, and in his bewilderment was groping here and there. A street urchin, noticing his trouble, came up and saluted Mr. Boyce, and said, "May I be of service to you?"

Mr. Boyce answered, "If you can show me how to find such-and-such a place it will be a real service."

The lad very smartly saluted and said, "Sir, follow me." He took him at once to the place.

Then Mr. Boyce pulled his coin purse out and offered the boy a shilling.

The boy promptly saluted and said, "Sir, I am a

Scout. Scouts do not accept tips for courtesies."

The man said, "What do you say?"

The Scout repeated and then added, "Don't you know what the Scouts are?"

"No," answered Mr. Boyce, "but I should like to know."

The boy said, "Follow me."

Mr. Boyce asked only for time to do his errand and then, as he tells the story himself, the lad was waiting for him outside and took him to the office of Lord Baden-Powell, whence Mr. Boyce brought back to America a trunkful of printed matter.

From this beginning has grown the biggest boys' club in the world. Scouting is organized in practically every civilized country, with millions of members over the world.



Photo by Boy Scouts of America

Whether it is building a fire without a matth, or flapping pancakes without rumpling them up or losing them out of the pan, the Scout in camp can learn something new every day to put down in his record.

THE BOY SCOUTS

During the war the Axis oppressors tried to abolish Scouting in the countries they invaded. In some cases they even threatened death to Boy Scouts if they wore their uniforms or held meetings. Nonetheless those brave boys did not give up their Scouting. They met secretly. They performed many brave deeds and helped the Allied cause.

In peacetime the Boy Scouts hold great world conventions called Jamborees every four years. Thousands of boys, speaking just about every language in the world, meet and camp together for ten days, playing games of skill and making friendships with boys in other lands—friendships that may last a lifetime. They give demonstrations in camping, hiking, swimming, canoeing, life-saving, and in other forms of Scoutcraft. Such a meeting is a mighty contribution toward peace among nations. One of the Scout laws says that a Scout is a brother to every other Scout in the world. In countless ways Boy Scouts show their friendship for Scouts in other lands. World Scouting is now an important part of the life of every Scout.

A boy may join the Boy Scouts of America when he is twelve years old. The lowest rank is that of Tenderfoot. After that come Second and First Class. There are strict tests for each rank, which the Scout must pass before he can receive his badge. Then there are the Merit Badges. Whether a

boy wants a hobby or needs to learn a trade, he will find help through Scouting. The Merit-Badge subjects number ninety, and include such different things as plumbing, carpentry, life saving, aviation, music, angling, and personal health. A boy masters his chosen subject, passes the tests, and receives the Merit Badge. When he has earned five badges and has served three months as a First Class Scout, observing the Oath and Law, he becomes a Star Scout. Ten badges and six months' service qualify him for Life Rank. When he has earned twenty-one Merit Badges, and has served a full year, observing the Oath and Law, and making an effort to develop his ability in leadership, he becomes the proud owner of an Eagle Badge, and has reached the highest rank in Scouting.

The Scouts' Oath

This is the Scout Oath which every boy takes when he becomes a Scout:

On my honor, I will do my best—

1. To do my duty to God and my country, and to obey the Scout Law.
2. To help other people at all times.
3. To keep myself physically strong, mentally awake, and morally straight.



Photo by Boy Scouts of America

If he has a true eye and a steady hand, there is no reason why a Scout should not learn to shoot an arrow as straight to the mark as any Indian.

THE BOY SCOUTS

The Scout Law requires of a boy trustworthiness, loyalty, helpfulness, friendliness, courtesy, kindness, obedience, cheerfulness, thrift, bravery, cleanliness, and reverence.

The Daily Good Turn

No matter how many things he may know, the acid test of the Scout is the Daily Good Turn. This is the proof of the Scout. If he does this, he has a right to be classed with the great scouts who have served their country. The Good Turn may not be a very big thing—helping an old woman to cross the street, removing a banana skin from the pavement, so that people may not slip, or giving water to a thirsty horse. Yet it is a big thing in a boy's life to wake up each morning with the thought of doing a kindness to someone.

If a boy wants to develop a sturdy body, have plenty of fun in the out-of-doors, doing things worth while; if he wants to camp, to hike, to swim, to boat; if he wants to go with a fine set of boys, to learn a trade, or start a hobby; if he wants the training that will help to make him a leader and the kind of citizen his country needs, he should consider joining the Boy Scouts. Scout troops are organized in connection with churches, schools, clubs, and all kinds of community centers.

The Boy Scout is an expert camper. To be a good camper means to live under canvas, away from the piles of brick and stone that we call cities. It means to be in the open air, to breathe pure oxygen, to sleep upon "a bed of boughs beside the trail," to hear the whisper of the trees, to look at the camp-fire and the stars when the sun has set, to ply the oar or wield the paddle in the moonlight; to dive in the cool waters of the lake or river at the dawn; to eat the plain, sub-

stantial food of the forests and the wilds, with the delicacies of fish and fruit which they afford; and to come heart to heart with nature in constant communion with the woods, the mountains, and the streams—all of this is camping, and all of this is good.

But the camp affords a better opportunity than this. It offers the finest method for a boy's education. Between the ages of twelve and eighteen years the interests of a boy are wide, and they reach all the way from the catching of minnows and tadpoles to finding God in the stars. Each day brings him new discoveries, and each night sends him back to his camp bed, to sleep among the branches of the balsam or fir, with an unspeakable joy tugging at his heart. A summerspent like this puts red blood in the boy's veins, a glow of health in his cheeks, the hardness of steel in his muscles and sinews.

The life of a camp is profitable because of its varied activities. A boy learns to build his own camp out of fallen timber, to make his own mattress out of fir or balsam tips, or by weaving it out of grass; to cook his own meals; to make his own fishing equipment; to catch his own fish; to build his own fire; to keep his camp clean; and in short to rely upon himself and to take care of himself.

Boy Scouts Are Heroes

He learns self-reliance in this outdoor life faster than he would anywhere else; and somehow or other, every lake and tree and star and pool of water come to be his personal friends, so that no matter where he is, he is never alone, and whether in solitude or with companions, is cheerful and sunny and always ready to help others.

Boy Scouts are heroes. Over two thousand awards have been made by the National



Photo by Boy Scout of America

Scientists tell us that as we grow up we must learn certain skills and develop certain traits at the proper time or never develop them at all. We all know that a fine acrobat must begin his training in childhood. In the same way, we cannot learn to be self-reliant after we are grown. The boy who learns to fend for himself in the woods and along the streams is acquiring a trait that is worth more than money or fame.

THE BOY SCOUTS

Court of Honor to Boy Scouts who have saved people's lives. The Scout is trained in first aid and life saving; he is prepared for the emergency, and he is brave in the face of danger.

Here is the story of one Scout who saved two other boys through his Scout training.

The three boys were swimming in a river when he noticed one

grab the other as though trying to duck him. He watched them closely and saw they were not playing, but were choking and unable

to cry for help.

"I was fifteen feet away," he told his friends later, "and I swam toward them. I saw they were too big for me to bring them to shore, so I took several deep breaths, dived and came up under the boys, pushing them up so that they could get a little air; then I tried to swim between them so as to break their grips on each other."

A Heroic Deed

But both the boys grabbed the Scout, pulling him down in their frantic struggles. He was practically exhausted, but he still held on like a good Scout, kicking as hard as he could, and managed to make some progress up stream. Meanwhile those on shore formed a human chain and at last

relayed a life belt to the Scout, who brought both boys safe to shore. A gold medal was awarded to this brave Scout.

The Calmness of a Scout

Every boy wants to be a hero. This is one reason why some twenty thousand Boy Scouts win Merit Badges in first aid every year. First aid training makes the boy useful in an emergency. It teaches poise.

In a desperate moment of crisis, when parents and friends in a panic stood helpless and watched a baby bleeding to death from a severed artery, a sixteen-year-old Eagle Scout calmly put into practice his first aid training, and by pressing back the openings of the wound, held them in place with a silver knife, and bandaged it expertly with strips cut from soft old linen.

Another Scout was

Photo by Boy Scouts of Am

"Playing Indian" is more fun when we know, as Scouts do, something of the red man's woodcraft - as well as of the white man's field glasses, wig-wag signals, and ways of writing down what we see.



able to save the life of his friend by his knowledge of first aid. The boy in his play had crashed into a glass door, and had broken his arm and severed a small artery in his wrist on the jagged glass. With blood streaming, and faint from pain and loss of blood, he was in a serious condition when the Scout reached him and checked the bleeding with a tourniquet (tōōr'ni-kēt).

Scouts who live on farms may carry on the Program by correspondence, as Lone Scouts. Two or more may organize a Farm or Home Patrol. Between the ages of nine and twelve boys may be Cubs and belong to a Cub Den and Pack.



Mrs. Juliette Gordon Low, founder of the American branch of the Girl Scouts and an untiring worker in forwarding the growth of the organization.

Photo by Girl Scouts of America

ARE YOU *a* GIRL SCOUT?

If So, You Know All about the Work and Play Described in This Story; if Not, You Can Find Out Something about It

IT WAS not very long after Robert Baden-Powell started the Boy Scouts, in 1908, that the girls of England asked for a similar organization in which they too might learn the fascinating rules of Scoutcraft. In less than no time Baden-Powell found that there were at least six thousand girls clamoring for the same kind of splendid training and the wholesome pleasures that their brothers were already enjoying. He was so delighted with the idea that he asked his sister, Miss Agnes Baden-Powell, to make up an outline for the scheme. She put into it many of the best features of the boys' organization, and special training was also provided for the girls in order to prepare them for their lives later on—as business women, as wives and mothers, and as good citizens.

Under the name of the Girl Guides, which was taken from a famous British regiment noted for its courage and its feats in India, the sister organization grew rapidly and soon

spread to other countries. Through Mrs. Juliette Low, of Savannah, Georgia, it was brought over into the United States in March, 1912. Three years later the name of the American organization was changed to the Girl Scouts. By 1920 there were about two hundred thousand members in the United States and its possessions, and plans were being made to raise the number to half a million in the next five years. To-day there are over a million members.

From the national headquarters in New York City, work is now directed in every state and every colony of the Union. An international council also keeps the organizations of all countries in touch with one another, and gives the girls of every nation a chance to know their sister Scouts in other lands. In this way a broad understanding of other peoples and a kindly feeling for the whole world is instilled into the girls who are fortunate enough to belong to the Girl Scouts

THE GIRL SCOUTS

Every girl between the ages of ten and eighteen may be one of the fortunate ones if she is willing to learn the laws, the promise, the motto, and the slogan of the organization, and to show proof of a few simple achievements. One of these must be that she herself has earned at least a part of the money for buying her uniform. At first she is known as a "Tenderfoot," but as she grows in the knowledge of Scoutcraft she may step into the higher ranks.

To win a Second-class Badge she must pass more advanced tests and show that she has made definite accomplishments in the service of her organization, her home, and her community. The highest, or First-class, Badge, comes only to those who are experienced in the work of Scouts.

Scouts have fun. The Intermediate Scouts—between the ages of ten and fifteen—do all sorts of things that young girls like to do. They give plays and pageants, swim and take hikes and bicycle trips, on which they cook and sleep outdoors. They draw and paint and make pottery, they make beautiful things of leather and metal, and learn to take care of babies, keep house, and make their own dresses. During the war they collected sal-

vage, helped in hospitals and nurseries, raised victory gardens, and harvested and canned food to send overseas.

The girls plan their activities in ten different fields: arts and crafts, community life, health and safety, home-making, international friendship, literature and dramatics, music and dancing, nature, outdoor life, and sports and games. Senior Scouts—from fifteen to eighteen years old—add to all this an interest in the work they want to do later—occupational therapy, nurse's aide, recreation aide, child care aide, or museum aide.

They give dances and other parties. If they are interested in flying they may become Wing Scouts, and if they like ships and sailing they may become Mariners.

Eight girls who would naturally be associated as friends, neighbors, schoolfellows, or playmates" make the ideal group, known as a Patrol, the leader of which is one of its own members selected by the Patrol itself. From one to four Patrols make up a Troop, which is managed by a Captain and her Lieutenants, all of them older girls who have been approved by the national headquarters. The wife of the president of the United States serves as



Photo by Girl Scouts of America

If you are a Girl Scout you may find yourself spending a holiday in a log cabin like this one. Girls in this charming Girl Scout camp will climb the neighboring mountains or perhaps swim and canoe, and if they want to they can catch the fish they later will cook for supper. As the lower picture proves, there will be plenty of time to draw or paint or practice some other art or hobby all under skilled instruction. Many a woman has the Girl Scouts to thank for starting her in a pleasant and profitable profession.

THE GIRL SCOUTS

honorary president of the national organization, and the wives of former presidents act as honorary vice presidents.

Like that of the Boy Scouts, the motto of the Girl Scouts is "Be Prepared," and the slogan is: "Do a Good Turn Daily." The promise is this: "On my honor I will try to do my duty to God and my country, to help other people at all times, and to obey the Scout Laws." These laws set forth that a Girl Scout is to be honorable; loyal; useful and helpful to others; a friend to all and a sister to every other Girl Scout; courteous; a friend to animals; obedient; cheerful; thrifty; and clean in thought, word, and deed.

Although most Girl Scouts are between the ages of twelve and eighteen, girls over eighteen may continue as troop assistants or Girl Scout executives. In many places there are also clubs known as Brownies, or Junior Scouts, made up of girls from seven to ten who are training to be full-fledged Scouts. They do the things that little girls like to do.

Camping, with all its pleasures and its work, has been so popular with the Girl Scouts that they now have six hundred or more regular and permanent camps. There they learn to make the most of life in the woods and on the water, to study plants and animals and stars, and to master all the laws

of woodcraft. They also manage their own camps, each Scout doing her share of work.

Every Scout is urged to learn home-making in her own home, but in certain places Little Houses managed by the girls themselves give still further training in that field. These Little Houses, or small clubrooms, are built like real homes, each with a good kitchen, dining room, living room, and bedrooms. The clubhouse is often surrounded by flower and vegetable gardens. In the Little Houses the girls may learn to cook, to plan and serve meals nicely, to entertain their friends, and to manage a house generally. Further, they learn the patience, the courtesy, and the consideration that are necessary to get along in the world and to fit them to take their places in business, in the home, and in the community. Of the several hundred houses now managed by the Girl Scouts in the United States, one of the most attractive is the Little House in Washington. It is built as nearly as possible like the boyhood home of John Howard Payne, author of "Home, Sweet Home," and was presented to the Girl Scouts of Washington by the General Federation of Women's Clubs.



HOW TO GO CAMPING



Photo by Keystone View Co.

If you have never felt a longing to go on a camping trip or to set out on a long hike with a lonely forest, a sandy shore, or a desolate cliff as your goal, you are as much to be pitied as "the man without a coun-

try"! The boys in the picture above have just pitched tent and are about to have the fun of making all the clever "contraptions" which make camps livable and camping such fascinating sport.

WHAT EVERY CAMPER OUGHT *to* KNOW

The Joys of Life in the Wilds Are Open to All Who Will Learn the Ways of the Woods and Streams

WHEN Theodore Roosevelt and his wife were living in the splendor of the White House, where do you think they spent their happiest days? Only a few of their closest friends ever knew.

They would dress up in their camp clothes and steal off to a little shack in the woods. There would be no servants, and even the secret service men would be left behind. The President of the United States was returning to nature; he and Mrs. Roosevelt were getting back to the essentials of life, and asking Mother Earth for new health and strength and joy.

What are those essentials of life? They are food, clothing, shelter, and fire. For these things the savages have striven and

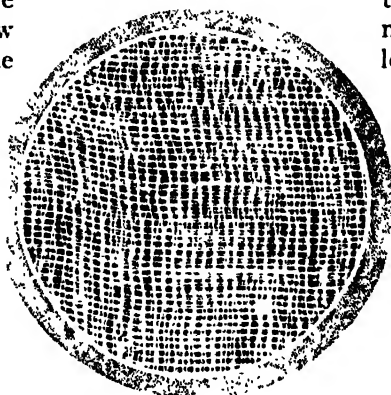
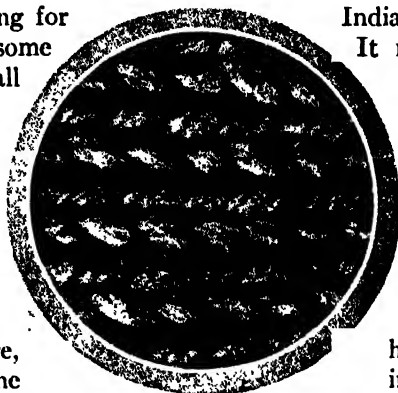
fought since the beginning, as they still do in some remote parts of Africa and Brazil. To get these things the most civilized of modern men may have a thrill in matching their ability against the forces of nature out in the wilds. For Nature does not make any of these things easy for the civilized man far from the city pavements. He has to learn some of the skill of an Indian before he can have his thrill—or before he can be safe. Until he has learned, he is pretty sure to be getting lost, going hungry and thirsty, getting wet or falling ill, starting forest fires, and doing many other unpleasant things. He may have a very bad time indeed. But if he only has the skill, he may sit in his little tent or cabin in the woods, snug and

HOW TO GO CAMPING

warm and well fed, forgetting for the moment all the troublesome world far away, monarch of all he surveys.

To be a good camper only means learning how to be sure of getting all you need for comfort when you are far away from places where you can buy it. The very first savages had to tease it all out of unwilling Nature, and a man who is lost in the great woods for days may have to do that even yet. Very few men can do that, and no one who does not know how has any business far away in the great woods. But a modern man like Roosevelt is too busy to do everything for himself, even in the wilds, as the first savages did. He cannot be gathering nuts and digging roots for his food, weaving plant fibers into clothes and rope, or making huts from the branches of trees. He takes some of the tools of civilization with him when he goes back into the wilds—knives, axes, guns, fish-hooks, waterproof matches, and other things, including the proper kinds of food.

So modern camping is a sort of compromise between the ways of the



Do you want to avoid catching a bad cold or perhaps pneumonia? Then wear wool of a loose weave and light weight next your skin. This picture shows you how wool and cotton cloth look under a microscope. The cotton, just above, has only very tiny air spaces, as you can see. When it is wet either with perspiration or rain, the air cannot circulate properly and will leave a clammy film of water on your skin. But the wool—at the top—is porous and absorbent. Air passing through it will dry the moisture. Always remember that two woolen garments of medium thickness are warmer than one woolen garment as heavy as the two put together. That is because of the air space between them, which acts as a dead-air chamber does in a wall.

These two American Indians know all the secrets of camping and woodcraft. You can find out about Indian customs and crafts by writing for the pamphlets sold by the American Museum of Natural History in New York City.

Indians and the ways of the city.

It makes the return to nature easier without taking away any of its thrill. No Indian ever got wet or cold if he could help it, or went without food. And to-day only a greenhorn camper will go cold or wet, or lack plenty of good food and shelter.

The writer of this story has spent many a long month in the steaming rain forests at the mouth of the Amazon, and many another on bleak, treeless mountain summits in

North America. He has had something to learn about the kind of clothes that campers ought to wear in various places and seasons. In the Brazilian jungles one is hardly ever dry, and on the mountain tops one may be bitterly cold, even on an August night. In such places, and for that matter in any kind of camp, the right clothes will go some way toward making a good camper and the wrong ones will at least ruin almost anybody's temper, and at worst may bring on a serious illness.

On our Brazilian trip we had a few native carriers with us. All but one wore cotton shirts and blue cot-

ton overalls. A single man had on a thin shirt of the lightest wool. From time to time every

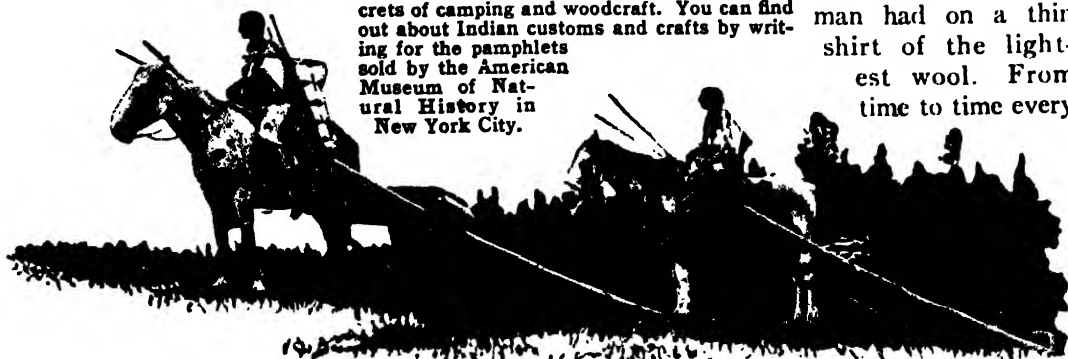


Photo by G. N. Rty.

HOW TO GO CAMPING

man in the party was soaked with rain or perspiration and then dried out by wind and sun. The men with cotton shirts all caught colds or had fever in a few days. But the one man with the woolen shirt kept fit. Why was that?

Wet cotton is soggy, and it leaves a film of water next to your skin. There are no air spaces in wet cotton, as there are in wool. Even when wringing wet, a piece of wool will have these tiny air spaces in it. They allow the heat of the body, or the wind, to dry the garment slowly, and there is no cold, clammy layer of moisture next your skin.

Getting wet in a wool shirt is just a bit of camper's luck, but getting wet in a cotton one is merely dangerous ignorance. In any place it is likely to give you a cold, and in the Tropics it is sure to give you a fever.

If you think you must wear cotton on account of the heat, then take it off and wring it out if it gets wet. No one will be cold with a naked skin in the summer sun and wind, but anybody may catch cold from clammy cotton clothes. Of course cotton is cooler if you are sure of keeping dry.

For autumn and winter camping in the North you need wool next to your skin, whether in underwear or in a woolen army or Boy Scout shirt. That holds for pajamas too—they should be woolen or cotton flannel, unless, like many an expert camper, you

want to sleep naked, under woolen blankets but without sheets. In the Arctic, explorers often sleep between furs without any bedclothes.

In boots and breeches the camper has a wide choice to suit his taste and his pocket-book. Some people like to use up their oldest

things from home, but these rarely stand the strain of life in the wilds, especially after a couple of good wettings. Boy Scout uniforms are nearly ideal for forest wear. They will stand the strain, and can be adapted to life in many kinds of climate.

From hardly any other thing do greenhorns suffer more than from improper shoes and socks. The camper usually tramps a good deal, and usually carries a pack; and his shoes must be loose enough to fit very comfortably but never so loose that his feet will slip around in them. At the end of a day's tramping your feet are larger than when you began; they have stretched and swelled from the weight and the work. So it will be better to have shoes that are half a size too large at

home. But not any larger than that! For shoes that let your feet slip around too much will raise blisters just as fast as shoes that pinch. Most campers and walkers like a thick woolen sock, perhaps with a thin sock inside it; their feet are much less tired at the end of the day. In all rough regions they ought to wear stout leggings. And they

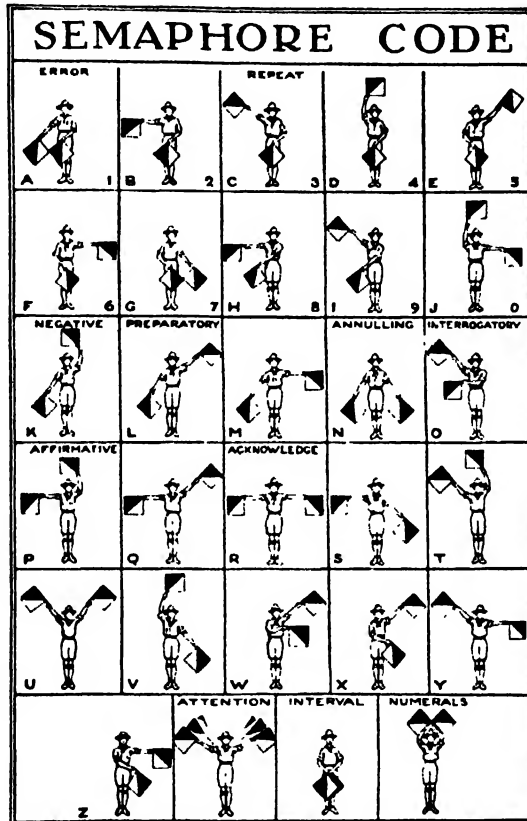


Photo by Boy Scouts of America

This code will be very useful to you while camping; or you may have a lot of fun out of it at home by using it for signaling from house to house. But first you must learn how to use it accurately and rapidly. The best way to learn is with someone else, so that you may get practice both in sending and in receiving. The flags should be eighteen inches square, half red and half white divided diagonally, of course. The staffs should be twenty-four inches long. They are best for short-distance signaling; you can rarely see them over a mile away.

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ought to know the value of bathing the feet in cool water once or twice a day on the march.

If you do get wet, it is very important to keep right on walking until your clothes are dry or until you can take them off. There is no surer way to fall ill than to sit around in wet things. And falling ill out in the wilds may spell disaster. The right clothes are the first precaution for health.

So much for clothes, and now we come to food. Many a greenhorn has ruined all his fun in camp by taking along the wrong things to eat.

Of course if you are only going to stop overnight in some hut that is all ready with a gas range or electric plate, you may have about the same food that you get at home. But that is not real camping. For true camping you must carry your food with you, and anything you will need to cook it in; and you must not only know how to cook it well, but how to keep it in good condition until you are ready to cook it.

Have you ever had the bad luck to go along with a camper who seemed to think that chocolate cake and "pop" was about what he would need out in the wilds? After the second or third day of such nonsense you saw how much he was good for around a camp. The cake and soda-water boy may do well enough for an afternoon picnic, but in a real camp he is nothing but a nuisance. He is always a trouble, and is very likely to be ill before long.

When you are going to the woods you must

carry all the food you will need until you can get new supplies. What you carry and how you carry it may depend on a good many things—the kind of country you are visiting, whether there are roads for motors or horses, or no roads at all, how many people are in your party, and how much they can carry on their backs. The details of all this will come from experience, for the conditions vary greatly. But there are certain facts that hold good anywhere, and every camper ought to know them.

You are unlikely to have any ice, and in the warm weather you must get along without

the things that spoil for lack of it—fresh milk and meat, fresh butter and all the fruits that spoil quickly. If you are staying at one camp for a long time, and are not too far from a main road, you may keep some of these things by building an underground "refrigerator," as shown in our



illustration. It will keep fairly cool, and will let you have your milk and butter, fresh meat and fruits.

But few campers, and none who are moving about, will take all the trouble to make such a place. If they like to eat butter with a spoon, as some of them eat tinned Danish butter in the Tropics, they can buy that expensive product and have their butter in camp. But they will almost certainly decide that butter is no food for the woods in warm weather, and will look around for substitutes. There are many that will keep.

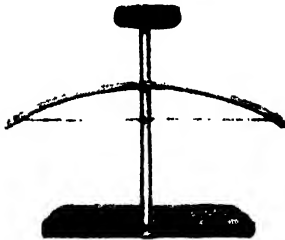
Most nutritious of them all is peanut butter. Then there are the various cheese spreads, all of which will keep, even in very hot weather. Jams and marmalade are good, and there is a very delicious prune spread.

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One way to make a fire

without matches is to use an instrument like the one shown in Fig. 3. The flat board and upright stick are of seasoned non-resinous wood. The wooden bow is about 17 inches long. A leather thong is wound around the upright, drawn tight, and fastened through holes.



3

Place upright stick in notch as in Fig. 3. Put shavings of dry wood close to notch. Press down with hand on block of wood—rounded to fit hand—as in Fig. 1. Draw bow back and forth with long steady strokes. Friction will cause spark. If quickly wrapped in tinder and blown upon, as in Fig. 2, the spark will burst into flame.



Fig. 10. This is one way to hold a pot over the fire. The pot is hooked on a stick which is, in turn, hooked on a long branch supported by a forked stick driven into the ground. The end of the branch is pegged down by another hooked stick. Fig. 13 will show you how the double hooked stick is made. This is the best sort of arrangement for cooking things in a hurry.

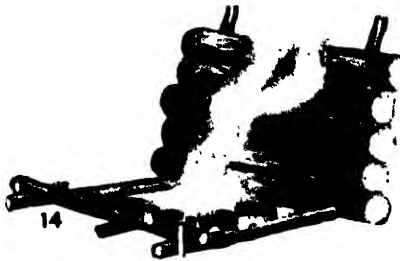


Fig. 14 shows how to set backlogs so that they will reflect the heat.

Fig. 4. One way to cook meat is to impale it on a green stick with sharpened end; this can be rested upon two logs.

Fig. 5. A smooth flat stone makes a good griddle—but keep it very hot!



Fig. 7. This toaster or roaster is made by bending and tying a supple green branch.

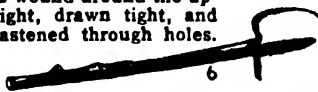


Fig. 6. This is the simplest toaster in the world. Just slit the end of a stick, hold the severed sides apart and slip the bread in.



Fig. 9. A piece of bark can be held with a slit stick to make a ladle—but be careful that it does not become a funnel!



Fig. 8. It is easy to roast corn over a fire if you pierce one end with a sharp stick. Another way is to put it—without husking—into the hot embers.



Fig. 13. Nature has pot hooks all made to order—but you must cut and tie them.

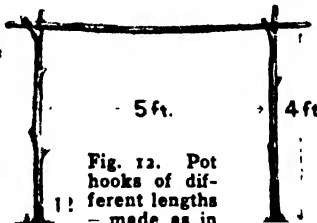


Fig. 12. Pot hooks of different lengths—made as in Fig. 13—can be hung over the fire on this convenient crane. The heat is thus regulated for cooking.

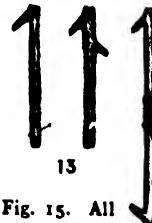
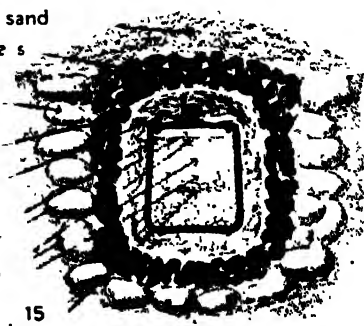


Fig. 15. All campers love beans cooked in this way. Be sure to follow the diagram exactly!

Ashes or sand
Hot embers

Stones
lining
pot-hole
Burlap
Damp
leaves
Bean-pot
Water
Molasses
Beans
Pork
Sliced onions



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And these do not take up much space in your pack.

After the first day or two, when your fresh meat is all gone, you will fall back on those old camp favorites, bacon, ham, and corned beef. These will all keep, and they all come in containers that are easy to carry. If you have a way of taking more stuff than you can carry on your back, you may vary them with other canned meats. But most good campers prefer not to bother with expensive canned meats, which are often heavy. They know that while one needs plenty to eat in camp, he does not go camping merely to eat.

Favorite Foods for the Camp

If bacon and ham and corned beef seem like a limited meat diet, we may remember that we eat such foods almost wholly for the protein in them. And we can get protein in other foods besides meat, notably in beans and eggs. Boston baked beans, in tins, are an almost perfect food for the active camper or trumper. They have protein for energy, and a great deal of starch for fuel. They are cheap and easy to prepare, and, if eaten fairly slowly, easy to digest. They ought to be in every camper's pack.

If you cannot have eggs and milk, you can certainly take along good dried egg powders and good milk powders. But if you can carry a little more weight, you had better take condensed or evaporated milk.

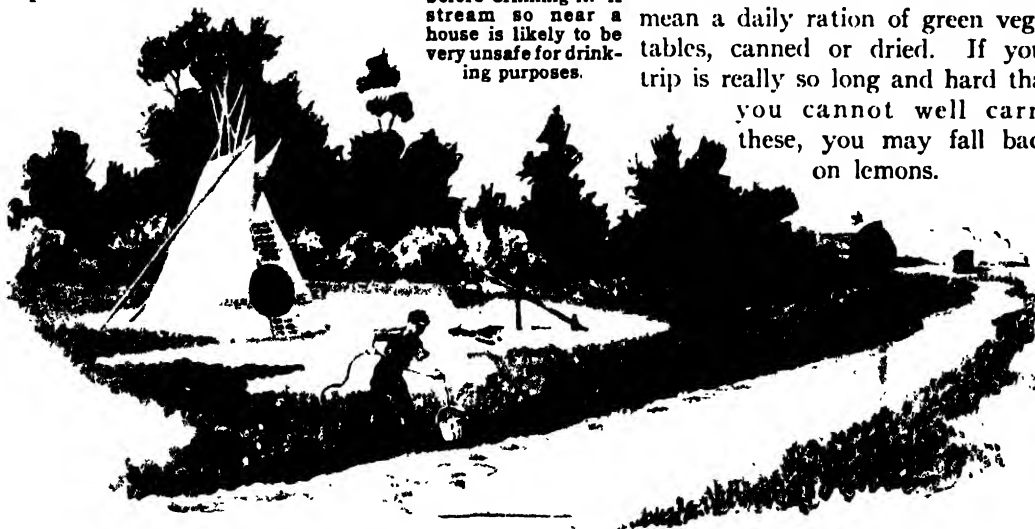
Let us hope that this young camper is careful to boil the water before drinking it. A stream so near a house is likely to be very unsafe for drinking purposes.

Your fruits and vegetables must be either canned or dried, or else of the sorts that do not easily spoil. Apples and oranges are the best camp fruits, and bananas are next if you can keep them from getting crushed. Few of the fresh vegetables are of any use after several days in the woods, but canned ones are good—especially sweet potatoes, peas, beets, squash, spinach, and succotash. If canned vegetables are too heavy to carry, there are several kinds that may be taken dried.

On short trips, if you do not want to carry too much weight, you can do without vegetables altogether if you carry along plenty of lemons. A lemon or two a day, either sucked or made into lemonade, will do instead of vegetables for a week in a pinch. But never go without vegetables for any long time, and never at all if you can help it.

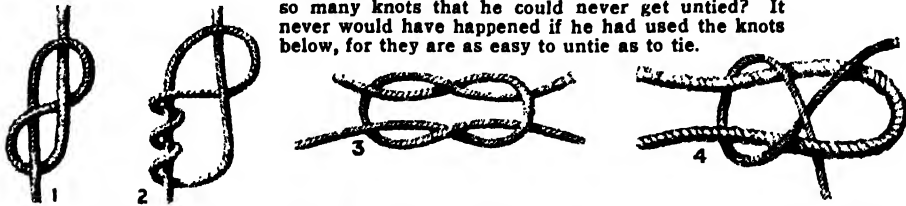
You Must Balance Your Diet

In all camp foods the main idea is to balance your diet as nearly as possible as you do at home. You must leave out the frills, reduce the weight of the things you have to carry, and take plenty of the foods that will give you a rounded diet and enough nourishment. This means some proteins every day—bacon, ham, corned beef, dried eggs, or beans. It means some fats—bacon fat, peanut butter, or some substitute. It means a certain amount of fuel every day—beans, corn mush, sugar, jam, or a little cake chocolate. And it should mean a daily ration of green vegetables, canned or dried. If your trip is really so long and hard that you cannot well carry these, you may fall back on lemons.



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Did you ever hear of the python who tied himself up in so many knots that he could never get untied? It never would have happened if he had used the knots below, for they are as easy to untie as to tie.



Never use light string while you are learning to tie knots. Rope or cord an eighth of an inch thick or more is best. Be sure to have plenty in hand and never begin too near the end. Fig. 1 shows the figure-of-eight knot; the end is pointing up.

Fig. 2 is the stevedore knot; the end is pointing up. Fig. 3 is the square or reef knot, very useful for joining ropes of the same thickness. If you tie it in this way it will never slip, but if you do not, you may find that you have made a slipping granny knot.



Fig. 4 shows you how to join two ropes of unequal thickness. Fig. 5 is the fisherman's knot, a favorite way of joining pieces of gut in making leaders. The ends are at lower right and upper left. To loosen the knot all you have to do is to pull on these ends.

The carrick bend in Fig. 6 is used to join two stiff, heavy ropes. The ends are at lower right and upper left. Fig. 7 shows you how to tie a rope around an object. The end is pointing up. This knot is not quite so good as the one shown in Fig. 8.

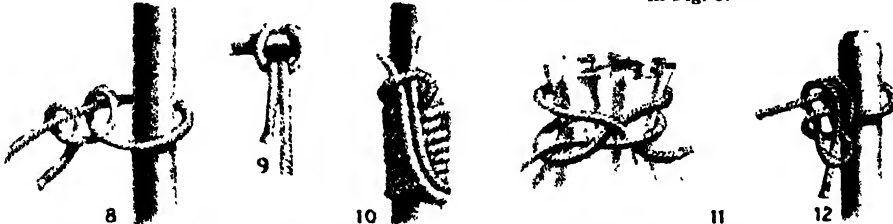
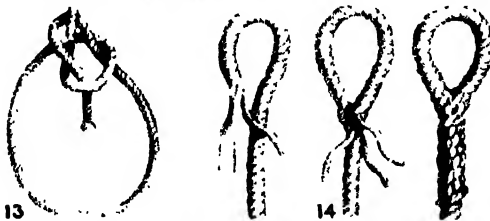


Fig. 8 shows how to make two half hitches, the quickest way and one of the surest to tie a rope to a post. To make Fig. 8, simply put a loop around the post and pull the ends through it. In Fig. 10 the loop is wound around four times before the ends are pulled through.

Fig. 11. This is the miller's knot. The end points to the right. You must use a long end in making the hitching knot in Fig. 12. Pass rope about post, make a loop, pass end over main rope, making another loop which passes through the first one. The end is then put through the second loop.



The bowline in Fig. 13 makes a loop that will never slip if properly tied. Fig. 14 shows you how to make an eye splice. First loosen the strands of the rope. Then make a loop of the desired size and weave the loose ends in and out through the main body of the rope. They should be woven in the opposite direction from the twist of the rope. To prevent a rope end from fraying, take a bit of twine and make a loop as shown in Fig. 16. Then wind the rope with the twine; pass end through loop. Pull other end until loop disappears under windings. Then cut it off.

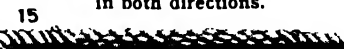
Fig. 15. To make the short splice, separate rope ends and join as above and below.



Tie ropes so that they will be firm while weaving takes place.



Ends should be woven in tightly, in both directions.



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For the hardest explorers, far away from civilization, there are even lighter and more concentrated foods than those we have mentioned, but these are not the things one wants when he is out camping for fun.

Beware of Bad Water

Water is the only real thing for thirst in camp. In many regions you will find clear mountain streams in which the water is both cool and pure. But in many another place, especially near a settlement, the water is likely to be polluted. However clear it may look, it should never pass your throat till it has been boiled. Many a careful camper boils all the water he drinks, wherever he may be. But this is not necessary in really remote places where the natural streams are pure and good.

There are many campers who think they must have coffee or tea, and these can easily be carried. But they are not real necessities, and anybody under eighteen years of age is better off without them. A better drink for the camp breakfast is cocoa, made with powdered or evaporated milk.

As an extra precaution against bad water, it is best to have your doctor inoculate you for typhoid before you go to camp. Typhoid fever is the chief danger from bad water. But do not drink any suspected water just because you have been inoculated. Carry a canteen and drink only the pure water you have put into it, instead of bending over the first unknown stream you come to when you are thirsty.

Half the fun of camping comes in cooking your own meals. They may not really be so good as those at home, but how they do taste! Of course we cannot turn this story of camping into a cookbook, but there are a few things about a camp kitchen that every camper ought to know.

Most of the foods we have mentioned carry the directions for cooking them on their con-

tainers, and one can scarcely go wrong with them. There is no use in trying to make bread in camp unless you have a cook stove with an oven. That is unlikely enough; and in any case it is much better to make pancakes from a prepared flour.

You will have plenty of fun with your first attempts at cooking, and your place may be a good deal of a wreck after your first few meals—at least if you are a novice in camp-

ing. For it is by no means so much fun to clean up. But no one except a novice ever fails to clean up thoroughly after every meal. And everyone ought to know that

dirty pans and dishes cause just as much illness in hot weather as bad

water or the wrong clothes. If you use nesting aluminum pans and dishes, you can clean and scour them very easily, especially if you take along a little steel wool for the most difficult ones.

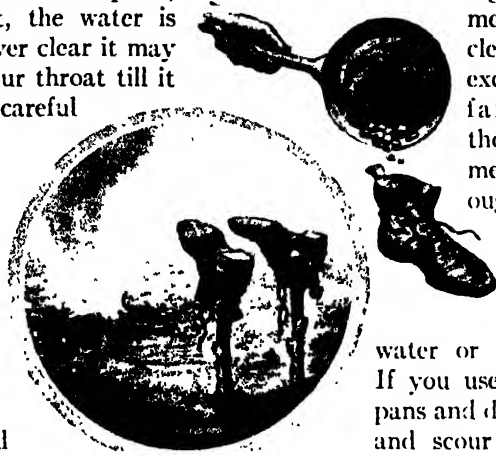
Good campers have their whole camp clean all the time. They burn all garbage and waste paper and rubbish in their fireplace. And never, never, do they leave the fire

burning there or anywhere when they go away. They make sure to put out every ember. In fact, they make doubly sure, by putting on twice as much water as would seem necessary to kill the fire.

And what does the camper have for shelter against storms? Where does he sleep?

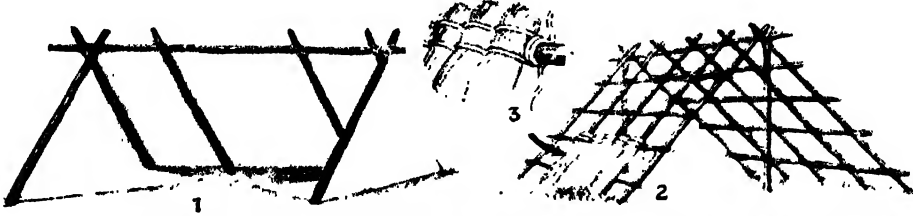
What to Take to Camp

He may build a shack, but he more usually puts up a tent, especially if he is going to move about. Now this is a part of camp life for which he had better begin practicing right at home. He will not know what sort of tent is best for him to take till he has tried a few, nor will he know how to put it up so that it will not tumble over in the



If a camper does not know what to do with wet shoes, he will be a "tenderfoot" indeed! Let him fill them with gravel, so that they will keep their shape, and set them near—but not too near—the fire. It is best to carry along a pair of "sneakers" for such emergencies. Of course they are not good for long hikes because the rubber soles will get hot, but you will find that wearing them about camp is very restful.

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At Fig. 1 is a lean-to made of light poles covered with any pieces of canvas you may have handy; a tent fly or tarpaulin will do. A reflected fire may be set in front of it.

Fig. 4. A tepee is not the most comfortable tent in the world but it is very picturesque. It is made of light poles set in a circle and bound at the top. The canvas, a little less than a half circle, should be attached to a separate pole, so that it may be lifted easily.

Fig. 2. Never destroy trees if you can possibly avoid it. To thatch this lean-to use long grasses rather than branches or leaves. Fig. 3 shows how the bunches of grass are tied to the frame. There are many different kinds of tent, all serviceable and easily pitched. The camper must decide for himself which he likes best. At Fig. 5 is the tarp tent; and at Fig. 6 the common pyramid tent.

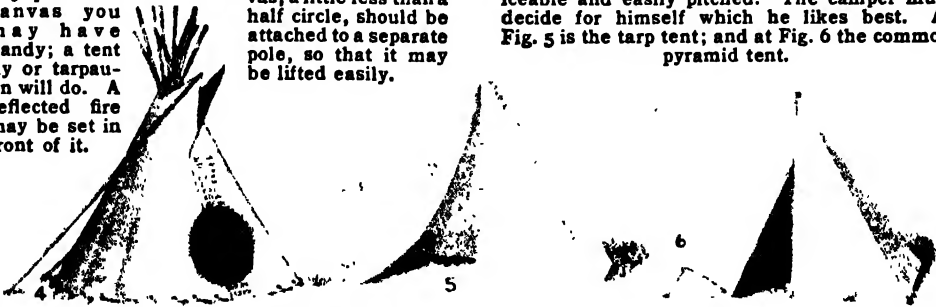


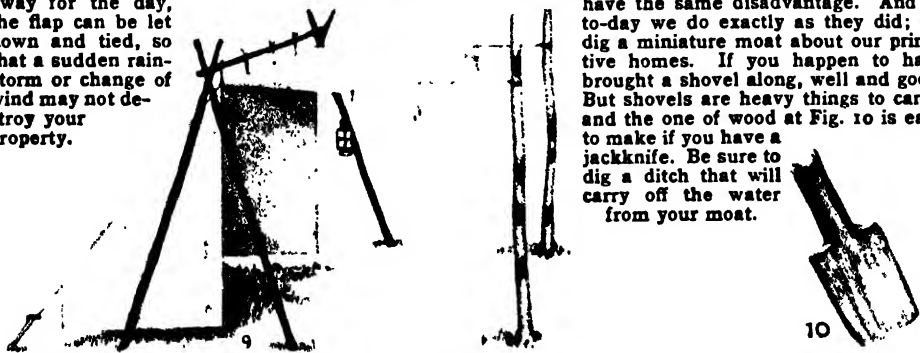
Fig. 7. This little tent is called the "pup" tent - possibly because it looks rather like a dog kennel. You would not find it very comfortable in a heavy rain or snowstorm! The wall tent at Fig. 8 is more practical if you intend to stay in one place for any length of time. Never crowd your tent. Three people in a tent—even if they are neat, orderly people—are seldom so well off as two.

Even the best of canvas tents will shrink a little in the rain. So unless you want your stakes to be uprooted, it is best to loosen the fastenings.



Fig. 9. The baker tent is never damp and gloomy. It has the advantage of being open to the air and sunshine. On cold rainy days a fire may be built in front of it. If this fire has a reflector of green logs, the heat will be sent into the tent and will keep everything warm and dry. If you are to be away for the day, the flap can be let down and tied, so that a sudden rainstorm or change of wind may not destroy your property.

Take a hint from your ancestors, the men of the New Stone Age. Even as long ago as that people knew that rain water has a way of running along the ground and making the dirt floor of a hut very damp and unattractive. Our tents are more comfortable than their mud huts were, but may have the same disadvantage. And so to-day we do exactly as they did; we dig a miniature moat about our primitive homes. If you happen to have brought a shovel along, well and good. But shovels are heavy things to carry, and the one of wood at Fig. 10 is easy to make if you have a jackknife. Be sure to dig a ditch that will carry off the water from your moat.



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night from a hard wind and leave him drenched in the rain—and if there is anything more unpleasant than that, it is not easy to think of. The camper should try a few overnight experiments near home, if he has never been far afield before.

After a few such one-night stands he will begin to know what he *must* take to camp, and what he wants to leave behind. He will very soon learn of a great many things that he can leave behind, especially if he has to carry them all himself. There is nothing like a long walk with a heavy pack to make him ingenious in thinking of things he can leave behind him!

But you must take along a tent, for you will not be satisfied with a shelter made out of the branches of trees, even if you are clever enough to construct one. Certainly you will not like that for more than a night or two, and only in dry weather. For steady camping you need a good waterproof tent, or more than one if your party is large.

There are various kinds of tents to be seen in the sporting shops. Whatever kind you get, practice putting it up on your lawn long before you really need it for shelter. Learn all about the various ropes and poles and pegs. Learn about every kind of cranky thing a tent can do in a wind. Find out how quickly you and your friends can put it up. Try this on a fine still day, and then try it in a gale; try to see whether you can put up the tent in the rain without getting the inside of it wet. When you have learned all about the tent you will never have to fumble with it in the woods when a thunderstorm may

be coming. And nothing will give you a better feeling of mastery over the brute forces of nature than to sit snugly in your tent while the storm is raging outside, tossing the trees around and drenching every inch of ground except the little plot that you have covered for your own.

Before you "make camp" you must have an eye to the best place to pitch your tent. It should be as near as possible to good water and good firewood—perhaps along the banks of a stream or lake, but never right at the water's edge. It ought to be a fairly level place, and yet it ought to slope a

little, in such a way that the rain water will run

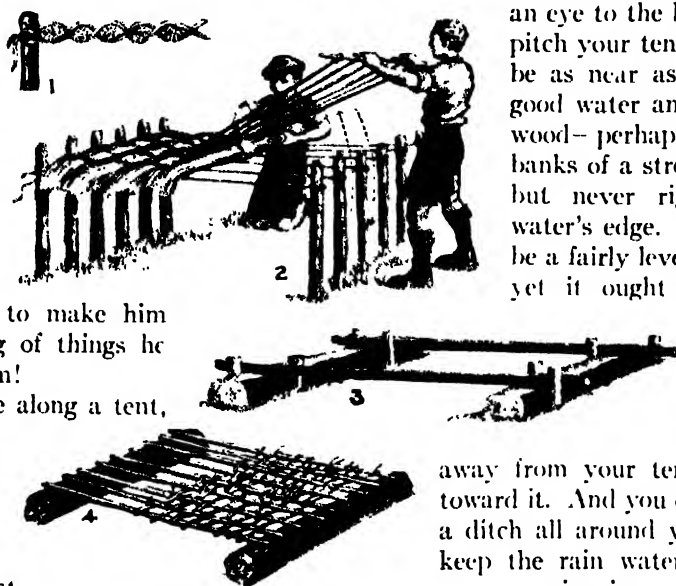
away from your tent, and not toward it. And you ought to dig a ditch all around your tent to keep the rain water from running in.

Be very sure that the tent is firmly pitched. If the ground is too stony or sandy, the tent pegs will be useless in a heavy gale. Fasten them down with big stones, or tie them to trees or stout shrubs. Make sure that you are

going to be safe and snug all night, no matter what the wind and rain may do. Even the oldest camper never gets over the thrill of listening to the howling wind outside when he is safe in a tight tent.

If you are going to stay in the same camp for a good while, and if you can carry one of the various kinds of folding cots, by all means take one to sleep on. They are the most convenient beds in camp. But if your pack is already heavy, and if you are going to make a new camp every day or two, you may not be able to carry a cot.

Never mind that; you can have a good



You may find your bough bed a bit uncomfortable after a night or two. Here are some suggestions for ingenious and energetic campers. In Fig. 2 stakes are driven into the ground and joined in pairs with ropes. Another set of ropes, longer than the first, is then tied to one end of the stakes. One person holds the loose ends of these ropes, bringing them first above and then below the first set of ropes while someone else lays rolls of grass over the first set. Fig. 1 shows you how the mattress will look from the side. At Fig. 3 is a frame which may be covered with canvas, to spare your limbs many an ache. The bed springs at Fig. 4 are made of thin laths nailed to logs and woven with tape, rope, or slender boughs.

HOW TO GO CAMPING



Photo courtesy Canadian Information Service

Lucky campers! They have just finished the best breakfast of their lives and are about to strike camp, since they are moving on. They will spend the night in rarer airs. For they are mountain climbers, and

will pitch their tents after a day of toiling up steep inclines and scaling dizzy heights in the Canadian Rockies. The two men in the foreground are coiling the nylon rope which will keep the party from falling.

bed without a cot. You can sleep on the ground in safety and comfort if you must. First see that your tent has a trench all around it to keep out any running water. Then pull out any stones or roots where you are going to lie, and make the place all smooth. After that cover the ground within the tent with a waterproof floor cloth, and make sure that it is sealed down to the inside edges of the tent.

A Good Camp Bed

If there are spruce or fir trees around, cut off enough of their small branches and twigs to cover the place where you are going to sleep. Let them be about six inches deep. When you roll up in your blanket, you will find that you never had a safer, drier, or more comfortable bed, or one with such a sweet smell. If you want a pillow, roll up your clothes and put a bandana over them.

If there are no evergreens, you may have to gather dry leaves for your bed. You will need a great many of them, and they may be rather dusty, but you can make a very good bed from them. The green leaves of deciduous trees are not so good; they will get damp and flat after a night or two. In a sandy or grassy place you may need nothing for your bed except a waterproof floor cloth. In other places there will be plenty

of moss. But take a cot if you can, and then you will not need the waterproof floor cloth.

And what will you do for furniture? You may want chairs, tables, benches, and other things that never grow on the trees in the forest. In a one-night camp you may get along without these things, but in a long stay you will get tired of sitting on old logs and odd stones, or balancing your plate and cup on your knees. This is where your ingenuity and training will be useful. With a sharp axe and a good pocket knife you can make most of the things you need, and when you get to be an expert you can make them look handsome enough. But of course it takes training for that, and training comes only with good instruction and plenty of experience.

The Skill of Wielding an Axe

Never imagine that an axe or hatchet is a thing that anyone can use well the first time he picks it up. There is more skill in wielding an axe than in running many a machine—a typewriter, for instance. Until a person knows the craft, he is not safe with a sharp axe, and neither are his friends safe around him—and unless a person knows how to wield an axe, he has no business out in the woods. Anyone who does not know the craft of the axe and the knife should get someone like a

HOW TO GO CAMPING

scout master to teach him before he ever goes camping. Otherwise he may get hurt, and he is fairly sure to be a nuisance.

In any camp there are likely to be a certain number of little accidents. Most of them are trifling. If you take a first-aid kit along with you and know how to use it, you can care for any of the little ills that come. In a serious accident or illness you will naturally get in touch with the nearest doctor as soon as possible.

Things Every Camper Should Know

Here are some of the things that every camper should remember:

1. Do not wash dishes or clothes in a running stream. You may pollute the stream.

2. Cut enough firewood, for cooking and for the campfire, during the daytime. No one but a green camper will be forced to go out looking for firewood at night. Do not slave at cutting down big trees. Nearly always you will find enough fallen trees and broken branches for your needs. Along the shore of sea or lake or river, use the driftwood. There is nothing better.

3. If all the dead wood is wet from rain, remember that pine, spruce, fir, white birch, and a few other woods will burn when they are green—that is, when the sap is running in them. Few hardwoods will do this.

4. Hang up out of the reach of marauding animals all the food that is not under very safe cover. Otherwise you may find that it has gone away with a porcupine that came in the night. A good way is to suspend the food by a stout cord from the branch of a tree.

5. Air your blankets every sunny morning. If it is raining, roll your blanket up tight in the morning and leave it that way till night. But air it the first sunny day.

6. Anybody can get lost, and getting lost in a real forest is about the most terrible thing that can happen to a man. Every camper ought to know how to keep from getting lost, and what to do if he does have

the bad luck to lose his way. Before you ever go camping in the wilds, read the story about stalking and pathfinding in another part of these books.

7. Do not go camping till you can swim at least a quarter of a mile. Nearly all pleasure camps are near the water, and nobody has any business in them unless he is a good swimmer.

8. Never go camping without something to keep off the insects. Nobody who has spent his life in the city has any notion what a pest mosquitoes and black flies and "punkies" can be. Oil of citronella will do for most of them, and there are various other mixtures that campers know.

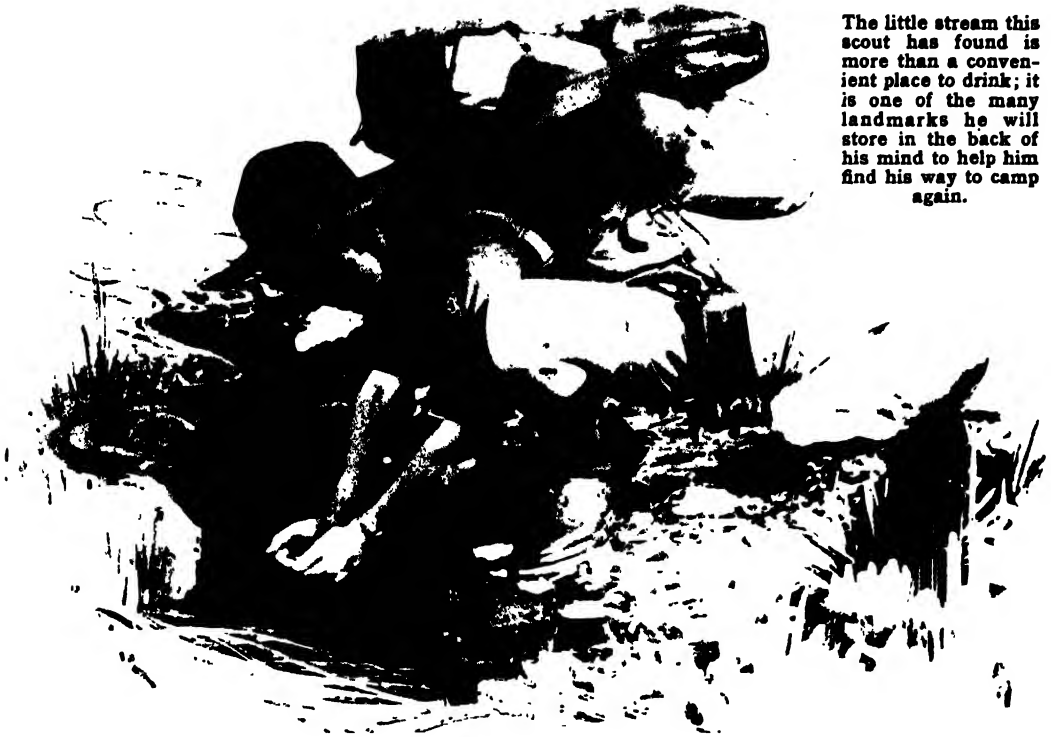
9. Be a sport. Otherwise you will never have any fun in camp, and people will go without you the next time. If you are fussy and irritable, if you do not like a certain amount of hard work, if you are afraid in the dark, or afraid to be alone in the woods—well, then, by all means stay at home and play with the kitten. But if you love to be close to nature and to work hard and cleverly at overcoming her obstacles, then learn the ways of the woods.

10. There are a great many more of those ways to learn than we have mentioned here. We cannot put them all down in one story. As you get to be an experienced camper, you will learn many of these secrets from the other campers and woodsmen. You will never be through learning. You will learn best from watching other campers who know more woodcraft than you do, but there are good books on camping that will help a great deal.

There is a whole education waiting for you in the woods. It is not an easy education, or it would not be worth very much, but it is always a delightful one. It is the education of a sport, of a woodsman, of a naturalist. The schoolroom is all outdoors, in a vast panorama of natural beauty—in the woods or on the waters by day, and under the silent stars at night.



PATHFINDING



The little stream this scout has found is more than a convenient place to drink; it is one of the many landmarks he will store in the back of his mind to help him find his way to camp again.

Photo Copyright by H. Armstrong Roberts

HOW to FIND YOUR WAY in the WOODS

Here Are Some of the Secrets Which Daniel Boone Learned from the Red Men, and Which Everybody Ought to Know Before He Goes Far into the Forests

HAVE you any notion what happens when a tenderfoot gets lost in the woods—in the real wild woods, we mean, and not merely in some little clump of trees close to a suburb? There is hardly any single thing more terrible that can befall him. In a moment he flies into a panic, and at that moment he starts running. He is sure to do it. The more he runs, the worse he gets lost. When utterly exhausted he sinks down, only to start up and run again as soon as he can get his breath. He goes half crazy, or altogether crazy. In the end he probably dies of exhaustion and starvation; or if by some accident he comes out of the woods alive, he is likely to remain an idiot for the rest of his days, from the terror of his experience.

Nothing like that ever happened to an Indian, and nothing like it need ever happen to any white man who knows the ways of the woods. But it takes some time to learn enough about the ways of the woods to keep it from happening. If you care to, you can begin right here to learn something of those ways. For this is a story about stalking and pathfinding.

A city man is often astonished, out in the wilds, to see what a sure sense of direction a woodsman seems to have. The woodsman threads his way through the forest without ever seeming to try. He goes around many a barrier of lake or swamp or precipice without ever losing his way; or if he does lose it, he can pick it up again without any worry or trouble. At a point where the city man

would have no idea which way to turn, the woodsman can start straight home through the trees. He seems to have a sort of sixth sense of direction. But of course it is no such thing. It is nothing but a great deal of experience in the wilds and an automatic use of sharp eyes and a good memory.

How to Use a Compass

A little later we shall see how a woodsman does it. But we cannot do what he does without years of experience like his. Until then we must carry a compass in the woods; and indeed, once we have done that, we shall always carry one, no matter how expert we may become.

Now a compass will not show you the way until you know how to use it. Its needle will point northward, and its face will show where east and south and west are, with certain points in between. But you must do the rest. Almost certainly you do not want to go straight north, and the needle has no way of pointing in any other direction for you.

What you must do is what any navigator does every day at sea. He fixes his exact position every day at noon, and marks it on a map. Then he sets his course till the next day at noon, and he does this by making a reading from his compass. He finds out exactly how many points off true north, or east or south or west, his next noon's destination will be. Then he holds his course exactly to that compass reading. The next noon his only corrections will be for winds and currents coming from the

side. These may have carried him a little off his course, or in a storm a good bit farther off.

Finding Your Way through a Forest

That is the kind of thing you must do in the woods. You fix your entry to the woods at some definite point—a road, a house, a church, or any fixed object will do. Then if you have a map of your region, your next step will be easy. Simply find the point on the map to which you want to go, and see what is its exact direction from the point where you are starting. Lay your compass down on the map and find out exactly what mark on the rim of the compass points to the spot where you are going. Then start in that direction. Every so often take the compass out of your pocket and see if you are still going in the same way; if you find you are a little out of the course, start straight again, trying to allow for any little bend you have made. You will get to your point; but do not try this in any very wild place the first time.

But suppose you have no map, and yet want to go to a certain place some miles away. Let us say that you can see it from where you stand; it is a certain mountain, or a certain church steeple, or some other tall thing that you can see before you enter the forest between you and it. But once you are in the forest you will no longer see it. You will see nothing but the trunks of the trees around you.

Now if that mountain or steeple is ten miles away, and especially if the going is rough, what do you think is the chance that you can keep going to it through

Astride his swift, sure-footed pony, an Indian rarely lost his way. To this expert pathfinder a misplaced twig, a bit of moss, or a rotting tree stump meant as much as a signpost does to us.

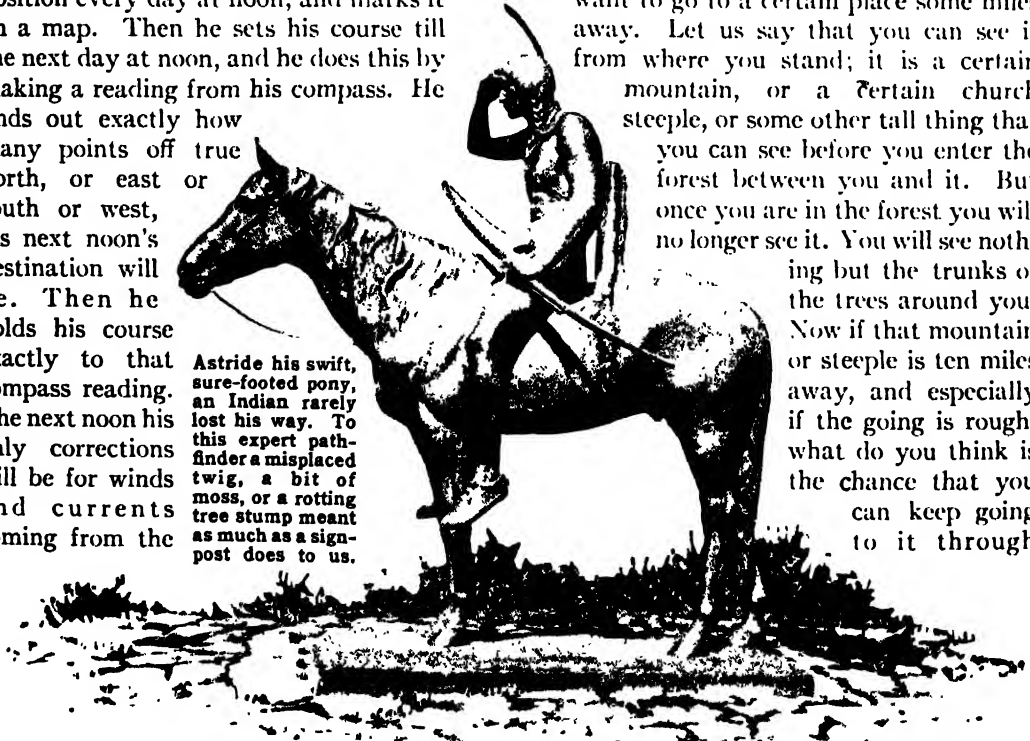


Photo by Kansas City C. of C.

PATHFINDING



Photo by Kentucky Progress Commission

Daniel Boone's greatest feat of pathfinding was his trip from Watauga settlement through the Kentucky wilderness to find the best way for the settlers to travel. The route he established became famous as "Boone's Path," a trail used by savage Indians on the

warpath; it followed a track worn down by buffalo herds, and passing on to the Kentucky River, covered two hundred miles of dark and blood-soaked land. Here you see Boone sighting the winding Kentucky, on the last lap of his journey.

the viewless forest? Without a compass there is no chance in the world, unless you are an expert woodsman.

Can You Hold to a True Course?

So you hold out your compass and find the exact point on its rim that points to the steeple. That point on the dial of the compass will be a number, or will be between two numbers. Due north is numbered 0, east is 90, south is 180, and west is 270. There is a mark or number for every ten degrees in between these "cardinal points." Now see what mark points at your steeple—let us say it is the number 40, though of course it is more likely to be a little to one side or the other of any exact number. With your compass in your hand, start walking in the direction to which the number 40 points.

In a few minutes you are in the forest, and you no longer can see the steeple, ten miles away. You know only that you must go in the direction 40. Every few hundred yards you look at the compass to make sure that you are still going that way. As you look at the compass, pick out the farthest tree or other prominent object which lies right in the direction 40, and make for that;

you will not have to read your compass till you have reached that object at least, and from there you can pick out the next farthest object that lies right in your path. Often enough, in those ten miles, you will wonder whether you are ever going to see that steeple again, but if you will do exactly what we have said, you will surely come out very close to it.

The Fear of a Big Forest

But never try anything so hard as this for your first attempt. Until you have practiced it a good deal in little forests where you cannot really get lost, you will never be able to do it in a real forest. It reads simply enough, to be sure, and you may wonder why anyone cannot do it. If all you have to do is to fix on the direction 40 and keep going, why cannot anybody do it?

Well, there are several very good reasons. One of them is that the real forest is an awesome place the first time you go there. You have no idea how awesome it is till you get there. You get scared. Every single human being gets scared, and not only for the first time. The place is utterly trackless, and you can see only a little way in any direction.

PATHFINDING



This young pathfinder found that he must travel due north in order to reach his goal; so he set out, compass in hand. Soon he came to a lake. He was an old hand at the game, so he promptly took out his watch and timed himself as he walked toward the west.

Reaching the end of the lake, he turned north again; and then, as soon as he could, he turned back east. Now his detour to the west had taken ten minutes; so he walked toward the east for ten minutes and then set out to the north again.

Where is that church steeple, where is the place you came from, where is *anything*? If you are alone, you are likely to be badly scared. Of course you should never, never be alone, for a sprained ankle or some other accident may keep you there forever. But if you are with somebody else, and he also is a greenhorn, it is ten to one that you will get to disputing about the right way, and then you may both get all mixed up. Of course you do not think all this will happen to you when you start for the steeple, but it will, and possibly a good deal more. You are only too likely to lose your head. And a compass is no good without a head.

How to Get around Barriers

But that is not the only thing. Even if you have practiced enough to be no greenhorn any longer, there are other troubles. We told you to go in a straight line toward the steeple, or rather toward point 40. But what is the chance that you or anybody can go ten miles through a forest in a straight line? It is a very poor chance indeed. Very few forests are level places, nicely arranged for walking; if they had been they would probably have turned into farms long ago. As you try to go along in your straight line you come to precipices of rock which you cannot go up or down; you come to swamps and lakes and other barriers. You have to go around these, and it may well be a mile

around, or several miles. All the time you are going around, you are getting way off your course, and are traveling in various other directions except the direction 40 which you were to keep. And now the thing gets a great deal harder. How are you going to keep your course, and find that steeple?

You need to be an expert to do it, and that is why no man should go into the woods—the real woods—until he is one. But this is the general way in which the thing is done:

When you come to a barrier, try to find out the easiest way of getting around it. Walk that way, and try to remember how far you are going out of your straight path. You may estimate how far you go to one side by counting your steps or by timing yourself with your watch. When you get to a place where you can pass the barrier, turn *back* for as many minutes or as many steps as you have spent since you went off your course. You should then be about in the line in which you started, but on the other side of the barrier. Now start again in direction 40, as at first. If you are accurate every time, you ought to come out near the steeple.

The Hardest Feat in Pathfinding

But it is no easy thing to be accurate about all this. In fact it is a very hard thing, and getting around barriers while still keeping the same direction is the hardest thing a forest walker has to do. Once again, no man

should try it till he is an expert-- and once he is that, he will hardly need to count his steps or use his watch.

But what if you do get lost in the woods? Well, if you act like a "tenderfoot," you are going to have a very bad time. If you are an expert--and experts do get lost sometimes--you will not have a bad time at all. And even a tenderfoot *can* act like an expert in this matter, and suffer no harm, if he will only keep his head and do just what we are now going to tell him. It will be hard enough for him to keep his head and do those simple things, but he *can* do it if he will.

The Search for the Missing Girl

The best way to tell what to do is to give an example. The same thing has happened many a time. One evening about sunset, in an immense forest where the writer happened to be summering in northern New York, a little girl was reported missing. We knew later that she had never at any time been more than half a mile from the one road that ran through the forest, but half a mile away from a road you may be as completely lost, especially at night, as ten miles away. We knew she was a woodsman's girl, and we were far less afraid for her than we should have been for any girl from the city. Many a time she had been told what to do if she got lost, and there was a good chance that she would do it. Still we wanted to find her

if we possibly could, and some forty expert woodsmen started out in the attempt.

We went fanwise through the dark woods, spreading out as we went. Each of us followed a compass line by flashlight. We agreed on a certain kind of rifle shot as the signal to give if anyone found the girl; and we arranged to meet on a distant ridge at midnight if no gunshot had been heard before that time.

A True Woodsman's Daughter

No shot was fired that night, for not one of the trained woodsmen, trappers, or forest rangers could find the girl. When we met at midnight we thought we had tramped over every portion of the woods where she might have gone; for we knew that without a flashlight she could not go very far.

In the morning the girl walked out of the woods and into the camp. There was great rejoicing, and every ear was



Photo by James's Press Agency

A night in the wilds can have no terror for anyone who knows the ways of the woods. Branches draped over a tripod will make a good shelter against the wind and rain; and a fire started Indian fashion with a flint and set in front of the shelter will bring warmth and cheer. But don't start a forest fire!

PATHFINDING

bent to hear her story. But every woodsman in the place knew, from the fact that she was unharmed, what the story would be. It was simply this: As soon as she knew she was really lost, she just stopped dead still, sat down, and waited. That was what she had been told a hundred times to do, and she did it. She knew it was almost her only chance. Even so she had been scared, of course, and very cold all night, but otherwise none the worse. And every woodsman in the party knew that managing to keep her head was the one thing that saved her life.

Now if she had been a tenderfoot she would have run. She would have flown into a panic, running in circles till she dropped from exhaustion. That is what the tenderfoot will do every time, unless he can fully remember what we are now saying.

If ever you get lost in the woods, do exactly what that little girl did. It will not be easy. Your legs will simply run away with you unless you hold them back with your head. But do not let them do it. Stop still. Sit down, take it easy, and think. "Where was the last place where I was sure of my way? Was it ten minutes ago, or twenty, or half an hour? Can I find the place again if I go slowly and keep my eyes open?" In this way you may tell how far you are now from the place where you were *not* lost. If the sun is shining, you will know where north is, and every other direction. Maybe you can find your way back to the place. Take your time and see whether you can find it.

What to Do If You Are Lost

If the sun is not shining, or if you cannot find it, by all means stay right where you are. Never wander about; you will just get

more and more lost. Just sit down and wait. Nothing will hurt you. If the night comes on the dark will not harm you, and neither will the animals. There will soon be forty or more good men out looking for you, and sooner or later they will find you—probably before very long. They are likely to be firing guns as they come, to let you hear. Answer at the top of your voice, or with your own gun if you have one. If you can see your way, walk toward them. But unless you have a light, do not try that at night.

If you are out all night, build a shelter out of branches and make a good fire if you have a match. Of course you will have matches, for no one ever goes into the wilds without them; and of course you will have a good knife to cut the branches, for nobody would go into the woods without that. If you have a gun and know

how to shoot you will not starve even if you are not found for days. Neither will you starve if you have a few fishhooks and a piece of string. There is always plenty of game in places wild enough to get lost in, and plenty of fish. That is why every woodsman carries fishhooks and a piece of line as well as a knife and matches. If you have a gun, do not waste your ammunition

firing for help until you are sure the helpers can hear. You may need the cartridges for something else.

Whatever you have or do not have, stay in one place and wait. They will come.

But what about the forest signs—the moss on the trees, the slope of the land, the wind-falls, and all the other things that are said to show directions? Can I find my way out as the Indians did it, and as the forest rangers do it? The answer is "No"—not until you know as much as they do and can keep very cool. It takes a long time to learn

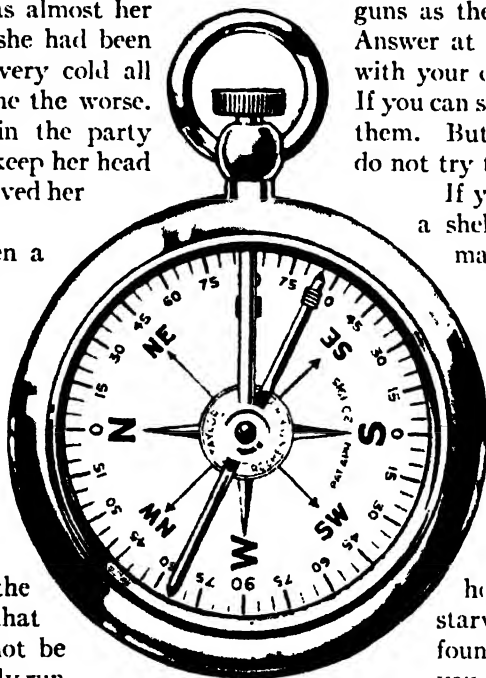


Photo by Taylor Instrument Co.

This simple pocket compass is numbered on each quadrant—or fourth of a circle—from zero to ninety. Others may be numbered—like a clock—from zero to 360. In either case, reading is simple. Face in the direction in which you wish to travel and then turn your compass gently until the north end of the needle points to north on the compass. One of the numbers on the dial will lie in the direction of your march.

PATHFINDING

all they know. But we may tell some of the things they can do.

When Daniel Boone and Davy Crockett went roaming through the wilderness they learned a great deal from the Indians—about the forest and its ways, the animals, the action of the wind, the direction in which fallen trees would lie, the side of the trees moss would probably form on, and many another thing. All these things together make up what we call woodcraft. It is by no means an easy art to master, though it is a delightful one.

The Indians were so clever at it that any misplaced twig or overturned stone told them a whole story. Little things that we should never notice in the wood would save them a day's walking, tell them when game was near, or when there were enemies around. Men like Daniel Boone learned all that, or they would have perished in the wilds. They became the most wonderful stalkers in the world.

Their successors in our day are the guides in the hunting regions and the rangers of the United States Forest Service. If you ask any one of them how he finds his way about in the forest, it is almost certain that he cannot tell you. He never studies it in any book. He just learned it through years of experience. Such a man is never really lost. No one is

really lost if he can find his way back home; and these men can always come back, with or without a compass. They can read the signs of the forest, and find out directions from them.

Now they do not just look at a tree, find some moss on one side, and conclude that this side is the north one. Simply try that for yourself, in any clump of woods, and you will see at once that it will not work. One tree will have moss on the north and the next one on the south or east or west. Many of them will have moss all around them, and there is no telling where it is thickest. The same thing is true of all the other signs of the forest. Many a fallen tree will point east be-

cause the wind that brought it down was blowing from the west. But many another will point another way, for there are winds from every quarter. As for the slope of the land, it is extremely hard in rough country to tell which way it does slope when you cannot see far through the trees. You seem only to go up one hill and down another.

But the true stalker, without knowing exactly how he does it,

balances all these signs and comes to the right conclusion as to which way they point. He knows that

moss will grow most on the north and east sides of trees, if all other things are equal, because those are the cooler and more moist sides. But he also knows that

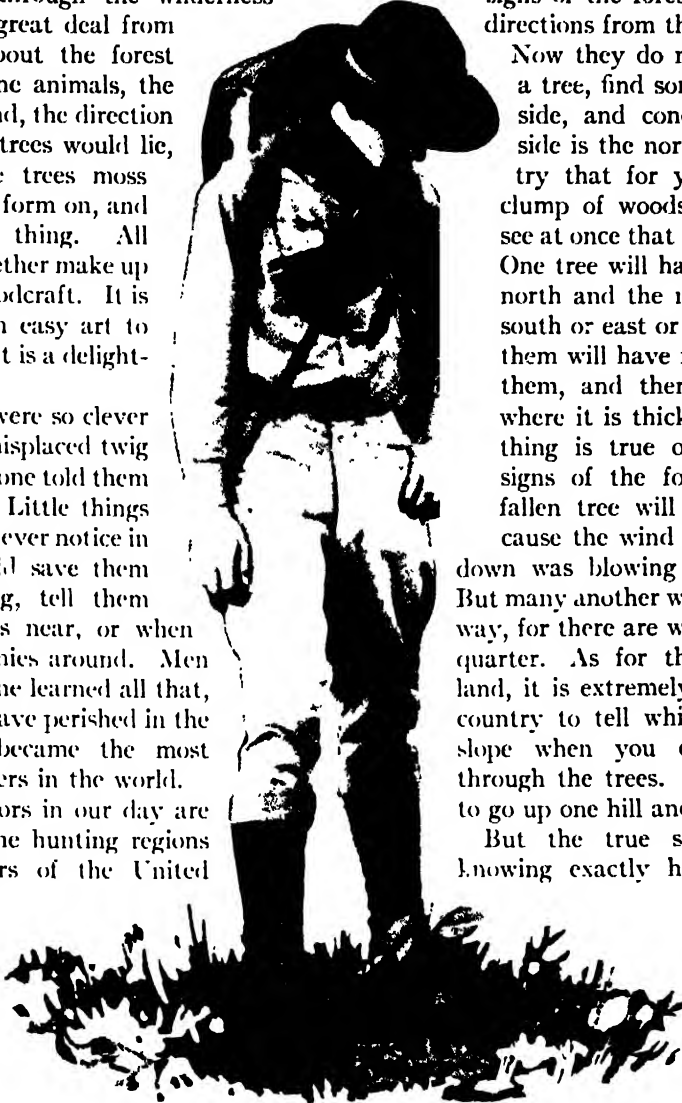


Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts

Here is a sensible outfit for the woodsman. In general, woolen clothes are better than cotton. In cold weather they keep heat in and in hot weather they keep it out. They do not cling to the skin when wet, and they will absorb perspiration. Woolen trousers, however, are more likely to be torn by underbrush than are closely woven cotton ones. A sensible woodsman wears light wool or knitted cotton underwear when it is hot and heavier wool when it is cold. His hat is of soft felt with a brim wide enough to shield his eyes from glare. His shoes are sturdy but pliable. Feet spread out astonishingly on a long hike, and of course tight shoes are about the worst sort of torture. Wear roomy shoes and thick but soft woolen socks. The thick socks will prevent blisters, keep out dirt and stones, and—most important of all—allow air to pass in and out and ventilate the feet. Shoes with tops more than eight inches high are hard to dry and consequently are not to be recommended for hikes lasting several days. In that case low-topped shoes and light leggings or puttees are best of all. Remember that "a soldier is no better than his feet"!

PATHFINDING

this will depend on many another thing—the slope of the land at the point, and whether the tree is growing in a valley or on a dry hillside; the direction of the prevailing summer winds and whether they are dry or moist winds; as well as still other circumstances. The stalker who knows his business balances all the evidences, and finally finds the north. You must not suppose that he does any such thing as count the trees and strike an average. He uses no arithmetic. When he has seen enough, the conclusion as to the way home simply sinks into his mind. The main thing is really that he sees far more than one of us would, because he has been looking at these things all his life. Some of us would see far more in a city street than he would. That is where he would be lost, as indeed he often is. There are no trees in the street to tell him things! But in the woods he may know where the north is from the different color of the bark on that side, even though there is no moss and the two sides of the tree look exactly the same color to a city man. The prevailing winds of any place or any season will tell him a story. The direction of a spider's web

will tell him one, or the leafing of certain twigs, or the permanent bending of some of the evergreen trees.

Few things will tell him more than do the direction and the speed of the various streams he crosses. Of course streams twist and turn, and they may deceive a novice, but the stalker knows how to read them. They tell him how the land slopes, and how much it slopes. By studying the distant ranges, ridges, and valleys, he may tell pretty surely where he is going if he has checked the flow of half a dozen brooks.

He knows, too, that certain herbs grow better, or grow only, on a slope that faces north, while others grow on a southern slope. Some of the trees are the same way. These may vary in different parts of the land, but our woodsman knows his country and what the plants do there. He knows what the tracks of the animals mean. He knows a vast number of other things that are hard to put down in books and can only be well learned from the great book of nature. He knows far too much to get really lost. He always comes home, in fine fettle. He has to, for no one will go out to search for *him*.

This young woodsman and his sprightly companion have come upon a clear cold stream where fish abound; and both of them are looking forward to a savory dinner.



Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts

WHAT *the* FLAGS MEAN

Reading Unit

No. 21

WHAT THE FLAGS MEAN

Note: For basic information not found on this page, consult the general Index, Vol. 15.

For statistical and current facts, consult the Richards Year Book Index.

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The origin of Turkey's "star and crescent," 14 572-3
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Why St. George is patron of England, 14 573
How the Union Jack came into being, 14 573
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The flags used when the colonies combined, 14 574
Betsy Ross makes the first United States flag, 14 574
Old Glory's message to us all, 14-575

Things to Think About

What purpose had England in adding the crosses of St. Andrew and St. Patrick to the original flag of England?

Why did Washington feel it was necessary to have a United States flag, instead of letting each colony use its own?

Picture Hunt

The flags of the British empire, 14 572
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Why our colors are red, white, and blue, 14-575

Summary Statement

It is because the flag is a symbol of our country at her best

that each man's heart beats proudly at the sight of her.

WHAT THE FLAGS MEAN

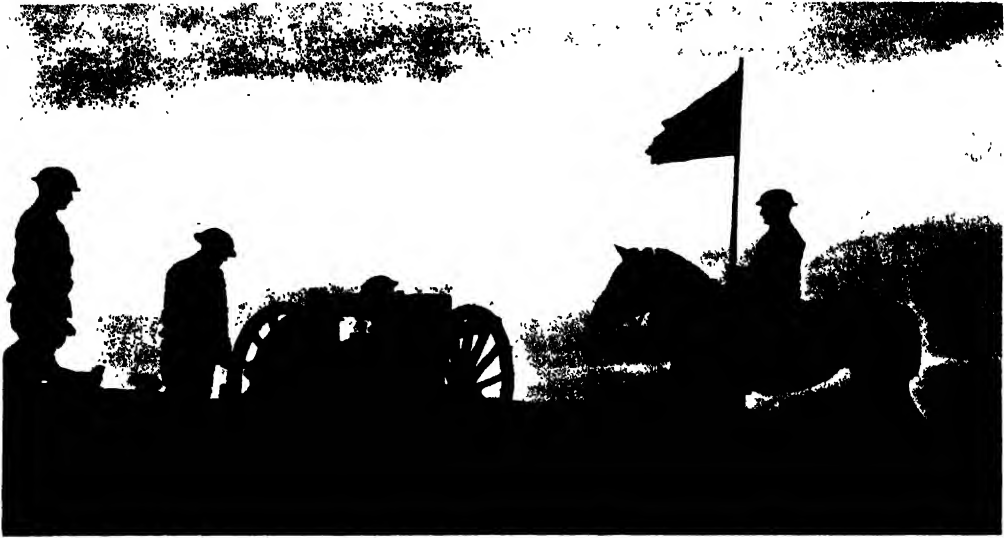


Photo by U. S. Signal Corps

Wherever soldiers go, they carry their country's flag. It speaks to them of her glorious past, of the other brave

men who have bled and died for her, and quickens their resolve to win for her a present just as glorious.

WHAT *the* FLAGS MEAN

How Their Shapes and Colors Tell Heroic Tales of Things That Happened Centuries Ago

THERE is perfect quiet in the assembly. Hundreds of boys and girls stand facing a beautiful flag on the platform. All at once hundreds of right arms are lifted toward the emblem, and hundreds of voices that speak as one repeat the solemn Salute to the Flag and pledge their lives to the noble ideal for which it stands—the ideal of “liberty and justice for all.”

The ceremony opens the assemblies in the schools from one end of the country to the other, and always brings a thrill to every heart that shares in it. For ever since the dawn of history, the men and women and the boys and girls of every land under the sun have felt the same devotion to their flags or emblems.

They did not always have the kind of flags we have to-day. In countries like Assyria and Egypt the men rallied and fought under standards, or tall staffs with perhaps a figure of a hero or a sacred animal atop them. But the ancient Persians had

something that might be called the germ of the kind of flag we know. For centuries their soldiers used to go into battle led by the leather apron of a blacksmith. The story of that emblem is lost in the mists of time, but it is easy to imagine how the custom must have come about. Some time or other the Persians were getting the worst of a fight, when some bold leader must have snatched up a blacksmith's apron and, waving it above his head, rallied the failing troops to victory. And there must surely have been a similar story behind the bundles of hay that were carried on poles in front of the soldiers in the early days of Rome long before it became a law that every Roman legion should have only the imperial eagle on its standard.

For us a star and crescent mean the flag of Turkey, but things often have a history much longer than we think. Centuries before the star and crescent were taken over by the Turks, they had appeared on the

WHAT THE FLAGS MEAN

standards and banners of the ancient Roman emperors, as symbols of the moon goddess Diana. They were the special emblems of the city of Byzantium, which we now call Constantinople. For it seems that much earlier still, Philip of Macedon, the father of Alexander the Great, had laid siege to the city and had tried to take it by a surprise attack at night. But the beams of the crescent moon had revealed his plans, and so the Byzantines adopted the symbols of the moon goddess out of gratitude to her. Nearly two thousand years later, when the great Moslem warrior, Mohammed II, captured the city, he found the flag still there and took it for his own; and to this day the Turkish flag has a white star and crescent on a red field.

The first flag planted in the New World may well have been the black raven on a white field employed by the vikings. Columbus brought a quartered flag of red and silver and gold that bore a lion and a castle, the emblems of his patrons Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain. Five years later John Cabot planted somewhere in Nova Scotia the flag of Henry VII of England—a white flag bearing the red cross of St. George. But it was the flag of a united England and Scotland that came to Virginia in 1607 with the first permanent English settlers on our soil. For four years earlier a Scottish king had come to the English throne as James I, and the union of the two countries was pictured in the national flag by joining their two crosses on it—the red cross of St. George of England and the white cross of St. Andrew of Scotland.

St. George had been the patron of England

ever since the siege of Antioch in the crusades, when he was said to have appeared miraculously leading a host of warriors all in white to aid the famous Richard Coeur de Lion. Richard brought the story back to England and commanded that April 23 be celebrated as St. George's Day. For centuries every English soldier wore the red cross of the saint over his armor. Then

the cross of St. Andrew was added in the form of an X, because it was on a cross of that shape that Andrew the disciple of Jesus had been crucified. Later still the red cross of St. Patrick, also in the form of an X, was added for Ireland. And thus the familiar Union Jack came into being, with its three crosses, red and white, on a blue field. It is probably the best-known of all national flags, for the sun never sets on the empire for which it flies; and it appears somewhere in the different flags of all the lands that make up the empire—in those of Canada, for instance, and of New Zealand and Australia.

The oldest of all national flags is that of Denmark. It has been flying for more than seven hundred years. The Swiss flag is about six hundred years old. Its white Greek cross on a red field is all the better known because the Red Cross, when it started in Switzerland, adopted the Swiss flag with the colors reversed. And the Red Cross flag is now the best-known of all flags whatever, for it flies in every modern country as the emblem of aid to suffering humanity.



Photos by National Museum and the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts

It was in 1814 that an American lawyer named Francis Scott Key (1779-1843) went out to visit the British fleet standing in Chesapeake Bay. He hoped to win the release of a friend whom the British held prisoner. Soon after his arrival the British began to bombard Fort McHenry, one of the defenses of Baltimore. In great anxiety Key watched the bombardment through the long night, and strained his eyes as morning came on, to see whether the fort had fallen. So great was his relief to see the Stars and Stripes still flying that he immediately wrote the words of "The Star-spangled Banner." Today his song is sung everywhere in the land. In 1931 it was officially adopted by Congress as the country's national anthem. Above is a picture of Francis Scott Key, and of the very flag that his eyes sought so eagerly as it flew over Fort McHenry.

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Photo by The Knapp Co

This shows the birth of Old Glory. Under the skillful fingers of Betsy Ross and her helpers the thirteen stars

and thirteen stripes were fashioned into a flag now dear to 120,000,000 Americans.

The stars and stripes of the United States flag tell a whole story about the country's valiant fight for freedom under Washington.

In the beginning every colony, and even every body of militia, had a flag of its own in addition to the common flag of the country to which they all belonged. The famous pine tree flag was loved in Massachusetts, and the silver crescent on its beautiful blue ground in South Carolina. Various flags bearing the image of a rattlesnake were flown among the colonists when trouble began to brew with England, and one of them carried the warning "Don't tread on me." Surely it was no accident that some of the

on these flags had thirteen rattles on their tails, one for each of the colonies.

It was only when Washington went to take command of the army at Boston, in 1775, that the thirteen stripes appeared. His military escort at that time carried a fine flag of yellow silk with a silver fringe, and with a square of thirteen blue and silver stripes in the upper corner. So

the thirteen colonies were at last uniting. And when the thirteen finally adopted a single flag, in January, 1776, they simply took over the Union Jack of the old country and put thirteen red and white stripes in place of the solid red field in the older flag. This only meant sewing six white stripes across



Photo by American Museum of Natural History

This was the pattern of the first American flag. It was the plan to add a star and a stripe for every new state; and at one time two stripes were added. But the original thirteen were finally restored.

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Photo by U. S. Army

In this peaceful cemetery at Suresnes, near Paris, the American soldiers who fell during the World War lie buried, each one beneath the simple cross that marks his grave. Some are resting in little cemeteries in out-

of-the-way corners of France. But wherever an American soldier lies, the French have taken pains to cover the grave with the smooth green sod that always covers a grave in America.

the face of the red flag that they had before.

In due time, on June 14, 1777, the Continental Congress passed the following resolution: "Resolved, That the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation." Little did the fathers of the nation dream that the "new constellation" would one day shine with forty-eight stars!

And so the flag was born. The honor of sewing the first one together fell to Mrs. Elizabeth Griscom Ross of Philadelphia. "Betsy" Ross was noted for her skill with the needle; and one day three famous gentlemen, with George Washington among them, came to her little house in Arch Street to give her a noble task. She had already embroidered the ruffles worn by the great General Washington. Could she make the first flag of her country?

"I don't know, sir," she said, "but I can

try." She had the spirit of the new nation.

So the four of them sat down to see just what the flag ought to be like. At the suggestion of Betsy Ross, the stars were placed in a regular design, and had five points instead of six, because a five-pointed star is prettier; and the banner was made a third longer than it was wide.

And thus was Old Glory made. It remains just as it was except that forty-eight stars have taken the place of the original thirteen, as one state after another has come into the union. The red of the flag is for courage, the white for purity, and the blue for justice and truth. And this, in the words of Franklin K. Lane, is what the whole flag says to everyone who lives under it:

"I am what you make me, nothing more. . . . My stars and my stripes are your dream and your labors. They are bright with cheer, brilliant with courage, firm with faith, because you have made them so out of your hearts. For you are the makers of the flag."

WHAT OUR HOLIDAYS MEAN

Reading Unit

No. 22

WHAT ALL OUR HOLIDAYS MEAN

Note: For basic information not found on this page, consult the general Index, Vol. 15.

For statistical and current facts, consult the Richards Year Book Index.

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Things to Think About

Certain national leaders have advanced the plan of having all holidays come on Monday.

What are their reasons?

How many of our holidays have a date fixed by custom?

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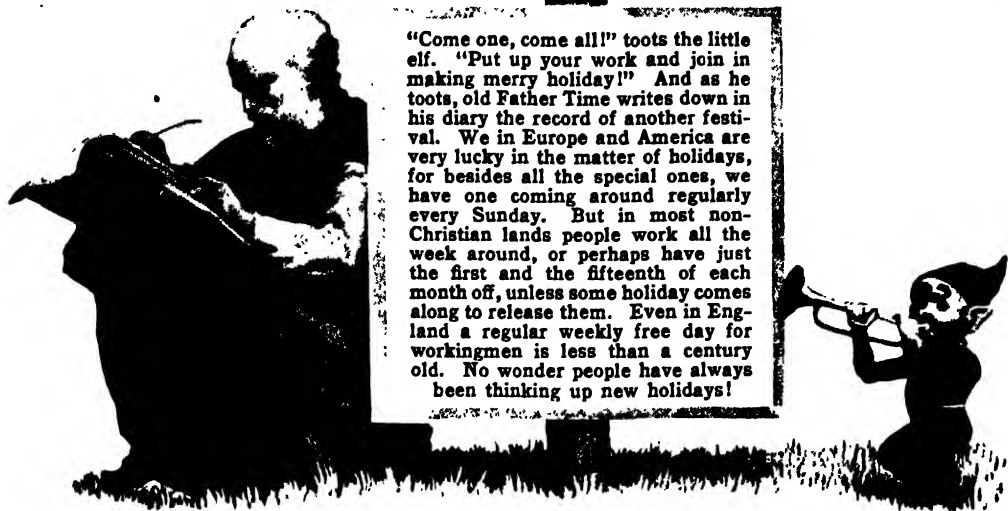
How knowledge removed terror from superstition, 14-586

Summary Statement

Nearly every month in the year has a holiday—a day set aside so that we may remember

some notable man or occasion in the past. To keep it brings us joy and inspiration.

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"Come one, come all!" toots the little elf. "Put up your work and join in making merry holiday!" And as he toots, old Father Time writes down in his diary the record of another festival. We in Europe and America are very lucky in the matter of holidays, for besides all the special ones, we have one coming around regularly every Sunday. But in most non-Christian lands people work all the week around, or perhaps have just the first and the fifteenth of each month off, unless some holiday comes along to release them. Even in England a regular weekly free day for workmen is less than a century old. No wonder people have always been thinking up new holidays!

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Do You Know Why We Make a Fire in a Pumpkin on Hallowe'en and Eat Turkey on Thanksgiving Day?

SOMEONE has figured it out that if we celebrated all the days that seem important, we should have three and a half holidays for every day of the year—which would surely keep us pretty busy having a good time! After a few years of such a rush of merrymaking we should be crying out for a little work, just by way of relaxation. For one of the most amazing things about this amazing world is the fact that often it is really working with a will that makes life fun—and that spending your days trying to have a good time is often the hardest and duller work of all.

To be sure a good many people are pretty stupid about realizing it. They keep on spending their lives in trying to be amused and then wonder why they are bored. Life is just one holiday to them and so, of course, they never really have a holiday at all. The only way for them to get a change would be to take a job, and have the fun of doing something.

But luckily for us, the world is so devised that if the great majority of people did not work, *everybody* would starve—for of course all the people who do not work have to be supported by the rest. And it is because

nearly everybody has always had to work that we have come to have holidays once in a while.

Now who was it that chose the holidays, and why were certain days selected? Why, for instance, do we celebrate February fourteenth, the day of St. Valentine, and not June twenty-fourth, the day of St. John the Baptist? Surely St. John was much the greater saint.

The answer is not always easy to give, for often it lies so far back in the past that everyone has forgotten it. But in general we may safely say that it is the people themselves who decide when a day is to be observed—and usually they decide it by just going ahead and observing it. Then, after a time, laws are passed that make the holiday "legal"—that is, they recognize that certain kinds of work need not be done on that day. In the United States each state, as a rule, decides what holidays it will keep, and so there is a good deal of variety. Of course every country has a set of its own.

But there is one day that is observed everywhere on the globe, and that is New Year's Day. For everywhere people feel

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that the coming of a spick-and-span new year, full of promise and as yet free from mistakes, is a good deal of an event. In China and Japan everyone must pay his debts on New Year's Day, and so have a clean slate for the coming year. People decorate their houses and put on new clothes in honor of the day. And well they may! For over there New Year's is the birthday of everyone in the land. No matter on what day a person may have come straggling into the world, his birthday is counted at New Year's. So a child that is born only a day before the opening of the year is said to be a year old on New Year's Day.

No one knows when people first began to celebrate the first day of the year. Thousands of years go, as far back as we can see mankind in the dim light of the past, people were staying up at night to see the new year in. They may not always have done so on December thirty-first, for the Egyptians began their year at the autumn equinox, on September twenty-first, the early Greeks at the winter solstice, on the twenty-first of December, and the early Christian peoples felt that the year began in the spring, on March twenty-fifth. In fact, it was not till 1700 that Germany, Denmark, and Sweden moved their New Year's Day from March twenty-fifth to January first. England changed in 1752—and when England changed the American colonies changed too.

It was the ancient Romans who first began their year on January first—and they celebrated it very much as we celebrate Christmas. People sent one another presents and had a fine dinner—all by way of showing they were glad that the longest winter days were past and that the sun would soon bring back the spring. In Scotland, France,

and all the Latin countries it is still the day for sending gifts, instead of Christmas; and it is on New Year's Eve that little French children hang up their stockings.

There used to be a great many silly ideas about New Year's, such as that if you do not then have plenty of food in your pantry, the cupboard will be bare all the year. And there are still a great many curious New Year's customs. In a large town in Germany anyone who appears on the streets in a high silk hat on New Year's Eve may expect to have it banged down over his ears. In another German town, as soon as the great cathedral bell tolls midnight, every window is thrown open and thousands of voices call out "Happy New Year." In Belgium the children try to get hold of every

key in the house, and if a grown person is so unlucky as to be locked in by them, he cannot hope to get out until he makes them a promise.

Our own country is too young to have developed many quaint customs of its own, but everywhere New Year's Eve is a time for jollification. In a good many places people make New Year's calls, and in a town in California there is a beautiful floral parade on every New Year's Day.

Now New Year's Day we have inherited from our forefathers who lived centuries ago. To observe it has become a kind of habit with the human race. But Lincoln's birthday, on February 12th, and Washington's birthday, on February 22nd, are holidays for a very different reason. They belong to the United States alone, and are set aside by law to honor the two great men to whom the nation owes so much, and also in order that every year their great and noble lives may be brought freshly to mind. For it is



In France it is New Year's Eve that is the great night for the children. Then it is that they hang up their stockings, and, like this youngster, go off to their dreams—"while visions of sugarplums dance through their heads."

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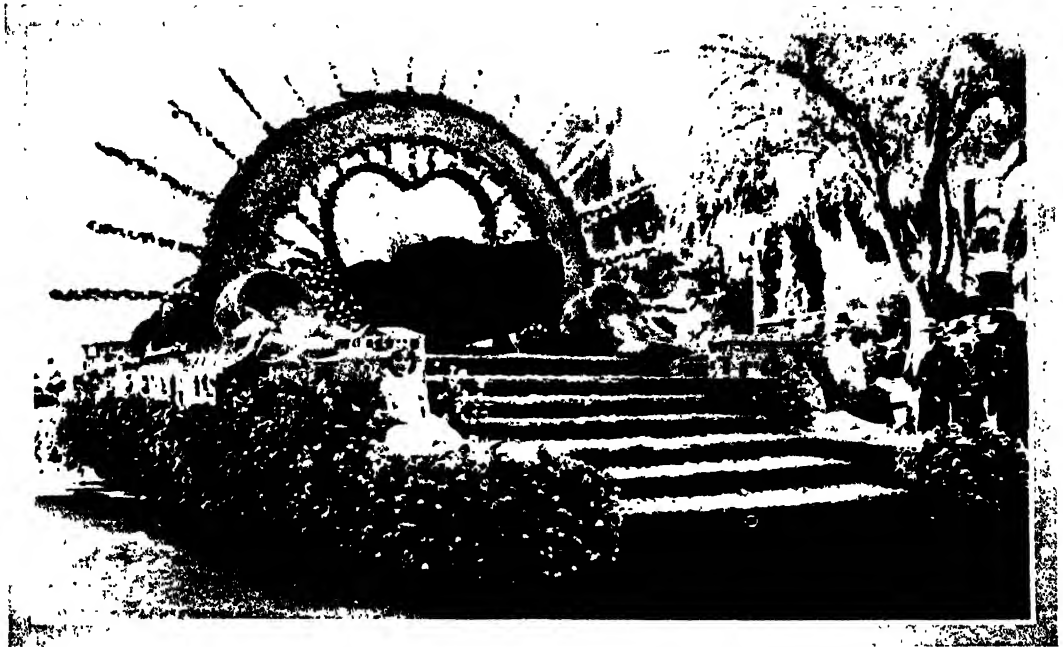


Photo by C. of C. Pasadena

Naturally how we amuse ourselves on our holidays depends a good deal on the weather. In Maine or Michigan a good way to celebrate New Year's is to go

only by living up to their high standards of conduct that we can be worthy of belonging to the nation for which they sacrificed so much.

Why We Send Valentines

Between the birthdays of our two greatest presidents there comes, on the fourteenth of February, a little holiday that is really not a holiday at all. No one does a bit less work on St. Valentine's Day, and no one seems to know just how the "day" got started. But it, too, is a habit, and people cannot seem to give it up. We do not even know for certain just who the good old saint was, for there are many St. Valentines, and two of them would seem to have been martyred on the very same day. But it is often said that *our* St. Valentine was a Christian priest who lived around the year 270, and that after he had spent a good part of his life in prison, he was finally beheaded for clinging to his faith. For the rulers then in power did not want people to be Christians and felt that to chop off their heads was a good way to discourage them.

Whoever our good saint was, he must have been a very gentle Christian, for in

skiing or tobogganing. But in southern California people celebrate with flower festivals and football games. Here is a New Year's parade at Pasadena.

some strange way the day of his death became one on which lovers sent unsigned tokens to each other. And the custom was so pretty that we cannot let it die entirely. Of course we do not take it very seriously any more. But one may still receive a pretty lacy affair—or a box of flowers or of candy—on Valentine's Day, and be able only to guess at the name of the sender. And of course there are plenty of comic valentines that give everyone a hearty laugh.

Who Was St. Patrick?

St. Patrick's Day is a good deal like the day of the good St. Valentine—we remember it because it is pleasant to do so, and not because our lawmakers have said that we must. But St. Patrick was a very real person and a great man, who devoted his life to spreading Christianity and learning at a time when civilization would have gone to pieces without them. No one knows where he was born, though France, England, Scotland, and Wales all claim his birthplace. He probably first saw the light about the year 389, but the exact date is not certain.

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Photo by Gramstorff Brothers

In this picture the artist shows us St. Patrick baptizing two Irish girls into the Christian faith. In the background are great dark oak trees, as though to suggest the religion from which the maidens are turning—that mysterious faith of the Druids, to whom the oak was sacred. St. Patrick himself was not born in Ireland,

but it is no wonder that the Irish honor him; for the centuries after he had converted them to Christianity saw Ireland's greatest glory. It is because, when that glory had waned, so many Irishmen left Ireland forever that the custom of remembering St. Patrick's Day has spread beyond the seas.

One story has it that two Irishmen, of whose country he is the patron saint, were discussing whether his birthday was the eighth or the ninth of March, and since they could not agree, they decided not to quarrel, but to add the two numbers together and call it the seventeenth.

No matter where he was born, Ireland was certainly the land of his deep devotion. When he was about sixteen, he was taken there by pirates, who carried him away from his home in a ship and sold him in Ireland as a slave. It is said that for six years he kept his master's pigs. Tending them out on the hills—lonely, hungry, and often very cold—he thought and thought about God and His world, and made up his mind to try to turn the Irish people away from their cruel gods and make Christians of them.

Why Ireland Has No Snakes!

Finally he made his escape to the mainland of Europe, but he did not forget the unhappy people in Ireland, and as soon as he could

he asked to be sent there as a missionary. The story goes that when he got back people paid little attention to the lonely man, so he got a drummer with a huge drum to go ahead of him and draw their notice. It is said, too, that to make himself beloved and show the power of Christ over all evil, he drove all the poisonous snakes, with which Ireland was overrun, into the seas and lakes. So there has never been a snake in Ireland since.

Why the Irish Wear the Shamrock

The little green shamrock, which looks so much like clover, was St. Patrick's flower, for its three-parted leaf illustrates the Holy Trinity; and green is the color always worn in his honor. No one knows when he died, or where, it was so long ago; but in Ireland a brook which he crossed is named for him, and so are the islands where he landed, the hills where he preached, a rock near which he rested, and a well from which he drank. He is said to have founded 365 churches,

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each with its school; and he left us, among other things, a written account of his life.

It was people from his island who, coming to make their homes in the New World, brought us the custom of observing St. Patrick's Day. So if you wear a bit of green on the seventeenth of March, or go to a gay party in the evening, you must remember that you do so in honor of a gentle saint who spent his life in trying to make people happier and better.

Easter is a holiday in the word's true sense, for it is a "holy day," and that was the original form of the word. It was only on days set apart by the church that people might rest from their labors. Though Easter is not set aside by law, it is celebrated in all Christian countries with deep joy and thanksgiving as the day when Christ rose from the dead. It is always on a Sunday, but not always on the same Sunday, for it is on the first Sunday after the first full moon after the twenty-first of March. If the moon is full on March twenty-first and that is a Saturday, then March twenty-second is Easter—the earliest date at which Easter can fall. Its latest date is April twenty-fifth, and it can fall on any Sunday in between.

The Oldest Christian Holiday

Since the date of Easter is movable, it affects a great many of the religious festivals before and after it. Lent, for instance, which is a season of restraint and prayer, begins forty week days before Easter, on what we call Ash Wednesday. Palm Sunday, which celebrates the triumphal entry of Jesus into Jerusalem, is the Sunday before Easter.

And Good Friday, the day of the crucifixion, falls on the Friday before Easter.

Easter is the oldest festival in the Christian world. Some sort of spring festival may well be the oldest that man has ever known. For long before the Christians

began to celebrate the resurrection of Christ from the dead, people all over the world had celebrated, at about the same time, the joyous return of spring. In many religions this took the form of ceremonies in honor of the god who was believed to bring spring back to the earth. For many peoples believed that spring was really dead, and were not sure that they would ever see the flowers and grass again. Sometimes they believed that winter was a giant who held spring in prison. So they offered him all sorts of presents to bribe him to set spring free—and presents to thank him when he

had done so. And that may perhaps be the beginning of our custom of sending Easter gifts.

The Meaning of Easter Eggs and Rabbits

Among those ancient peoples the spring festival lasted many days, and our own Easter at first lasted a week. It has always been a time for joy and kindness. Even in olden days no one was allowed to go to work. Oftentimes slaves were freed at this holy time, and from the very beginning it has been a season for new clothes and new hats and for new utensils in the house. The custom of having Easter eggs comes down to us from these festivals held in far countries thousands of years ago. The white hare—which we see in our shops at Easter turned



"In Cupid's workshop," on the eve of St. Valentine's Day, how many hearts are pinched into shape or forged into one on his anvil! Cupid seems to be in great doubt as to just what to do with poor Hans, whose heart he holds in his hand. Certainly he is contemplating some mischief, to judge by the wicked spark in his eye.

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"He is risen!" The angel sits upon the empty tomb and tells the news to the sorrowing women who have come with spices for the body of their Lord. So ever since, in Christian lands the festival of the resurrection

has taken the place of the old festivals of returning spring. And because the Christ rose from the dead on the first day of the week, we now have our Sabbath on the first day of the week.

into a brown rabbit—has traveled across the seas to us from Germany, where he is said to spend the night before Easter running about the house and garden hiding eggs by the light of the moon for the children to find Easter morning.

We do not think of eggs to-day as being a very remarkable gift, but in the long ago, when hens laid only a very few eggs in a year, a delicious fresh egg was quite a charming present and was well worth finding. Times have changed since then; so to-day, though we still have our eggs at Easter, we often dye them bright colors or make them of candy, in order that they may be a pleasanter surprise.

What Is April Fools' Day?

Why do you suppose we keep April Fools' Day? It is nobody's birthday; it has no meaning at all. And yet for centuries it has been kept in nearly every country in the world at just about the same date. It has been a day for playing tricks on people as far back as we know anything about people at all. And though the reason for it—lost in the dim past—has long ago been forgotten, people seem to be unable to break

the habit of keeping it. The ancient Romans called it the "feast of fools"; the modern French speak of an April fool's joke as an "April fish"; the Hindus on the other side of the world call the day the "feast of Huli," and the person who has been fooled is a "Huli fool." And everywhere people have tried to send some unlucky fellow on a fruitless errand.

A Day for Harmless Fun

To-day April Fools' Day seems to have become a day for harmless joking among the children, who of course do not realize that they are handing down a custom that is almost as old as mankind.

Have you ever made a dainty basket around the last of April, and then, on the evening of the first of May, filled it with violets or hepaticas or candy and left it stealthily on the door knob of the house where your dearest friend lived? You rang the bell and then ran wildly and hid behind a tree, to see who came to find your gift. And the cry of pleasure and surprise was worth all the trouble you had taken. Then, if you had been industrious enough to make several baskets, you passed on to the houses

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of your other friends. And when you got home, there may have been some half dozen dainty little keepsakes waiting for you, in turn, and you tried hard to guess who sent them.

Now when you carried about your offerings on the first of May you were following a habit formed by mankind more centuries ago than we can reckon. The ancient Romans used to make sacrifices on that day to the goddess Maia, mother of Mercury. It was from her that the month probably got its name. With the coming of Christianity people forgot all about the goddess, but they kept right on observing her day. For people are like that. It is hard enough for an individual to break a habit, but for a whole race it is very, very hard indeed.

The early Christian church knew this, so it did not try to root up the habits of the people. Instead, it let them flourish and merely turned them to good account. Many of our religious festivals are very much older than Christianity. In this way, the deep-rooted feelings of the old heathen religions were strengthened and purified in the service of the loftier new one.

Now the observance of May Day never was recognized by the church yet people clung to it, and cling to it to this very day. All through the Middle Ages and later it was a public holiday in England, and was observed with all sorts of frolicking. In the dawn everyone, old and young, went to the woods and fields to gather flowers and blossoming boughs and bring them in to the villages and towns. There a maypole was set up, and around it the prettiest maidens danced to wind its gay ribbons in and out in honor of the May Queen, who was chosen

from among their number every year. Then there were all kinds of sports on the village green, and plenty of merriment.

The Puritans felt that all that jollity was very wicked, and never would tolerate a maypole on this side of the water. But in some strange way, the old, old customs kept alive, and though we have no gay processions to "bring in the May," children in a good many parts of our country still distribute their pretty little baskets on the evening of every May Day. And lately various colleges have revived the custom of electing a May Queen and giving a May dance in her honor.

Years ago, when large parts of our country were still very young, the fertile state of Nebraska was known as the Great American Desert. For miles there was not a tree or a bush in sight. And then a man named J. Sterling Morton had a bright idea. Let us have a day, he said, when everyone will plant trees. Then our children will live in a land that is full of groves and springs. For, as you perhaps know, trees keep the soil from drying out, and help to turn an arid region into a country full of brooks and rivers.

People liked Mr. Morton's idea, and on the first great day of planting—the first Arbor Day—they set out more than a million trees. That was in 1872. In the following years more than 350,000,000 trees and flowering shrubs turned the state into a garden.

Other states soon followed the good example set by Nebraska. The governor of each state proclaims the day yearly, and it varies all the way from December or Feb-



"You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear;

To-morrow'll be the happiest time of all the glad New-year, Of all the glad New-year, mother, the maddest merriest day;

For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May."

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ruary in the South to April and May in the North. Texas always plants her trees on Washington's birthday. Nebraska plants hers on Morton's birthday. Not only do school children in many places set out a tree to delight other children who may live years hence, but grown people gather to plant single trees or groves or avenues in memory of men they wish to honor. When you plant a little tree in the earth and pack its roots in firmly, you are planting comfort and beauty for scores of years to come.

For many, many centuries past, men have set aside a day for honoring their dead. It was a solemn day, when people streamed to the cemeteries to decorate the graves and prayed earnestly for the souls of those who were departed. All over Europe the day so set apart is the second of November. It is called All Souls' Day, and has been observed for many hundreds of years.

But the Puritans, when they came to the New World, broke with nearly all the religious customs that people had known in the past. They sang no hymns in their churches; they never observed Christmas or other sacred days; and they never set aside a day for decorating the graves of the dead.

Mothers' Day and Fathers' Day

On the second Sunday in May we observe Mothers' Day, set aside for the expression of love and appreciation of the person who has given us more tenderness and care than anyone else in the world. It is to Miss Anna Jarvis of Philadelphia that we owe the idea of such an observance, and it was in Philadelphia that the day was first kept—in 1908. State after state adopted the custom, and in 1913 Congress passed a resolution making the day one for nation-wide observance—"dedicated to the memory of the best mother in the world—your own." It is customary on Mothers' Day to wear a flower in honor of those to whom the day is dedicated—a pink flower if one's mother is living, white if she is dead.

The third Sunday in June is set aside as Fathers' Day. The custom was originated by Mrs. John Bruce Dodd, and was forwarded by the ministerial association and the Young Men's Christian Association of Spokane,

Washington. The day was first observed in 1910. Like Mothers' Day it is set aside for the expression of our love and appreciation of one whose self-sacrificing care has helped to make our lives happy and secure.

The Blue and the Gray

It was not till the time of the Civil War that the women of certain of the Southern states formed the custom of going to the cemeteries on the thirtieth of May to decorate the graves of their fathers and sons and brothers who had fallen in the terrible conflict. And being of gentle heart, and sympathetic with all women who had suffered sorrow like their own, they could not bear to see the graves of other mothers' sons go barren and neglected, even though those were the graves of their own enemies. So they planted flowers above the Blue and the Gray alike, and before the close of the war Virginia had set aside May thirtieth as a day for such observances.

The Purpose of Memorial Day

The North took the same step in 1868. In that year General Logan, commander in chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, directed his soldiers to decorate the graves of their comrades on the thirtieth of May. Eventually it came to be the custom all over the land. Each governor proclaims the day in his own state every year, and nearly all the states, though not quite all, set it on the thirtieth of May. At first it was known as Decoration Day, but now Memorial Day is the proper title. It is a day especially devoted to honoring all those who have given their lives in their country's cause. There are flags and parades and speeches.

But that old, old instinct of men to honor *all* their dead on one day in the year is still stirring, even in our New World. So it is not only the soldiers' graves that are bright with flowers. Nearly every mound in the cemetery shows that someone has remembered to make beautiful the graves of those who lived and toiled upon the earth, and then went away.

Most of the nations of the Old World are so old that even if they ever had a birth-

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day, they have long ago forgotten when it was. But our own nation is still very young, as the lives of nations go, and so it knows just exactly when it was born, and can celebrate its birthday every year. Everyone knows how, on the fourth of July in 1776, a few brave and earnest men, meeting in Philadelphia, voted to accept the document that is one of the most important in the world's history of nations.

It was in June, 1776, that a statesman from Virginia proposed that the thirteen colonies declare themselves independent; but it was July second before the resolution was adopted. Then Thomas Jefferson drew up the Declaration of Independence. It was submitted to Congress and discussed *pro* and *con*, threshed over word by word, for in anything so important everyone had to be agreed.

"We must all hang together," said one of the members earnestly, when it came to the signing.

"Yes," said Benjamin Franklin, with a quiet smile, "we must all hang together or we shall all hang separately."

It was a small boy who announced the first Fourth of July to the world. It had been decided to ring the great bell on the old State House in Philadelphia as soon as the vote was taken, and the bell ringer's little grandson was set to bear the news. All at once he got the signal, and you may imagine how fast he ran, shouting, "Ring, grandpa, ring, ring!"

And there have been other small boys who have been a good deal excited on the

Fourth of July ever since! From that day to this, Independence Day has always been celebrated with great jubilation, and now it is a legal holiday in every state in the union.

Perhaps it seems a little strange that a day called "Labor Day" should be a holiday. But a holiday it is—in every one of the states. It began in New York, where the labor unions set it apart as a holiday and

an occasion for suitable recognition of their service to the world. But the custom spread rapidly north, south, and west. For everyone loves to take a day off on that bright first Monday in September.

When Labor Day first was observed, it was celebrated by a big parade of the labor unions. And doubtless nearly everyone thought that was quite a new idea. But it is very hard to invent something that has never been thought of before. Far back in the Middle Ages the labor organizations—then known as guilds (gild)—used to march behind a leader through the town,

each dressed in its own costume and bearing bright banners aloft. The butchers were led by one of their number who was arrayed as a knight but carried, instead of a sword, a big butcher's knife in his hand. The tailors were led by Adam and Eve, for it was the boast of the guild that theirs was the oldest trade of all, since the first work man did was to make himself clothes! The two goddesses Venus and Ceres (sē'rēz) led the bakers, and King Henry VIII the bricklayers.

Those parades were very gay, and wound up with a big dinner. But they were gradu-



Photo by the Knapp Co.

"Ring, ring, for Liberty!" And the great bell carried the news abroad that the Declaration of Independence had been solemnly signed. This famous Liberty Bell is still to be seen in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, although it is never rung any more, on account of a mighty crack got from tolling for the death of our country's first chief justice.

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ally dropped, as the guilds came to have less importance, and it was not till our own day that they were revived.

The Twelfth of October

How surprised the boy Columbus would have been if anyone had told him that five centuries later millions of people in a nation that did not as yet exist, on a continent that no one had ever yet heard of, would be devoting a day out of each year to the purpose of doing him honor. He would probably have laughed and treated it all as a huge joke. And yet he was going to grow up to present the world with two vast new continents.

So now, in about half the states, we do him honor on the twelfth of October, the day when he first set foot upon the soil of the New World he had discovered. Few men have so well deserved to be remembered.

Hallowe'en is another of the festivals that has become a habit with the race, and is now kept up long after it has ceased to have its early meaning. For it too is very, very old—much older than the Christian religion. As "All Hallows' Eve"—or the night before All Saints', or All Hallows', Day—it was always thought by the superstitious to be a time when ghosts and witches were abroad having one last fling before the holy day which followed, on November first.

But long before the birth of Jesus the old heathens had looked upon it as a night of mystery. The ancient Druids, those heathen priests who lived in early Briton and Ireland, always had a weird celebration at about this time. They lighted bonfires—as people were to do for many a century to come—and were firmly convinced that on this night the god of death summoned to him the souls of all the wicked who had died during the previous year.

But strange as it may seem, people observed the same date in ancient Rome. It was a feast in honor of Pomona (pô-mô'nâ), goddess of fruits and gardens, and everywhere nuts and apples played a part in the ceremonies.

So now you may see where many of our Hallowe'en customs came from. To be sure, the bonfire is now lighted inside

a pumpkin to make a ghostly

jack o'lantern; our witches are made of paper and their black cats of licorice candy; and

when you hear a ring at the doorbell or a "tick-tack" at the window, you may be sure that the ghost is no more terrible than the boy who lives

next door. But we still like to

keep up the strange old customs, even though it is only in fun. So we do unconscious honor to the goddess Pomona by roasting nuts and "ducking" for apples—as people have done for centuries past. And on this witching night we use all sorts of ancient, foolish means to find out our fortune in the year to come. So what was

once a night of fear is now a night of fun. How many of the things that you and I are now afraid of will some day come to be as much of a joke?

The Most Businesslike Holiday

On the Tuesday after the first Monday in November people all over our land go to express their opinions as to how the country should be run. It is not a day of merry-making—it is rather too businesslike for that. It is not even a legal holiday in all the states. But it is one of the most important days just the same, for it is the one on which the noblest experiment mankind has ever undertaken must stand or fall. That is the grand experiment of democratic self-government.

For democracy is still on trial. It can be proved a failure at any time when people fail to exercise their privilege of voting, or



Here she goes, with her broomstick for an airplane and her diabolical black cat for a pilot, over the rooftops and away! Perhaps she is on her way to the "witches' sabbath," that great gathering of the devil's disciples in some savage cavern deep in the mountains.

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Photo by the New York Public Library

if the white man and the red man could always have been as friendly as they were on that first Thanksgiving, both of them would have had something to be thankful for indeed! But that is no way to celebrate Thanksgiving Day— to begin by counting the things we

have *not*, but wish we had. And certainly if the Pilgrim Fathers could be so thankful for their fine harvest and forget the terrible winter of cold and loneliness and death, most of us ought to be able to find a long list of things for which to give thanks.

when they vote corruptly. You have a sure recipe for finding out the man who is selfish or insincere in his attitude toward his country. He is the man who "doesn't have time" to go to the polls.

But you must not think that a man has cast a vote just because he has put a ballot in the box. Just so long as he casts a given vote because the newspaper he reads takes that side, or because some politician told him he must vote in that way, or because his father taught him as a boy to vote only for the men in some one party— just so long as any of those reasons decide him, he is not casting any vote at all. His newspaper or his pet politician or his father are casting it for him.

The Best Man to Vote For

So when you vote, find out all you can, from as wise and impartial sources as you can, about the men and the questions at issue. And then make up your mind just

as honestly and as justly as you know how.

Then democracy will no longer be an experiment. It will be a success.

Armistice Day

At eleven o'clock in the morning on a day in November, 1918, millions of soldiers after a four-years' carnage suddenly stopped firing. At five o'clock a group of men near a little village in France had agreed to consider terms of peace, a thing they had not been willing to do for four years past. That was the famous Armistice which brought World War I to a close. When the news of it was spread through the world, people were delirious with joy. At last the terrible slaughter was over and life could begin again.

But we do not remember the day with noise and fun. Instead, at eleven o'clock on the eleventh of November, the day and the hour when the cannons finally stopped roaring, we stop in whatever we are doing and stand quite still for two minutes, in

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honor of those millions of heroic men who laid down their lives in the struggle, and with the prayer in our hearts that if ever the threat of war comes again, men may at that time be intelligent and civilized enough to prevent it.

More than three hundred years ago the members of the Plymouth colony, after a terrible winter in their new homes, set aside the twenty-first of December, 1621, as a day of Thanksgiving for the bountiful harvest that the Lord had sent them. From time to time other colonies appointed a day of Thanksgiving, and some of them kept it every year. President Washington set aside such a day twice during his administration, and President Madison once at the close of the War of 1812. Then various states began to observe the day every year. But it was not until Lincoln proclaimed the fourth Thursday of November, 1864, as a day of solemn thankfulness that our presidents began the custom of proclaiming the last Thursday in each November as a day of national thanksgiving. You see it took the people a long time to make their holiday, but they decided upon it at last—and it can be honestly said that no one made it but the people.

For the early Pilgrims it was the only holiday in all the year's long round. They thought all such rejoicing, even at Christmas, was very, very wicked. But to be saved from starvation softened even their stern hearts. They planned a big dinner, and the governor picked four men to go out and hunt enough wild turkeys for everyone. They brought in such a load that when the women saw them they too were inspired to

go to work making hundreds of pies and puddings.

Some of the Indians thought it would be a pleasant party to attend, so they came of their own accord, and brought such huge pieces of venison as their share of the feast that the merrymaking lasted for three days, instead of one, as planned. The Indians danced their war dances by way of being entertaining, and the colonists dropped the sad faces that they had worn for a year or more, and played the games they had learned in Merrie England. And so the good old custom started. There was not always enough food for people to afford a feast, and sometimes the Indians, instead of coming to join in the fun, stood hidden behind trees ready to shoot the white men down as they went about their work. Those were the days when you carried a gun even when you

"When the frost is on the pumpkin and the fodder's in the shock" it is time for the strutting turkey gobbler to watch out. But alas, in the early days he watched out so little that the white men killed off all the wild turkeys, and now we have to pay many cents a pound for our Thanksgiving dinner.



went to church, and kept it near your hand.

But the country was gradually settled and times grew easier. To-day there is no corner in our land where the day is not kept—and always after the manner of that first Thanksgiving Day. We go to church in the morning, and then come home to a dinner of turkey, with cider and nuts and pumpkin pies to remind us of those brave farmers who were so thankful for their first good harvest in a new land.

When Mary hushed her Babe to sleep on that starry night in Bethlehem in Judea, did she know that hundreds of years in the future people would be worshiping His name and setting aside the day of His birth as a season of love and rejoicing? She was

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happy for the love that had come into her life, and into the world, and we, too, are all happy at Christmastime to-day. We, too, rejoice that Love has come into the world; and so we try, in every way we know, to show our gratitude for the great gift and to reflect it in deeds of kindness and affection. All sorts of beautiful customs and charming beliefs have grown up around the season, for wherever it is celebrated it has become the dearest of all days to young and old alike.

But we in the United States often think that we have the loveliest Christmas of all, for people have come to us from every land, bringing the best of the old to help build up the new. And all those sweet old customs have helped to make our Christmas very beautiful indeed.

It was the Germans who gave us our Christmas tree, and the Dutch who brought us Santa Claus, or St. Nicholas. That jolly old saint has long been loved in a good many countries, though there is not very much that is known for certain about his life. He is believed to have been bishop of Myra, in Asia Minor, at the time when Diocletian (dī'ō-klē'shān) was emperor of Rome. At that time, which was a terrible one for Christians everywhere, he was tortured for his faith and thrown into prison, but when the Christian emperor Constantine (kōn'stān-tin) came into power, he was set free again. When the famous council of the church was held at Nicaea (nī-sē'ā) in 325, Bishop Nicholas is said to have been present, to help decide important matters in the Christian religion.

There are various stories told of his generosity and kindness. Such, for instance, is the tale that one night when he was traveling through a lonely country, he stopped at an inn where three rich youths were also guests for the night.

The cruel and greedy innkeeper, in order to get their money, cut them up and put them in a vat of brine - to pickle them for meat. But he could not hide his guilt from the holy man, who miraculously brought them back to life and confronted the landlord with his evil deed.

Another story tells us that he knew a poor man who did not have any money to give to his three daughters so that they might marry—for in those days a girl had to have a dowry before she could marry. So the kind-hearted saint gave them each money without their knowing whence it had come, and the maidens were able to marry

the husbands of their choice. That is said to be the reason why, in olden lands, people used to give each other presents on the Eve of St. Nicholas, which was the night before St. Nicholas' Day—the sixth of December. Later those gifts, in all Germanic countries, came to be given at Christmas, and the good old saint became the Christmas saint.

Why We Hang up Our Stockings

Though the Dutch gave us our Christmas saint, it was the French and Belgians who gave us the custom of hanging up our stockings, which the saint so obligingly fills. But in some distant lands it is not a stocking, but a little wooden shoe, that every child sets out on Christmas Eve. And in it there



Probably more beautiful paintings have been made of Mary and the infant Christ than of any other subject in the world. And no folk music is more haunting than some of the old Christmas carols, no sacred music by great composers finer than some written for Christ-mass, the service in honor of Christ's birth. All these things help to make the celebration of Christmas dignified and beautiful.

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is always a little bundle of hay to feed the good saint's steeds. From France, too, we get the beautiful word "Noel," which is another name for Christmas and means "birthday"—or, as some say, "good news."

When we cut Christmas greens to make our houses gay, we are doing what children did at an old, old December feast that was kept long before the birth of Christ. It was the ancient Druids who cut the sacred mistletoe in England. So English holly and the mistletoe are the Christmas greens to this day.

There are many other beautiful old customs that come to us from England. There people had, perhaps, more Christmas jollity than in any other land. On Christmas a lord's retainers brought in a great Yule log, which was lighted in the huge fireplace; and as long as it kept on burning, the merriment went on, and the lord feasted his guests with the best that was in his house. You may imagine that the Yule log was the biggest and toughest to be found.

In those days the Christmas season lasted for twelve days, from Christmas Eve till Twelfth Night, or January sixth, which commemorates the visit of the Wise Men to the infant Christ. All those twelve days there was a round of jollification. On Christmas Day children went from house to house singing the old carols—and receiving a cake for their pains:

"God rest you, merry gentlemen!
Let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ our Saviour
Was born on Christmas Day."

A great wild boar was hunted down and roasted, to last the whole feast through. And on the loaded sideboard were set all the goodies the housewives knew how to make. We have kept a good many of those gay old customs, but we have no wild boars, and perhaps it is just as well that we have dropped the habit of eating a mince pie every day of the twelve.

Christmas in Other Lands

Even the humble, useful animals were thought to have a part in the day. The rooster—that "bird of dawning"—was believed to "sing" all night long on Christmas Eve, as if the night of Jesus' birth could not be really dark. No harm from ghost or witch could come to anyone on that sweet night. In other lands it was thought that during those holy hours animals were given power to speak, and they were very carefully tended, that they might have no evil to report of their owners. In still another country candles are set in all the windows to light the Christ Child into the world, and cakes are set on the table, to stay there over night for the angels who are abroad and may chance to come that way. And in other places still, a sheaf of wheat is set up before each door, a charming Christmas present for the birds to feast upon.

So Christmas has been kept and loved wherever there are people to welcome the Christ Child. And we in a New World cherish the fine old customs and try to keep their memory bright while adding gay new customs of our own.

